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October 1, 1921

CAROLINA

Magazine

Freshman Number

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TO OUR PATRONS

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Editorial

To the Freshmen

Why Did You Come to the University?

DID you come to find yourself and start to realizing the best that is in you, or did you come to join a fraternity or play football or act hard with the sophomores or go to the movies every night or spend your father's money or hang around the drug stores or have a good time?

If you came to do any of the latter things, you need not even unpack your grip.

We don't want any lounge lizards or any paid football players or any hard rocks or any movie fiends or any hot sports or any drones.

But if you came to find yourself and try to accomplish something, we want you. To you, we extend our heartiest welcome.

You will remember you are a man—we need not tell you to do that. You will not steal or cheat or dead beat. You will go to church—the best men here go. You will not hesitate to express your opinion—we are free here. You will not go to the game and let the other fellow support the team—we all fight with the team here. You will realize that you should go out for college activities—they develop when many men go out for them. You will not try to collect a half dozen fraternity pins—four is enough for any man. You will not try to pass your courses by booting the professor—that will not do you any good twenty years from now. You will join a literary society—you can develop yourself marvelously through them. You will not be ashamed to work for your board—about half of us do. You will not segregate yourself or associate with only one bunch of fellows—you never saw a great oak growing in a flower jar, delicate geraniums grow there. You will not be snobbish—the poorest man here may have more money than you some day. You will not conform your opinions to those of the college leader you want to succeed in a particular job—our heads are for something besides hat racks. You will not give up the fight because you lose the first time—all of us are defeated the first time. You will live a life of truth, goodness, and beauty—for after all, that is God-like.

And when you do these things—you will conquer here on the campus. You may not get a bid to a fraternity—but you can get anything else, any college honor, editorships, captaincies, presidencies, Golden Fleece, respect, honor. Anything.

You will be on the road to conquering in the world when you do these things too. Your parents will be glad they sent you here. You will be glad. The University will be glad, for it will be proud of you.

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We will seldom pick a piece of fiction to be the leader in the MAGAZINE this year. For a piece to be picked as the leader for the first issue of the year bespeaks the confidence which the editor has in it.

The short story printed here was sent to *Scribner's*, but was rejected. The editor of that magazine wrote Mr. Porter complimenting him on his work. Mr. Porter has had many excellent stories in the MAGAZINE, but we believe this to be the best one CAROLINA MAGAZINE has printed.

While Treasures Lie Buried

By GARLAND BURNS PORTER

ROGER ALLSTON was viewing the landscape idly as the boat in which he sat lent itself to the steady strokes of the oarsmen. He was on the bosom of the river Crati in southern Italy. He had left the United States some six months previous, since which time his wanderings had taken him over most of Europe and Asia. His ruddy face, serious, almost severely serious, on which there was something that blotted out any boyishness that might be expected of his years, wore that expression of habitual detachment which had interested his companion ever since their meeting three weeks ago at Ravenna before the tomb of Dante. The fragile string of smoke streamed back from his pipe and joined the softness of the Italian evening. His companion, whom that strange expression always affected most powerfully, spoke, in an effort for inner relief:

"You know the history of this little stretch of the Crati over which we are now passing? In ancient times the Crati was known as the Busento."

Allston did not shift his abstracted gaze from the gliding scenery.

"I don't believe I do."

"It is quite interesting. Somewhere near here is where they buried Alaric, the terrible Goth, after he had sacked Rome. The river was turned aside from its usual course and a tomb was constructed in its bed in which the great chief was buried together with most of his precious treasures, after which the stream was changed back to its original course and the slaves who had done the work were put to death, that no one would ever know the spot. Infinite wealth lies somewhere here, probably under us at this moment."

Allston did not stir, even so much as an eyelid. His companion gazed at him curiously. "Why, for all you know, you might be within reach of the wealth of kings, and to see you one would think, for all your interest, your chief aim in life is to vie with the sphinx."

Allston merely recrossed his legs, shifting his position naturally on the compact-looking steamer trunk on which he sat and which he had carried with him ever since he had left America. In it were his well-selected wardrobe, divers indifferent trinkets, a few letters, and some tobacco—it represented his portion of the world's goods.

"But I'm not looking for their wealth," he said.

Three months later Allston had come back to his native country, had enlisted in the Marines, and had been assigned to the island of San Domingo for service. On his individual data sheet, filed at headquarters, was the following: "Name, Roger Wentworth Allston; home, Somerset, Kentucky; age, twenty; occupation, student; previous experience, none." So he had come back to America, when his money had given out, and enlisted in the Marines and gone to the West Indies to serve as a private.

One evening after chow Allston was sitting on a camp stool in front of his tent with his feet stretched out on his locker box, which sat at the foot of his bunk. The private who shared the tent with him was lying on his bunk, which occupied the other side of the tent, and reading from a book, on the back of which was this title: "Stories of the Spanish Main." Presently he put the book aside and came out in front of the tent.

"Do you know, Allston, these islands are just full of treasure buried by the old pirates who used to loot the Spanish galleons. Who knows, even this old island of Domingo might have more treasure than the vaults of the Bank of England stored away in it." He looked out into the tropic sunset, and fancied he saw in it stacks of doubloons and piles of pieces of eight and clusters of precious jewels. The tropical shadows fell quickly, the vision fading away softly. He turned to Allston.

"Ain't you got no imagination at all, or are you just plain ignorant of the value of riches?" he demanded exasperatedly.

"'Infinite riches in a little room,' that's what you think of all the time, 'Bunkie'; can't you get it off your mind. Riches compose but a small part of the treasures of this world," he answered; and he got up and walked off down the company street.

"Damned if he ain't the funniest bird I ever saw," soliloquized his "bunkie;" and he went off also, but in search of a black-jack game.

Three years passed. In that time Allston had become a corporal; the war in Europe had started; the armies of the United States had begun to perfect their organization; the Marines had been voted an increase by Congress; and Allston had been ordered from the tropics to Paris Island. He arrived, with some others, at that famous training station, which lay just off the coast of South Carolina, towards the last of the summer of the first year of America's participation. The men from the tropics were assigned to the tented section designated on the training camp map as camp number three. He had been on Paris Island for sev-

eral days, when one evening Corporal Sheppard, just graduated from the Non-Com School, came down the company street and halted in front of his tent. Allston was occupied with arranging the various articles in the tray of his locker box. Sheppard was in search of an old issue blouse; the men from the tropics had the old regulation clothes which the newer men in the service desired above all things.

"Corporal," asked Sheppard, "have you an old issue blouse that you would like to sell?"

"No; I don't want to sell any; all I have I need and they fit me pretty well," answered Allston, looking up.

Over Sheppard's face came an expression of mingled incredulity and surprise. Allston looked at him sharply; he stood up to his full six feet.

"Allston! Well I'll swear," almost shouted Sheppard and grabbed him by the hand.

"You, Shep? Of all strange things; what are you doing here?" And he shook his hand warmly.

"Same as the rest: soldiering and cussing because they won't let me go across. But how long have you been here?"

"Came in a couple of days ago. How long have you been in?"

"About five months. They've got me teaching boots how to drill; I'm so tired of counting step that I won't even count my change when I buy a cake of soap with a five-dollar bill. But where in thunder have you been all this time?"

Allston led the way into the tent. "I've been in many places since I saw you last; been in the Marines three years."

"But you have been gone longer than that. Man, whatever possessed you to cause you to vanish from the world so completely? No one has ever had the slightest hint of explanation."

He looked at Allston with suppressed expectancy; yet he made no attempt to conceal the eagerness of his question. Over Allston's face came that calm, yet severe, expression that had characterized him in all his wanderings.

"I guess I have been lucky," mused Allston abstractedly, with no effort at relevancy.

"Lucky?"

"Yes; lucky to have been able to get away from everything; to leave the world almost."

"But I don't understand you. I want to know why you left so suddenly."

"Oh, that's right; I thought you must have known."

Almost four years ago Allston and Sheppard had been in the graduating class of the state university. Allston had been a law student; one of the biggest men on the campus. They had both played varsity football; and Allston had been captain his senior year. Therefore, his sudden disappearance one evening in late February had created the greatest excitement of the year. All the light that could be thrown on his exodus only revealed that he had gone to Europe; and this was far from giving any explanation for his precipitate departure.

"No; I have never known why you left, nor have I ever seen anyone who did," answered Sheppard. "How was anyone to know, when you left no word behind?"

"Well, Shep, I didn't want anyone to know." He was silent for a moment, then, "But since you have found me, I guess I might just as well tell you; then I hope I can trust you not to ever tell that you have seen me." He looked toward him questioningly.

"Trust me not to tell where you are? I can't get it; it's too much for me. Why on earth is it that you still desire to remain hidden from the world? You are cheating yourself of a career. A corporal of Marines!—I can't get you at all." He said it almost scoffingly; at least without consideration.

"But, Shep, you must know that sometimes there comes to men times when they lose all desire for those things. Fame——," he said the word reflectively, with something of wonder, of surprise, as if it presented an idea entirely new to him. After a moment, "Yes, I ask you never to tell that you have seen me. I have sufficient reason for asking it."

Sheppard had not the slightest idea what this reason could be; but he did not find it hard to believe that there was some reason. He did not speak, however, and presently Allston continued:

"But I shall first tell you and then you will see without my insisting that what I ask is right."

The last rays of the sun had left the company street, and the occasional flare of a match as someone lit a cigarette or pipe was the only light to be seen save the glow of the lantern—a dusty orange blur through the wall of the tent—which sat on the desk in the sergeant's tent at the other end of the company street. Somewhere over in the grove behind the row of bunk houses in the East Wing, a "music" was practicing some low notes on his bugle. Allston held a match to his big meerschaum pipe, and the momentary glare showed his face inscrutably haggard.

"Four years is a long time to live as I have lived; but it is a short while to bridge when it is past. I recall the last day I was at the university as well as if it were this morning. I even remember the last time I saw you. I was coming from the postoffice and met you in front of the library. I remember it more clearly because you said you were coming over to my room after something, I didn't understand what, and I left a note on my desk telling you that I had gone away." He stopped speaking and looked toward the spark of fire on the end of Sheppard's cigarette. "You think it strange that I should remember all that—don't you? But when I have finished, you will understand why I shall never forget anything of that day.

"When I got to my room I sat down and read the letter I had just brought from the postoffice. You recall that I told you I was practically engaged when I came back from Christmas holidays—don't you? Well, the fact is, that I was engaged. I had met the girl almost two years before, and I spent most of the holidays with her. It was then that she promised to marry me. The hopes I brought back with me. . . !

"We had not decided whether to be married in June, or to wait until I had opened my law office and started a practice, which I intended to do in the summer—open the office at least. She was always gay and cheerful; her letters never failed to fire me with new ambition. When I left her she promised to decide on the day we were to be married, and I kept asking her in every letter if she had come to any decision and telling her to hurry and decide, that the suspense was becoming too much for me. The plea about the suspense was not so unbearable as I pre-

tended; for it was a pleasurable uncertainty. She would draw little pictures on the margin of her letters to show the trouble she was having in trying to decide on the day. I remember one of them represented her with a calendar in her hands and running through it hunting for the day, while just beneath the picture she had written: 'Oh, where is the golden day?'

"This went on until the latter part of February. Unless you have known a girl like that, you can't understand how happy I was. You would think me very silly if I were to try to tell you. But the letter I received that day left me so stunned that I didn't know or care what I did. All I knew was that I had to get away. I couldn't go on there. When I had read it I sat and wrote my guardian that I was leaving this country on some business that would carry me probably over all Europe; that I would have sufficient money; and that I would not have to call on him for some time. You see that I had to use some tact as I didn't want anyone to try to keep up with me—I wanted to get completely out of the world I had known. I then wrote Eloise and told her that I was going away, and would probably never see her again."

Sheppard interrupted him. "But wait, you seem to forget; what was the letter about that it sent you packing off in that way? I don't get the connection of all you are saying." He was a very artless young man.

"Oh, yes; well, the letter just simply stated that there was to be no date for us; that she was sorry if she had disappointed me; and that I could easily forget. That was all."

There was silence for a while, then Sheppard spoke:

"I found the note you left on your desk; but it only said you were off for Europe as you had just received an offer that would enable you to make a fortune. It was plain that there was some mysterious reason for your leaving; but as there was no indication of any violent methods used in forcing you to go, no investigation was ever made. It was finally accepted that the whole affair was due to some freakish notion of yours; but no one had ever heard of your having freakish notions; that made it mystifying."

"Did it ever become known that the girl was connected with it?"

"No; that part of it never became known. If it had, there would have been a little explanation why a rational man would pick up and leave college four months before graduation. But even at that it would have looked strange to me; for I had no idea that you, of all men, would have allowed a girl's letter to make you have a sudden longing to see the world."

The lighted pipe jerked toward Sheppard. He saw and hastened to say:

"I beg your pardon, Allston; but I can't somehow get it all at once. And too—don't you think you left the girl to face a lot of public opinion?"

"I can't say that I do; we had never announced our engagement. Besides, I don't see how she could have expected anything else, since she knew that I loved her too much to stay near her after that. You see I couldn't open a law office then; we had planned it too much together. There was no color left in anything."

"I can't see how she could have changed so quickly. You had been away from her only two months. You say you had become engaged during the holidays?"

"Yes; only the day before I left her."

Allston puffed his pipe in silence and the man by his side did not speak for sometime. Finally he asked:

"What was she like, Allston?"

"Such a girl has never been described, and I can't describe her, though I can see her now. She was fair. One might say that she was a blonde, but that is too inexpressive, too general. Her eyes were a mystery. At times I thought they were surely brown; but then they would grow darker than any brown you have ever seen. I would often ask her if she knew their color; I would tell her that I could never tell for they were always changing. She would look at me and laugh and the same change would come into her eyes. She was the most beautiful person I have ever seen—but that gives you no idea of her. One was surprised at seeing anyone so lovely; but after one knew her, it was the most natural thing in the world that she was so. Her height was perfect as the rest of her. She was twenty at the time."

With Allston's pause, the other man remarked:

"She must have been surprised at your leaving so unceremoniously."

"What could she have expected? It could not have hurt her anyway, after she had decided that she no longer cared for me. I couldn't see how she could be hurt; if I had, I probably would have stayed at school and gone through with it as best I could. But I had no idea that she would be affected one way or the other; that left the thing up to me alone. It might be that she hated to see me take it so hard; but if I had stayed my presence would only have given her opportunity to see it more and more. But I could only take it that she was not going to be hurt; I only knew that I wanted to get away, to go as far away as I could, to forget it all, to leave it all; but I knew that I could not leave it, that I could never forget. One does not forget, Shep, not in cases like mine. And I know now that I don't want to forget; I want to keep her with me always, just as she was when I left her Christmas, just as she was when we had snow-fights with her friend who lived across the street. There was a fine young fellow who came to see her friend; and when the big snow came, we had coasting parties and little snow-fights, just happiness and fun. And they are the days that I shall never forget; I would feel robbed if I were to forget them. I have carried those memories with me over oceans and across continents, through Egypt and through Italy, and all the way to India and back. I have seen Bombay and Calcutta, Tokio, Pekin, then back and seen St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, London, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Palermo, Cairo—all of them, Shep, I've seen them all, and those days have stayed with me; they are all I can keep, I have nothing else."

He spoke with more passion than he had shown in many months. He fell silent then and sat there still and calm, oblivious even of his pipe, with his chin resting on his hands. Then Sheppard spoke:

"Do you intend to ever write her; to let her know where you are?" He asked the question half musingly, as if he wondered.

"I have thought of writing her once or twice: once

when I had started for India and again one day when I stood before the tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise at Paris. But each time I have decided that it is best to let things stand as they are; although all I wished to tell her was that I hoped she was happy. After all, it would have done no one any good, for it would have only brought back what she had long since forgotten. You know, Shep, those two months after Christmas were just a beautiful dream to me; I somehow couldn't believe my great fortune even at the time, so that when the letter came it only confirmed my failure to believe in it."

Neither of the men spoke for sometime. There was an occasional burst of laughter somewhere up the company street; no doubt a black-jack game. Paris Island was dark, dark and cool, with the sea breeze coming in and stirring the flap of the tent lightly at small intervals. Corporal Allston, who had seen many lands and many people, sat on his bunk there besides his friend, met after two score months or more, sat there silently but his thoughts were far away, far away where two brown eyes that were mysterious smiled into his own. . . . Sharply the trumpeter down at headquarters blew the call to quarters, and as the "music" along the line in the East Wing took up the call, Sheppard got up to go. He held out his hand, and Allston took it in a strong grip.

"I won't say that you will ever forget, old man—I know you will not. But don't give up; there is something in life for you yet. Don't you think you should not quit?"

"That isn't quite it, Shep. I don't want anything now, not a thing, or I would have gone up for promotion a long time ago. The skipper wanted me to go to the first O. T. C.; but there's something gone out of my life, Shep, something that keeps me from wanting those things."

"But think about it, old man. I hate to see you so down. You really owe something to yourself in spite of all that has happened." And he stepped out of the tent. Then as Allston did not reply, he called:

"Good night, 'Ton'." It was the first time he had been called by his old football nick-name in a very long time. His reputation had been that he always hit the line like a ton of bricks.

"Good night, Shep"; and in his voice was a strange deep note.

The days that followed saw Allston and the men from the tropics drilling more than they had been accustomed to since they left recruit companies years before. They had been brought to Paris Island to be made into drill instructors; and their drill and snap were being furbished up a bit for that reason. Sheppard, having been graduated some days before the arrival of Allston, was doing the particular kind of duty known as "standing by"; however, after the day's drill was over he was invariably with his friend of old.

Every Monday morning the men in the training camp were assembled in regimental review. Such ceremonies lose much of their color for a man after he has served a hitch or two; but the old-timers from the tropics, being among thousands of recruits, made ready to put up the best appearance possible. The deference always given an old-timer by a recruit can in no wise be taken as a tribute to his smartness or snap at drill; for the old-timers have their period of crack drilling to look back to, they always talk of the good drill companies they belonged to when they were young to the service; however, they can always be depended on to go through with any ceremony without chagrin to their commander. The men from the tropics had participated in two of the Paris Island reviews without bringing dishonor on themselves or their captain. The drill field of the training camp, where the reviews were held, covered several acres. The reviewing officer's place was on the side of the drill field adjoining the main road, along which there is always a crowd of spectators, both military and civilian. The columns pass not more than fifty feet from these spectators.

On a Monday morning not long after the meeting of Allston and Sheppard, the company of old-timers were approaching the reviewing officer with a favorable line. But when they had come almost abreast of him, and after the command "Eyes Right" had been shouted by their captain, an unusual thing happened in the first squad, of which Allston was corporal. At the command Allston jerked his eyes to the right, and they fell directly on a woman who was at the time speaking to an officer by her side. For the first time in all his long service, his rifle slipped from his shoulder; but he recovered it before it reached the ground. It is second nature for a marine to hold his rifle, so the act of recovery was involuntary; but he had paused in his stride long enough to throw the whole alignment out. The line bucked up and passed the reviewing officer in a jagged semi-circle. Allston's face grew pallid, another thing unusual for him.

Sometime later, when the company was back in its company street, the captain inquired in very unceremonious tones what had taken place in the line during review.

"I came very near dropping my rifle, sir," answered Allston.

The captain looked at him puzzlingly for a moment, then, before he turned aside toward his quarters, "First sergeant, dismiss the company," he said. . . .

True to form, just after evening chow, Sheppard came down the company street and halted in front of Allston's tent.

"You fellows are hitting it pretty hard now, aren't you?" remarked Sheppard, speaking of the drills the old-timers were being put through.

"Yes; they have us back at recruit stuff."

Then Sheppard noticed that the other was in spotless uniform and freshly shaven.

"Don't you know yet there is nowhere to go on Paris Island? What are you all dressed up about?"

"I was just thinking of going to see some one."

Sheppard laughed good-naturedly; he failed to note the seriousness in the other's face and tone.

"Going to call on the post-commander?" lightly, and he sat down lazily on a camp stool.

"Look here, Shep, I want to talk to you about something." He sat down on the bunk.

"What is it? I've got four hours."

"I had the greatest surprise of my life today. Eloise was at review this morning." Sheppard sat straight upright. He looked toward Allston a bit stupefied. Could it be that he was joking about her—her on Paris Island!

"Yes; I saw her standing with some other women and some officers," Allston explained. Then he added, as much to himself as to the other man, "I guess I messed things up a bit in the line."

"So you are going to see her?" Sheppard finally said. "Do you know where she is?"

"No, but I can probably find her at the Main Barracks, where the officers' families live." A pause, then, "What do you think about it, Shep? I'll swear, I am at a loss. It might be best if I don't go; if I never see her again; if she never knows that I have seen her today."

Sheppard had to smoke; he got up, lit a cigarette, stepped into the tent, and sat down on the bunk beside his friend.

"That all depends on how you feel about it. But I believe I'd go. It seems that she has been thrown in your way by a strange chance, after you have wandered all over the world—but I can't tell: it all depends on how you feel. Do you want to go? If so, go. I can't see how any harm could come of it, that is, further harm."

"Nor can I. But I have decided to see her. If I were to let the chance pass, I feel that I would sometime regret it; in fact, I know I would."

He got up and went around to his locker box. He raised the lid and took a letter from a packet which had been bound together with a legging lace. The envelope was of thick white paper, and had been opened carefully, apparently with a sharp knife. This he put in his blouse pocket.

"This is the letter I got from her the day I left. I have carried it with me ever since; it has been over most of the world," he explained.

"What are you going to do; give it back to her?" asked the younger man.

"Not unless she wants it, and if she does—well, I might not even then. Well, I'm going," and with that he went down the company street.

When one enters the Main Barracks by the road leading from the Applicant's Camp, one passes through the district in which the officers live. It was getting a bit late when Allston entered this section, but the shadows had not yet settled over the beautiful lawns and gardens. Some of the houses would have suited well the exclusive districts of cities. . . . The lawns were smooth and fresh, and an occasional indigenous palm added to the picturesqueness. . . . He was passing along the low picket fence which surrounded an unusually attractive bungalow, when, as he neared a corner where two palms supported a green-striped hammock, evening colors sounded. He came to a halt and brought his hand up to a salute. Some one in the hammock moved; but his eyes never wavered from their gaze in the direction of "colors." When the last note died away, he brought his hand down, glancing toward the hammock as he did so. . . .

She was sitting up and holding the edge of the hammock tensely. Her face, on which there was no vestige of color, was toward him, the eyes round as if affrighted, the pallid lips barely touching each other. Allston reached out a tentative hand and laid it on the low fence. He was the first to speak:

"Eloise—I was looking for you."

Her voice was scarcely above her breath when she spoke.

"Roger—looking for me?" was all she could say.

"Yes."

"Where have you been, Roger?"

"Over most of the world, Eloise." And he looked down at his hand. It grasped the fence in a grip of steel; the knuckles were chalk.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

He looked again at her. Such beauty! His memory had underrated her; but there was some indefinable, mysterious, infinitely sweet, shadow in her face that he was sure he had never before seen; yet it only enhanced her loveliness.

"Three weeks, but I have been in the Marines more than three years." His voice sounded as from afar off.

"Why did you go away like that?"

He stepped over the low fence and stood near her. The bitter calm struggled on his face for a moment, then settled deeper than ever.

"What did you expect me to do?" he replied.

"You never wrote me—never—why?" Her eyes went down to the tiny, close-cropped, blades of grass, blurred, with the falling shadows and a peculiar mist. . . .

He sat down on a small wicker stool near the hammock and rested his chin in his cupped hands.

"Why should I have written? What was there to write? All I wanted was to go away."

"But you should have written; you should have told me where you were all that time."

"You seem to forget, Eloise," he answered, half reprovingly. "You told me to forget you, to get over it. How could I do that and at the same time keep up appearances in writing? I couldn't; I had to get away, can't you understand? And besides, your husband—Eloise, how could you have changed so quickly?"

"*Changed?*"

"Yes; I was so happy Christmas; and when your letter came—when I read it, something went out of me that has never come back. Everything changed then, it was another world I began to live in. Then the war came and I was sent to the tropics; I was even denied my chance at *that*."

"But I have not changed, Roger, I have no husband."

"You have no husband?" incredulously.

"No; I decided long ago that I should never marry."

"So that was why you broke our engagement?"

"No; I decided that after you had been gone a long time and I had failed to learn anything of where you had gone."

"You had failed to learn where I had gone?" he echoed. "I don't understand."

"Yes; I tried every way I knew to find you. I learned that you were not in the service. I kept thinking that you would surely write. Your guardian said that you told him you had gone to Europe; the papers said you had accepted a foreign position. And you never wrote—oh, it was cruel, Roger, the terrible thoughts I had, I feared you would never be heard of again." Her voice had sunk to almost a whisper.

But still he could not understand; he had suffered under another idea for so long. He did not speak.

"My special delivery came back the day after I got your letter saying that you were leaving. I was frantic, Roger."

"You mean you wrote me a special delivery?"

"Yes; but it was too late. . . . Oh, Roger, will you ever forgive me? I wrote that letter you got in a spirit of fun. You remember Martha Jackson, the girl who lived across the street, who went coasting with us? She was over home and she bet me I would not do it; she thought it would be a great joke, for I had just decided on the day and had started to write you. Oh, we thought it would be a joke! But I was afraid that you might be too frightened, so just as I was fixing to seal it up, I wrote a little postscript under the flap of the envelope—did you never see it?"

He understood now. He opened his blouse pocket and took out the letter. . . .

Who will ever know whether or not her eyes took on that mysterious look? But it is certain that that calm bitterness was never again on his face; for—

The letter had been opened with a knife slit across the top, and the flap was still glued to the back of the envelope. He peeled it away. . . . There before his eyes were treasures more precious than the wealth of all the kings since Alaric, dearer than all the fabulous jewels and gold ever buried along the Spanish Main, and he had carried it with him over most of the world without once suspecting it. The closely written words were these:

"I'll bet you were scared?
Our day will be June 15th.

ELOISE."

[*EDITORIAL*]

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

We used to think compulsory chapel for everybody was a good thing; we do not think so any more.

The question of whether a man should be made to go to chapel goes back to the question, why does he come to college? He comes to get knowledge or to have a good time.

If he comes to get knowledge, chapel should not be compulsory. If cultural subjects are to be given in chapel, they should be given in class rooms. If he comes to have a good time, chapel is no place in his life. He can have more fun before a victrola in his frat house.

Chapel cannot be compared to classes when one says that students do not want to go to classes, but as we make them go, no one will deny that advantages accrue. We are sent to college to learn, not to go to chapel.

As for the gag that chapel will be the salvation of a larger Carolina, we don't see anything to it. Chapel is primarily for reading the Bible. We don't see how this will make for a united student body 20 years hence. What can a speech on the solar system or the square of minus sixty-seven or the star dust of Jupiter do towards making a united student body?

We can't spend chapel periods splitting Carolina. We do that on the athletic field.

As for reading announcements, when there is anything important everybody knows about it. Why should 1,500 students be held up while some one says that the Pineville county club will meet tomorrow at 9 o'clock in the Y. M. C. A.?

Whenever anything worth-while is done in chapel, the student body will be there. Unless there is, they will not go for everybody knows that no one is going to be expelled for not attending chapel.

What's the use of pretending something that is not so?

We have done and said a lot about our freedom at Chapel Hill. We have said that it grew men. Are we to throw these two heritages away on something that is wrong in principle, and if it were right, has nothing of utility about it?

WHY NOT?

We need to have spelling lessons here.

A couple of years ago, a man was fired by a newspaper because he persisted in spelling Baptist as B-a-b-t-i-s-t. Last summer another man came near the same fate for the same misdemeanor.

Other men who go from these walls encounter the same difficulty. The trouble is that we are just plain ignorant when it comes to spelling. We don't learn enough of it in high school. It therefore devolves on the University authorities to teach us to spell here.

How about having a couple of periods a week devoted to spelling?

We know it isn't usually done in colleges, but that is neither here nor there. It is a fact that we don't know how to spell.

Twenty-five Million Fags a Day

During this year, we want to tell something of the industries of our State. We tell you here how the Liggett-Myers Tobacco Company of Durham makes twenty-five million cigarettes each day

By JAMES SPEED MASSENBURG

HAVE you ever wondered, Mr. Cigarette Smoker, how your fag is made? How many processes must it pass through before you can purchase it for one penny? Did you know that one machine rolls, glues, and prints four hundred and ninety cigarettes a minute? Well, let me show you a leaf of the bright weed and in less than one hour give you a fresh cigarette from that very same leaf.

Mr. Smoker looked at me with a dazed expression.

"From what part of the country did that leaf come?" he asked.

"That," I said, holding the golden leaf of tobacco before him, "that is shipped here from all parts of the world, from Egypt, from Turkey, and from many states in the United States, although this factory gets most of its raw products from this state, North Carolina, because of the location of its factory."

"What did you say was the name of this factory?" he asked.

"This is the Liggett-Myers Tobacco Company, of Durham, North Carolina," I replied, "and this is what an industrial manager terms an 'analytical, continuous, by-product industry.' By this type I mean an industry that receives its raw products and carries it through the finished goods without using any part of the weed for anything except tobacco. By analytical, I mean that the weed is broken to pieces and analyzed, then carried through its different processes."

"How do the shippers keep the weed so soft and smooth?" Mr. Smoker continued. "Do they run it through a chemical process or just sprinkle water over it?"

"They run it through a drying process which stems the weed. After it is stemmed it is dried and then moistened before being ready for shipping. The weed in this form is packed in large hogsheads and shipped to the factory where it is resteamed and then sent to the blending room. Have you ever seen where they blend the different tobaccos?"

He stated that he had not and expressed a desire to see the whole process and especially the wonderful machines that turn out four hundred and ninety cigarettes a minute. We began our journey through the factory in the blending room which was located on the bottom floor of the four-story factory building.

The process of blending is one of the simplest in the manufacture of cigarettes. A single man mixes several grades of different kinds of tobacco. A North Carolina grade is generally mixed with a foreign grade which gives the tobacco a mellower blend. The tobacco is taken from an upturned hogshead of each kind and placed together on the conveyer, which transports it to the next process.

"Did you say this fellow was blending the tobacco?" he asked, pointing to a man mixing the two grades of tobacco on the rack.

"That man is doing the blending, and he also has to add some kind of moisture to the tobacco before it goes to the next process," I told him. "The tobacco goes from the blender through a process of remoistening and then it is sent to the cutters. Follow me and I will show you something interesting."

We followed the tobacco from the blending, through its moistening process, which was nothing but a steam boiler through which the weed passed to the large cutters located at the other end of the big room. The conveyers are large belt contraptions that move slowly throughout the entire factory. There are strips sewed across the belting to hold the tobacco on.

"Gee, but they do cut, don't they? I wonder what that big knife weighs?"

The large knife which was cutting the tobacco into small bits was about two feet high and three feet broad, rested on a large foundation made of heavy wood and steel. It was making about three hundred up and down strokes every minute. The leaves, and there were thousands of them, were pressed against the side of the blade with a tremendous pressure which enabled the knife to cut them into fine bits. Thse dozen knives were located in a long row about three feet apart, and as they cut the tobacco into tiny bits the bits fell into a trough-like conveyer. The blades were somewhat similar to the blades used in printing establishments.

"That pressed tobacco looks like a large plug of chewing tobacco, doesn't it?" asked Mr. Smoker.

I had not noticed it but it did have that appearance. The great amount of pressure on the many leaves caused them to be pressed flat, and as the knife chopped off the tiny bits the different leaves could be easily seen. After examining the knives, we proceeded on our way towards another process.

"Where do these tiny bits of tobacco go from here?" he asked.

"They go through another moistening process which cleans the tobacco from all dirt and dust," I told him.

The cut tobacco, dry as dust, moved slowly into the mouth of the large steam container which cleaned it. It went in very dry but as it was slowly dropping into large wooden boxes at the other side it had the appearance of tiny squirming worms. This was caused by the remoistening which heated the bits and also made them swell. When a box was full of the moistened tobacco, it was carried to a compartment where it was placed to cool and dry.

"Doesn't it smell good in here? I could stay forever," Mr. Smoker said. In this compartment were long rows of boxes placed one upon the other. Truck-

ers were bringing in boxes at one end while others were taking them out after they had dried for about forty minutes.

"Where are those wonderful machines you were telling me about?" he wanted to know. "How about going around to see them?"

"All right, come on; we will have to go on the next floor."

As we mounted the stairs to the next floor the hum of machinery came to our ears. Placed in long rows and going at full speed were the cigarette machines. As far as the eye could see down the floor were nothing but these machines. Each machine was operated by one man. We walked up near the first machine and began to examine it.

"Four hundred and ninety a minute, did you say?"

"Yes, and that is not all. See that little box here, well, this is where the brand name of the different cigarettes is printed, and right here is the process of glueing."

The machine had the appearance of a linotype machine. An opening in the top permitted the small bits of tobacco to run into a tube-shaped funnel which gradually measured the tobacco into one long strip. This strip was pushed through a long steel tube the size of the cigarette and under it was the tissue paper. As the paper was unrolled and moved forward it slowly took the shape of a cigarette. The strip then proceeded under the glueing box and here the fag was complete except for the cutting. The continuous moving cigarette, similar to a thread from the spindle, was being cut by a knife located at the extreme end of the machine into a three-inch cigarette, four hundred and ninety a minute. They were arranged into a long narrow box about the width of the cigarette. The box was sent, when filled, to another machine located in another part of the building.

We satisfied ourselves with the inspection of the cigarette machine and continued our course to the next process or, I might say, followed the cigarette to the packing machine. This machine, which was a little smaller than the preceding one, and operated by a woman, counted the cigarettes by tens or twenties, dropped them in tin foil, and packed them in paper packages. The wooden box of cigarettes, as I pointed out in the above paragraph, was emptied into the packing machine. It did the rest, placing the foil around the desired number which were then pushed into boxes. These boxes were printed and sealed together in the same process, and as they came from the machine, a girl inspected each package to ascertain that each was properly packed. Here the government stamp was attached.

"Well, I have never seen anything in all my life to beat that process," Mr. Smoker said to me.

"Girlie, do you handle these packages all day?" he asked one of the female workers.

"Yes, sir, this is a soft job," she returned.

After the inspection, the packages were packed by hand into cartons of tens or twenties and conveyed to another part of the factory.

"Old fellow, don't stop here. I want to see this thing well done; let's follow that package and see what becomes of it," he said to me.

Slowly the packages or cartons moved in a steady line to the packing department. Here we found something unique. The large boxes about ten by twelve inches were on one conveyer with their tops on a separate one and along with both were the cartons which met at a definite spot where a workman placed the cartons in the box and placed the top on without the loss of a dozen seconds. The next operation was the sealing, with air tight paper, and the box was ready for crating.

"Cap'n, you'll have to go up to the next floor if you want to see how they are crated. The elevator is right down at the end of the building," a laborer informed me.

PLANT OF W. DUKE, SONS & CO., DURHAM BRANCH LIGGETT-MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The crating was simple. The boxes came in a steady stream and two men took them from the conveyer and placed them in a large square pasteboard box and sealed them, making them ready for shipment to any part of the world. These boxes were placed on a chute that sent them to another building located about a hundred yards from the main factory building. Here my companion and myself stopped. There were long rows of these boxes piled high, ready for shipment.

"How many of these hundreds of boxes will be in here tomorrow?" I asked a man standing by.

"About half, I suppose. We ship them away as fast as the train can take them," he said.

"Here, Mr. Smoker, I came very near forgetting to give you this cigarette. You remember I promised to give you a fresh fag from that leaf of tobacco I showed you in the office; well, here it is. I took it just as it came from the first machine. Of course, I can't swear it came from that very same leaf but it wasn't far behind."

He took the fag, looked at it with interested eyes, thanked me, and took his leave as we passed out of the factory.

Know Your University

By WILLIAM E. HORNER

Everybody, from Thomas A. Edison down, has the questionnaire fever. The value of some of the questions has been doubted very much, for, say some, what good is it for a man to be able to answer the question: who and what does a dog chase his tail? Or, the sages say, what is the utility in being able to give a sensible answer to this: when is a why, if so who, if not what?

So when the questionnaire fever struck us, we decided we would ask only sensible questions, or as near sensible as we could make them. We made out a list of questions—ninety-five of them—relative to the University of North Carolina.

Some of them require very detailed answers, so we do not expect you to answer right off the bat. But if you will learn them, you will know some mighty interesting facts about the University.

Learn about the University by digesting the following:

QUESTIONS

I. HISTORY

1. Who founded the University?
2. What is the founder called?
3. Who was the first president of the University?
4. Name the eight presidents of the University.
5. What happened on October 12, 1793?
6. Did the University close during the Civil War? If so, give the opening and closing dates.
7. Who was Hinton James?
8. What is the significance of the year 1776 to the University?
9. What enviable place among state universities does this give us?
10. When and where was the first summer school held?
11. When did Student Government first begin here?
12. When was the Honor System first adopted?
13. When was our first inter-collegiate debate held?
14. How many inter-collegiate debates have we won?
15. When was the CAROLINA MAGAZINE founded?
16. When was *The Tar Heel* founded?
17. How did the town of Chapel Hill get its name?
18. When was President H. W. Chase inaugurated?
19. How many years has the state been giving the University money?
20. What is the largest sum it has given? When?

II. PROMINENT ALUMNI

1. Give the name of one president and one vice-president of the United States who have been University alumni.
2. Have we produced any governors?
3. How many soldiers did the University give to the Confederacy in the Civil War?
4. Have we had any presidents of the United States senate?
5. What secretary of state attended Carolina?
6. Name some famous North Carolina governors who attended school here.
7. What high positions did James K. Polk fill besides president?
8. Who was John H. Eaton?
9. Name five secretaries of the navy who matriculated at the University.
10. What literary society did Polk belong to?
11. What society did William R. King, John Y. Mason, James C. Dobbin, and C. B. Aycock belong to?
12. How many men have we had in the state legislatures?
13. What office did Jacob Thompson, an alumnus, fill?
14. What chief justices of state supreme courts went to Carolina?
15. Have we had any United States senators?
16. How many members of the house of representatives have we had?
17. Who was A. V. Brown; Kerr Craige; J. J. Britt?
18. How many presidents of colleges and universities have we produced?
19. How many foreign ministers and consuls have we given to the nation?
20. Give the number of judges, both state and national, who attended Carolina.

III. ORGANIZATIONS

1. What are the Phi and Di?
2. When were they founded?
3. Where did they meet when first organized?
4. What is the Golden Fleece?
5. What is Phi Beta Kappa?
6. Who belongs to the athletic association?
7. How many organizations are there on the Hill?
8. What does Tau Kappa Alpha signify?
9. What is the purpose of Amphoterothen?
10. Who are the Carolina Playmakers?
11. Are there any professional fraternities?
12. What is the purpose of social fraternities?
13. Do they fulfill this purpose?
14. What is the Pan-Hellenic Council?
15. Who arranges inter-collegiate debates?

IV. INTERESTING PLACES

1. Where is Davie Poplar and what is the tradition connected with it?
2. Where is Piney Prospect?
3. Lover's Leap?
4. Dromghoul's Tomb?
5. Robber's Lair?
6. Purefoy's Mill?
7. Meeting of the Waters?
8. Fairy Spring?
9. Battle's Branch?
10. Fern Banks?
11. Druid Spring?
12. Volcano Crater?
13. Iron Mine?
14. The Old Well?
15. Old Medical stiff house.
16. Triasic sea?
17. Caldwell monument?
18. Smith Hall?
19. Confederate trenches?
20. Polk annex?

V. PROFESSORS

1. For what things is Archibald Henderson noted?
2. William DeB. MacNider?
3. Collier Cobb?
4. Horace Williams?
5. H. V. Wilson?
6. F. P. Venable?
7. Who founded the University's widely known Bureau of Extension?
8. What professor is noted for his memory?
7. What professor here has been a noted journalist?
10. What professor is a nephew of Woodrow Wilson?
11. Who is Hatcher Hughes?
12. Who first filled the position of Dean of Students?
13. What does it mean to be a Kenan Professor?
14. Who was our first professor?
15. What professor holds a state office?
16. What professors are closely in touch with student life?
17. What are the nick-names of these professors: Carroll, Bernard, Noble, T. J. Wilson, Greenlaw and Paull.
18. What dean of a school is there who has not an A.B. degree.
19. Who has gained national recognition by the Carolina Playmakers?
20. What professor spoke on a chatauqua circuit last summer?

ANSWERS

I. HISTORY

1. Davie.
2. Father of the University.
3. David Caldwell.
4. Caldwell, Swain, Battle, Winston, Alderman, Venable, Graham, Chase.
5. Old East cornerstone laid.
6. Yes. 1870 and 1875.
7. First student.
8. Required in state constitution.
9. Oldest state university.
10. The University, 1877.
11. 1795 in Literary Societies.
12. 1876.
13. 1897.
14. 38 out of 57.
15. 1844.
16. 1893.
17. Old chapel of the Church of England.
18. April 28, 1920.
19. About forty.
20. $1,440,000 in 1921.

II. PROMINENT ALUMNI

1. James K. Polk, president; W. R. King, vice-president.
2. Yes; 22 of North Carolina; eight of other states.
3. Eighteen generals, eight colonels, 44 lieutenant-colonels, 71 majors, 296 captains, 186 lieutenants, 84 surgeons, 14 chaplains, all others 663; total, 1,484.
4. Yes; Willie P. Mangum and W. R. King.
5. John Y. Mason.
6. Branch, Swain, Graham, Scales, Aycock, Kitchin.
7. Governor of Tennessee, speaker house of representatives, and United States senator.
8. Only secretary of war to be a Carolina man.
9. Branch, Mason, Graham, Dobbin, Daniels.
10. Dialectic.
11. Philanthropic.
12. Eight hundred and sixty-seven; 676 in North Carolina legislature, 191 in other states.
13. Secretary of Interior.
14. Walter Clark, North Carolina; A. L. Fitzgerald, Nevada; T. E. Cooper, Mississippi.
15. Yes; 16 served for a total of 175 years.
16. Seventy-two from North Carolina; 19 from other states.
17. Postmaster-general; other two, assistant postmasters-general.
18. Fourteen, including presidents of North Carolina State, Davidson, Wake Forest, Virginia, Tulane, Antioch, Miami, Texas University, Wofford, Georgia A. and M.
19. Thirty.

20. Nineteen national; 31 of state supreme court; 98 of state superior courts.

III. ORGANIZATIONS

1. Literary societies.
2. 1795.
3. First in South Building, then in top floors of Old East and Old West.
4. Senior honor organization composed of most representative men in the class.
5. National scholarship fraternity.
6. Every student here.
7. Over 175.
8. That a member had been on an inter-collegiate debate or oratorical contest.
9. Study problems of citizenship and extemporaneous speaking.
10. Students here who write and act original plays.
11. Yes, one or two for every school.
12. To promote friendship between members and to get social training.
13. Yes.
14. Council composed of one member of each fraternity.
15. The Debate Council.

IV. INTERESTING PLACES

These places have to be found individually. Any old student can tell you where to look for them.

V. PROFESSORS

1. Letters and literature.
2. Medical research.
3. Geology and shore lines.
4. Philosophy.
5. Biology.
6. Chemistry.
7. L. R. Wilson.
8. Thos. J. Wilson.
9. Louis Graves.
10. George Howe.
11. A former instructor here who has written a Broadway play success.
12. Frank Graham.
13. Recognition and extra salary.
14. David Kerr.
15. Joseph Hyde Pratt, State Geologist.
16. H. H. Williams, Francis Bradshaw, and Frank Graham.
17. "Dud" Carroll, "Bully" Bernard, "Billy" Noble, "Tee Jay" Wilson, "Ed" Greenlaw and "Daddy" Paull.
18. M. C. S. Noble of the School of Education.
19. F. H. Koch.
20. Walter J. Matherly.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THIS YEAR

As far as can be foreseen at this early stage of the game, it seems to us that the greatest issue on the campus this year will be the mode of election of the president of the student body.

Last spring, the senior class began agitation for a president of the student body. The idea of a president of the student body was a good one, and was passed overwhelmingly. But with the passage of the motion, several riders were forced down the throat of the student body.

We refer to one rider saying that the president of the student body should be a senior who had been at the University at least three years prior to his election. Many leaders on the campus did not favor this, as did not most of the students. But rather than kill the idea of having a president, the rider was swallowed.

The president this year is not really the president of the student body. He can never be a real honest-to-goodness president of the entire student body so long as he has to come from any certain class. The real president of the student body must be the man elected by the students from any class, no matter if he has been here only one day.

It was said last spring that the class qualifications had to be put in, or the students would elect any harum-scarum who had the political prestige to win the election. It was even said that the man elected might be a freshman, and the question was asked: Wouldn't that be one h——l of a come off?

It would not! If the student body wants a freshman to be its president, it is destroying the right of the students to govern themselves not to have a freshman president. If there are more Democrats in North Carolina than Republicans, why should not the office holders be Democrats?

But that is not all. A freshman could not be elected for the simple reason that when the elections are held in the spring, there are no men here then who will be freshmen the next year. By pure force of necessity, the man elected would always have been here the greater part of at least one year.

President Porter

By L. D. SUMMEY

GIVE me a cigarette? No, I'm opposed, absolutely, to having a write-up of myself in the MAGAZINE. There's no use of it, whatever. Have you finished Dante's 'Inferno' yet? Man, that's a great book. You don't appreciate good literature if you don't see the beauty of that."

That, is President of the Student Body Garland Burns Porter, alias, "Ty."

But, in spite of his opposition and modesty, he was finally extricated from his surroundings of Dante and short stories long enough to give an interview for this year and incidentally some points about the campus at large.

"The Student Council," said Porter, "is the expression of the student body primarily, but, by virtue of the election of the Council by the student body, I can see no limit to its power.

"There is," he continued, "a faculty body which often handles cases reported by professors, such as cheating. I cannot see any reason for that body existing. The cases should be reported direct to the Student Council, which will then act upon them. If this faculty body continues, it keeps the system of student government from going the whole way, which it should go."

"What do you think of this constitutional project which was instigated sometime ago?" I asked him.

"No statement," replied the president of the student body, "of any constitution or code of laws should be made. Each case is individual, and should be met with by the Student Council as it sees fit, after considering the peculiar circumstances of the case. Of course, however, there are such things as precedents that have to be considered.

"This system of government," he further stated, "that we have is peculiarly of the campus and it is so in that it has no stated constitution or code of laws. The aim of our student government is the expression of an ideal. This ideal will necessarily be checked as soon as a written constitution and a set of laws is drawn up.

"The code of a gentleman," he continued, "is the only thing that a man is expected to live up to and no gentleman has ever expressed his code publicly in written form, rather he has reflected it in his daily actions."

"What about drinking?" I fired at him.

"There are special considerations that should be taken into account, such as drinking, cheating, gambling, and outstanding instances of vice," declared Porter. "I believe that the Student Council is going to recognize the distinction between taking a drink and drunkenness; nothing further should be said on that point. The student body, by an ordinary exercising of intelligence, can see the distinction.

"Of course," he stated further, "the student body will understand that no cases of outstanding drunkenness can be tolerated. It marks a man as an undesirable citizen of the campus because he will be an embarrassment and more to the student body and the good citizens of the community."

GARLAND BURNS PORTER

Porter declared in continuing that drinking in any form must be excluded from the dances.

"Why," he says, "any man can desire to take a drink or get drunk in order to go to dances is beyond my conception of a good citizen and a thorough gentleman. This view is concurred in by the Council unanimously."

He was questioned whether the Student Council has power off the Hill.

"The Student Council understands and holds that its jurisdiction," replied Porter, "in all cases, extends to where a man is known as a university student."

That is, he explained, in case a student should go to a Carolina-Virginia game in Greensboro and become disgracefully intoxicated, thereby bringing disgrace on the university by mingling with other people at the game, it is within the jurisdiction of the Student Council to punish him. The same thing extends to the student's home town—any place in which he is known as a university man.

"Both of the councils, retiring and new," stated Porter, "meeting with several members of the faculty, agreed to that with remarkable unanimity.

"This year," concluded G. B. prophetically, "will be the biggest year since the first year of student government in setting precedents because of the change in system. Always when changes are made, precedents are set up."

That, too, is Garland Burns Porter, president of

the student body, his ideal for the campus, and his and the Student Council's plans for this year.

He is not terrible. In spite of his weighty position, he is just an ordinary fellow who will smoke a cigarette or indulge in frivolous conversations occasionally. His past career shows no special superabundance of genius, nothing gained except by consistency.

"Ty" came to Carolina from Kernersville, N. C., in 1917, entering with the class of 1921. He stuck around that year, writing some, studying some, and making many friends.

The next year found him situated on Paris Island, as a "Devil-Dog," wiping sand from his eyes, developing a flow of profanity and a figure, securing color for future short stories, and incidentally annexing a lieutenancy in the Marines.

Garland got through the war without any physical or mental disfigurements and came back to Carolina in 1919. Again he manipulated his typewriter, turning out considerable poetry and fiction for the MAGAZINE and numerous skits and jokes for the *Tar Baby*. In the meantime he was cultivating a love for Dante and a respect for Dr. Greenlaw. This work he continued through last year. At the close of the year he was elected president of the student body and made Golden Fleece, the biggest and next biggest honors that can be given a Carolina student.

Garland Porter has done much. He has made the members of the Di Society rock with laughter, on one night, and at the next meeting he has given them a few serious points to think over. He has been connected with the *Yackety-Yack*, the *Tar Baby*, and is still a member of the board of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. Once he thought he could play baseball well enough to go out for varsity but finally descended to a position on his class team. He has membership in Golden Fleece, Amphoterothen, Sigma Delta Chi, Sigma Upsilon, and Omega Delta.

There is nothing remarkable about "Ty." His steadfast labor and consistency have carried him forward. He has ability to a certain degree but there is nothing of the Napoleon about him. He has several virtues which have carried him up the ladder. These are: ability to stick, hard work, and the making of no enemies.

Porter has a hard job before him to make the innovation of the president of the student body a success. If his hard work and consistency, joined with the same virtues of the entire Council, are supported, there is no doubt but what this new system will eradicate the trouble and inefficiency of the old.

Our Football Captain for 1921

By J. J. WADE

AN INTERESTING squad of football players trotted out on Emerson Field the first week of September. It is composed of a lot of good material and a lot of inexperienced calibre, and we are wondering what it will turn out to be, and whether the eleven that Coach "Bill" Fetzer finally calls his varsity will come through with the goods this season and chalk up a worthy record for Carolina athletic annals. But that is for the future to tell. As yet we can only speculate.

One thing is certain. The team has a good start. It elected a worthy captain last fall right after the Thanksgiving game, and in Frank Robbins Lowe it will find a real leader, a fighter, and if he plays as in past seasons, a football warrior of no mean ability.

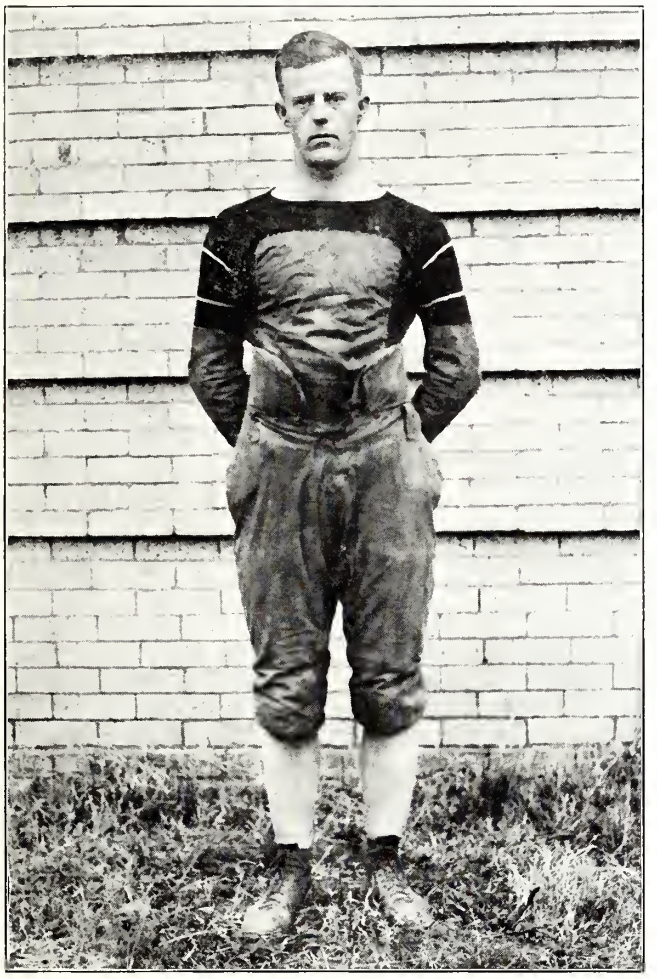
"Runt" Lowe hails from Winston-Salem, and came to the University as a freshman in the fall of 1917. Having made an enviable athletic record in his two years at prep school, the Webb School of Bellbuckle, Tenn., he was counted on immediately to deliver the goods here. He did not disappoint these hopes and made quite a record for himself on the freshman football team for that year, playing quarterback.

In 1918 "Runt" was pilot of Carolina's crack S. A. T. C. team, and in 1919, under the coaching of Tommy Campbell, he came in for some of the best work of his career. Lowe had been playing only mediocre ball the first part of the season, and was running as second quarter most of the time until the Virginia game, when contrary to general expectation, he took the quarterback position in the place of "Chuck" Pharr in that important contest. It was partly due to his brilliant and outstanding work that turned the tide and won the big game from the Orange and Black that Thanksgiving day on Emerson field. He ran completely wild, hit the line like a human battering ram, scrambled through holes and around short ends, caught forward passes like baseballs, and ran the team like an old-timer. He was the big hero of that day, and it was, perhaps, the best gridiron game of his career.

In 1920 Lowe was one of the two or three men that Fuller had to build his team around. His punting and line running were two of the few shining lights of the Tar Heel's season, which on the whole, was disastrous. In spite of the poor success of the team, "Runt" Lowe came in for his share of glory in game after game. In the Virginia game again he was the big star of the North Carolina aggregation, and it was the logical and expected thing when the eleven convened after the Virginia game in Charlottesville and elected the Winston-Salem boy captain for 1921.

Not only in football has Lowe distinguished himself as an athlete at Carolina. In the spring of 1919 he played first base on the varsity baseball team, winning his monogram in this sport, and leading the team in batting. He was one of the most dependable players that Coach Lourcey had in that rather peculiar season in which Carolina won the state championship. Last year he started off too brilliantly, and suffered a reaction toward the close of the season.

In the first four games played "Runt" got four home runs, a homer a game, and was conceded to be the "Babe" Ruth of North Carolina colleges. But his batting fell off after that notable feat so badly that he even warmed the bench in some of the closing games of the season.



FRANK ROBBINS LOWE

"Runt" Lowe is the kind of man who is invaluable to any athletic team. He is always fighting, and he seems to have an uncanny ability for delivering in a pinch. This he has shown time after time in both football and baseball, and he has shown up unexpectedly with tips that turned the tide from defeat to victory. He is skillful, and in football is an unusually good punter. He fights to the finish, and he tries to keep in the team work. There is no inclination in "Runt" ever to "individualize" or play for the grandstand.

During the four years Lowe has spent at Carolina he has been in other things as well as athletics. He has always been popular and well liked, possessing an unusually strong personality and an air of carelessness that is attractive to his friends. There is no hypocrisy in "Runt" Lowe, no empty pretension, and he has never made himself one of the well known, and so labelled, "politicians" of the campus.

He is a member of Golden Fleece, of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, of the Minotaur Sophomore Society, and of the Gorgon's Head Junior Order. Besides this he belongs to several other campus organizations, and was president of the athletic council last year. He has always been an active member of his class, and one of the most universally liked. He has given the University the best he has, and the University has rewarded him in return with many honors.

Under the leadership of Frank Robbins Lowe we expect great things of our football team for this season, as great things as it is capable of giving. For "Runt" is just likable and gritty and capable enough to bring out all there is in the other ten teammates that will help him register for Carolina, not only victories over Virginia and North Carolina State, but over most of the other teams on our schedule as well.

[*EDITORIAL*]

WE MOVE THAT—

Fraternity men limit themselves this year, and wear not over three pins. Really, it is beastly hard on us of the common herd to tell who you are if you have on over three.

Some self-help student who wants to get rich quick, buy up all the olive oil in town and retail it to the slick haired ducks seen on this campus.

You keep off the grass. The grass should be a thing of beauty. But how in Sam Hill can it be that if you persist in making paths across it?

The University authorities make three and a half courses required of every student each quarter. Fifteen hours work a week is not enough for a kid, much less a full grown college man.

The Yackety-Yack came down on its price this year. The $5 charged last year was too much. The managers can put out a book cheaper, and they, and we, know it.

Someone tell us why the professors sat on the rostrum at commencement last year. Who wants to see them? Nobody! What the admiring throng gathered here to see was the graduating class and not a bunch of professors who were trying to usurp the place of honor. Let them keep off the rostrum at the next commencement!

The South Republican in 1924

By ARTUS M. MOSER

"My faith in the perpetuity of the Republic rests largely with the South."
—Former Vice-President Marshall.

A CONSIDERATION of some of the reasons why the south has always remained solid will help serve to answer the query as to whether the south will go Republican in 1924.

In the last election we have seen how the Republican party broke the precedent and made a slight inroad into our solidarity. Much of this has been attribubted to certain economic, social and other causes. As a result of this victory many Republican statesmen, particularly of the north, have gloated over the fact and taking what seems to be the "tide in the affairs of men," they have begun to scheme and plan, even at this early date, how best this tide can be guided on to result in a still greater victory in the next election.

It is now very well recognized that the original conditions which threw the south into the arms of the Democratic party have practically vanished. But we have still remained what has been termed the solid south. As a result of this we have been most bitterly reproached and criticized. Along with this, however, has come advice and promises of reward if we would only break away from our old system. And believing this section a good field for missionary endeavor, politicians from presidents down have come into our communities and urged us with silver-tongued oratory to break away from our present affiliations, and come back into the fold, after which the fatted calf would be killed, the banquet table spread and great rejoicing made, because the prodigal had returned. But we have continued to remain the same. Let us get at some of the causes of this state of affairs and see what conclusions we can draw for the future.

In the first place, the south has remained solid because of its historical background and traditions which are essentially different from those of the north, and because the faith of its people in democracy is deep and abiding. The south was solid in a sense long before the Civil War. It was bound together with the same blood and tradition and ancestry. It had common memories, common interests and common hopes, common ideals of church and state. It had a common ideal as to what government should mean and was willing to stand together when it came to upholding these ideals. The Civil War came along and bound it even closer in a common cause. This cause was lost and for some time the south was at the mercy of the conquerors. Our farms had been devastated, our homes wrecked and our credit gone and we were left prostrate financially, commercially, and politically.

During the years since we have recovered from our misfortunes, and have made tremendous strides forward, but we still share to a marked degree, the same memories and ideals of political liberty, as we did in the years gone by.

While we have remained about the same in the deeper things of our life, it has been quite different with the north. Since the Civil War the north has changed remarkably in every way and in nothing more than religion and liberty—things that have meant a great deal to the southern people. The majority of the church members of the former Puritan states are now Roman Catholics. The great mass of the people are no longer farmers, traders and fishermen, and no longer Protestant and democratic as in 1860. But for the most part they are of European origin and strong proletariat tendencies. Those strong families, that in spite of their prejudices, fell a hundred years ago into the arms of the Jefferson party, no longer believe in the great Declaration as they did then. Like the old southerner over his slaves, the north controls the masses of the people that labor in the mills and other industries. In very few places of the north does one find a real, genuine advocate of democracy and human rights as the south advocates and believes in them. The north that remains is very unlike the south.

And then again in nothing does the south differ so much from the north as in the conservative character of its common people. In spite of the progress that has been made along every line of endeavor, the rank and file of the people have held on to those things which have been the deep and abiding principles of freedom and self-determination.

The south has remained purely English-American, heir to the New England Puritanism. Its churches are overwhelmingly Calvanistic and every Sunday from the thousands of pulpits is propounded the doctrine of the stern German and Scotch reformers, no matter whether the preachers be Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist or what not.

If we consider the matter correctly, there is nothing so remarkable after all, about a "solid south." Other countries such as England, Germany and France have had their solid sections. In the United States we have two solid sections. There is now and has been for years passed, in a sense, a "solid north." It was in the field almost as early as the "solid south," and in this north, with its large number of foreign population, which has flowed in a continual stream, with many nationalities, along with intermarriage, it is no wonder that north and south are different. This is brought out more forcibly when we realize that here in the south we have the purest Anglo-Saxon blood, with only about three foreigners in every one thousand population.

Next, it is on the ground of racial necessity that much of the representative thought of the south finds its justification for a solid south, and this has been another very vital cause of its solidarity in the past. We do not tolerate any outside suggestions or influences in helping us to solve this question. Certain northern statesmen are in favor of giving the southern negro the ballot, and within the last few years have worked toward that end. This has certainly not served to make the south less solid. It is generally admitted by the southerners themselves that there is no solution to the question. But we understand the question and can come nearer solving it than any outsider. The question is not a menace as it once was, but we of the south know what would happen if the blacks were given the vote on equal terms with the whites. It is useless to discuss whether the solid south is a good thing or a bad one, so long as we have this problem to contend with. It is simply a necessity.

Erwin Craighead, editor of the Mobile *Register,* has very well expressed the attitude of the south on this matter:

"With black administration in the south, or even mixed black and white administration, such as was suffered for a period in reconstruction days, the permanent happiness and prosperity of the whites would be impossible; security of life and property would be lacking; credit would be destroyed; business and farming operations could not be carried on except in face of great risk, and the present isolated life of the whites in the black belt counties would be intolerable. For the safety as well as the progress of the south the whites must rule. The alternative of black rule is not to be thought of. This being true, it is idle to discuss whether the solid south is a source of strength or weakness, for it is the only possible condition."

On account of the sentiment and opinion of the two sections on questions of this kind there is quite a little prejudice between them, much as we regret to admit it. A southerner, sensitive in the enduring things of sectional pride, finds it very difficult to reconcile his ambitions with the feeling and sentiment that confronts him from certain quarters. Before the last presidential election, certain Republican newspapers pleaded for the election of the Republican party on the ground that the Democratic administration had been partial to the south. There is in the south today a large element of independent voters, which would gradually increase in numbers, thus probably forming two parties, but such argument as the above has a tendency to drive them back into the ranks of the solid south. When these newspapers carry the argument a step further and tell their readers that the south, controlling the national administration had the selective service act enforced in such a way as to weigh lightly upon this section, it certainly has no tendency to drive the southerners into two parties.

Another great reason that keeps the south solid, quoting from another writer, "is the conviction that the average southerner has, that the north not only won the Civil War by aid of foreign soldiers, paid out of the national treasury, but it then deliberately proceeded to ruin the defeated section, in the interest of the dominant political party, at the same time compelling the defeated states to pay a large share of the enormous debt incurred in the struggle against them. He realizes that this has always been the lot of the defeated; that it is even considered charitable to even spare the defeated. But this does not alter the case. The south says this is free America and not despotic Europe, and applies his commonsense, and concludes that it was not fair to compel him to pay the cost of his own whipping and at the same time by a policy of so-called reconstruction, bankrupt his local government and destroy his permanent values."

Then, when the southerner who is asked to vote the Republican ticket, turns his attention toward national affairs, he finds millions distributed each year among Civil War veterans, he finds that he is not only contributing to the support of his own old soldiers, but is compelled to add to this an increasing pension to all living veterans of the Union armies or their next kin. And the worst fact is that millions of that large sum go to those of the north —or to those citizens of the north who are always antagonistic to the south.

There are many other reasons that might be given as to why the south has remained solid throughout the years but the above are representative. And if I mistake not, they seem to point to the fact that the south will continue to remain solid for sometime to come. The Republicans now have an opportunity to make a still greater inroad into the south's solidarity —will they measure up to this opportunity? Or will a third party rise up and change the whole situation? Many have felt that the Democratic party is on the decline; that there are certain influences at work to break up the solid south, but with regard to this idea, Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, concludes a discussion of the subject as follows:

"It may be added that the task of breaking up the solid south will not be found an easy one. The unifying processes of more than a century are not arrested and turned backward in a day. Blood and tradition, ancestory and history, the compacting power of war and the solidifying struggles of peace, common interests and common dangers, common memories and common hopes, count for something; and all these things must be reckoned with when men undertake to break up the solid south. Where will they find a solvent powerful enough to disintegrate in a moment what has been forming for more than a century? Can the seductive wooings of an artful partisanism put asunder those whom Providence hath so manifestly joined together? Can the crafty pleadings of a thrifty expediency compass such an end? Can the saccharine sentiments which are wont to flow around banqueting boards dissolve the affiliations of generations? Hardly."

The "new south" is just the "old south" going on its way—and "happy on the way." If any civil person is traveling the same road the south has no objection to his company, but it is not bowed down beneath a sense of lonesomeness. Its happiness is not dependent upon the presence of any traveling companion. With its cotton fields and factories, its fruit and

flowers, and, above all, with its lofty and uncompromisable principles, the south asks no favor and begs no one for fellowship.

The people of the south are not wanting in independence of thought. They are not terrified into being solid. They do not divide, simply because they are honestly agreed. It has not been for a sham solidarity, forced upon them by intolerance, that they have contended in peace and war. Such a view is shallow and misleading. The south is solid first and most of all in the sacred things which lie deeper down in the soul than passing policies and transient expedients of party politics. The southern people are one in heart, and I mistake very much if they do not so remain for years to come.

Therefore, it is obvious, if these conditions continue to prevail, the south will not go Republican in 1924.

Radium—The Modern Wonder

By J. A. BENDER

THE ordinary layman has heard of that marvel which is known to the scientific world as radium: the metal which causes the face of our watch to glow in the dark; which greets us on the door knob with its luminosity on dark nights; which leads us to the electric button that controls the light, and even shows us the keyhole when we have no light.

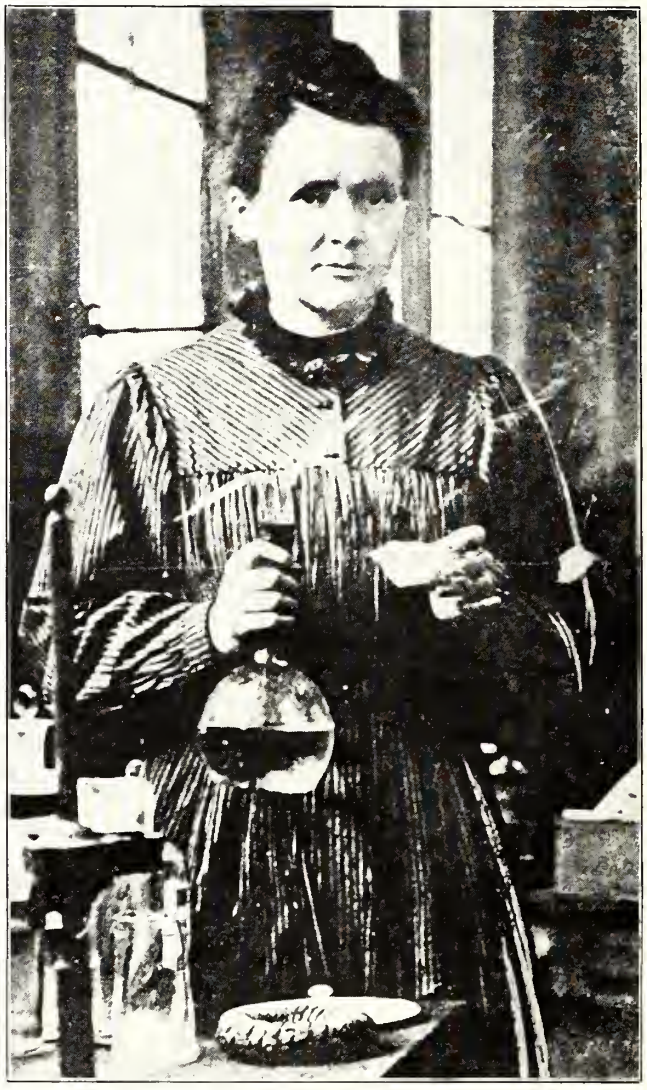
Since its discovery near the close of the nineteenth century by M. and Mme. Curie, its popularity has grown in leaps and bounds. In speaking of radium Dr. Charles Baskerville remarks: "The importance of the discovery of radium, the minute percentage in which it is found, the extremely unique properties possessed by its compounds, the desire for it on the part of the experimenters and even the merely curious, and its possible utility in medicine have created a radiomania." Indeed so great has been the demand for it, and so small the supply that investigators have been handicapped in their research on this element.

To think of a metal being of such vast importance, of which says Clarke, there are perhaps only seven ounces in existence, seems out of the question. Yet a many times smaller amount than even one ounce is of great commercial importance.

A reasonable market price for one gram of radium, which is about one twenty-eighth of an ounce, is $100,000 to $120,000. We speak in terms too small when we say "worth its weight in gold," but "200,000 times its weight in gold" applies.

The energy of radium is enormous, and yet it does not disappear on giving off energy. Generations may come and generations may go, but radium goes on forever?—well! almost, as far as we are concerned, for its life period is about 20,000 years; in other words, it would take about 20,000 years for it to disintegrate. In speaking of the energy of radium Clarke writes: "No less a person than Sir William Ramsay said that, could we procure a ton of radium, its energy harnessed to human uses would drive a ship of 15,000 tons with engines of 15,000 horse-power at a speed of 15 knots per hour continuously throughout thirty years."* It would seem that our shipping problem and fuel problem would be solved, but the procuring of a ton of radium and the harnessing of its energy to human uses knocks the idea in the head.

Experiments carried out by Curie and Laborde have shown that radium salts are "a source of spontaneous and continuous evolution of heat." The amount of this heat emission was measured and was shown to be about 100 gram-calories per hour or 2,400 gram-calories per day per gram of radium salt.



MADAME CURIE

Professor Henri Becquerel, an early student of radio-activity and one of the first to contribute to radio-active science, was perhaps the first to discover the powerful action of radium on the human body. From a small amount of radium salt which he carcried in his vest pocket on a trip to London to deliver a lecture on radium, there developed a severe burn on the flesh beneath the pocket which carried the radium salt. The burn was so intense that it required several weeks in healing, and was known as the famous

* *Review of Reviews*, June, 1921.

"Becquerel burn." This perhaps first awakened its uses to medicine.

Since then the famous cancer treatment by radium has risen and possibly some day will see its complete victory over every kind of cancer. Much research is being done now with radium and institutions such as the Radium Institute of London and the New York Rockefeller Institute are contributing to the science.

MME. CURIE—THE DISCOVERER

Mme. Curie is one of the world's greatest chemists, and is one of the greatest scientists of her sex. With her husband, a late professor of physics at the Sorbonne, she shares the honor of one of the great contributions to science.

It was a great tribute to her and to the country which she represents, that President Harding, on May 20, 1921, presented to her in behalf of the women of America one gram of that precious metal, of which, though she be the discoverer, she has little with which to work. Her love of research, her keen vision, and her untiring efforts in her work on radium, make her the worthy receiver of this gift. She is presented this with the understanding that it is to be used as she sees fit and as she directs. On her, more than anyone else, rests the great responsibility of enlightening the scientific world with regard to the possibilities of radium. Who can tell but that some day radium may solve untold mysteries and be the means of revolutionizing science as it has already done in the past?

Confessions of a Frat Booter

One who has booted a fraternity successfully tells how he did it and at the same time gives the advice---Don't.

Transcribed by WILLIAM E. HORNER

I WAS a freshman then. I am a senior now. I have been disillusioned."

These are the words of one of Carolina's most famous sons in that gentlest of all arts, "booting" one's way into a fraternity. His statement is like most of the statements made by men who booted a fraternity, booted it successfully, and now wish they had not done it.

In order to transpose oneself from a place on the outside looking in to a good vantage point on the inside of a fraternity looking out, by booting, one has to pay—and pay high. And it isn't worth-while—that is what a majority of those in fraternities say. They take oath that the booting they had to resort to to get into the fraternity of their choice was not worth-while, and if the thing was to be done over again they would not do it.

But we must get back to our story. It was Bill Jolson, of the Pi Phi Psi fraternity, who was talking to me, and I give below what he told me.

"The Pi Phi Psi fraternity is one of the leading 'frats' on the Hill, but is not usually referred to as the Pi Phi Psi. The letter 'i' occurs in it so many times that the students of the University call it the 'Ego I.' But from my knowledge of it, I'd say there was another reason for its nick-name, and that reason is the fact that its members think they are the real stuff, the salt of the earth, demi-gods, the acme of perfection, and so forth.

"Well, as I was going to say before I got started on that harangue about the name of the frat, the Ego I is about the leading frat here. It was my ambition to 'make' it. The frat was individualistic, you know. The members put on a big front. They had a very neat little pin, and it was a rule of theirs that it had to be worn all the time. I stayed all night with one of its members soon after I came to college.

"This member thought he was nothing different from the real stuff. He decided to take a bath before he went to bed. He took off his pin very ostentatiously—I didn't think so then but now I know—and put it . . . in his mouth! He put one finger over his left ear and tapped it three times in a very mysterious manner.

"I asked him if that was a fraternity rule. 'Yep,' he said. When he was through his bath and was safely inside his pajamas, he extricated his pin from a mass of chewing gum and saliva, wiped it carefully, and put it on his pajama coat.

"He came over to me. 'Jim,' he said, 'if you will swear by the sixteen gods never to tell I told you, I'll tell you something.' I swore by the sixteen and threw in two more for good measure. 'It's this,' he whispered, 'we have to swear to wear our pins all the time—in bed and out, dirty or clean, drunk or sober—all the time! And Jim, if you will hang around the fraternity house and be nice to the boys, and pay them little attentions, you might stand just the least bit of a chance to get a bid to the frat.'

"That was the start for me. What heavenly bliss it would be to belong to an organization whose pin you had to swear to wear all the time! It sounded great to me then, but I have since learned that wearing a pin will get you absolutely nothing on the campus. But I didn't know that then; I was a freshman, and I had to go all the way through the mill before I was disillusioned.

"I wanted to join the Ego I's. I wasn't at all particular what steps I had to take nor how much money I had to spend. I had an allowance of $80 a month from home, and thought that that would be enough to 'be nice to the boys and pay them little attentions' with. But I'll bring in the all important thing, money, a little later.

"About a week after school opened, I met three of the Ego I's in Patterson's drug store. One invited me to have a drink and I accepted his invitation. I thought that now was a good time to start paying them attentions. They ordered banana splits, and not to be out-done, I did likewise. After each of these had done its duty by tickling the palates of three Ego's and one would-be Ego, I volunteered to pay. One of

the three feebly remonstrated, but the matter ended by my paying $1.60 for the drinks, and fifty cents more for four cigars.

"They were then in a seemingly good mood, so after a few words between them, they invited me up to their fraternity hall.

"A victory, a victory," cried I to myself. "I had gained a distinct victory, for after no solicitations or hints on my part, I had been invited up to 'the house.' I gleefully bought two packs of cork-tipped Turkish cigarettes to pay little attentions to the boys at the house with, and started unhesitatingly to my downfall—a pathetic case of a lamb being led to the slaughter—a case of a freshman starting to boot a fraternity.

"We arrived at the house. I was introduced to the fraternity brothers, passed my cork-tipped cigarettes around, sat down, and looked around me. They had a Victrola, and what looked to me to be about ten records. These they played over and over again, unceasingly. They had on the wall a great sheep skin with 'Pi Phi Psi' printed thereon. I have since learned that it had not been paid for. I looked at the curtains on the windows, they were filthy, but I felt that I could excuse that, as the boys naturally didn't think of such things.

"The other things I saw were of no consequence. This visit settled the whole matter with me. I decided that I must become a member of this frat. Then I began to spend money galore, with never a thought to my allowance. I went in debt, and had to call on my father for more money. My creditors also called on him for it; so he gracefully yielded and sent me $400.00 to cover back expenses. This was at the end of the fall quarter.

"How had I spent this? In booting the frat, of course. I always went to Patterson's after dinner. From three to six of the Ego's were always there, and they had to have drinks. As a drink must of necessity be followed by a cigar, Patterson's cigar sales increased accordingly. Then, all aesthetically inclined Carolina men go to the Pickwick and as the Ego's were certainly aesthetic, I again became the goat. A trip to Patterson's always followed the Pick, and four times out of five, I paid.

"Then the night the Academy of Music in Durham put on the musical comedy—'What Women Want'—I chartered an auto, got six of the Ego's, and started out. The show, the auto, a couple of pints, and other accessories to a grand and glorious time ran the total bill up to $50.00. Here was about two-thirds of my month's allowance gone in one night.

"Then bets at the football games drained my pocketbook still further. I wanted to appear to the Ego's as a real sport; so I unhesitatingly placed bets, and invariably lost—for the truth was that the Ego's picked me for a sucker and then proceeded to suck the very life blood out of me. But I didn't mind—I was paving the way for a bid into the fraternity.

"Christmas came, and two of the Ego's obligingly accepted an invitation to spend the holidays with me. I introduced then to the society buds at home, and properly impressed them with my social standing. Wild auto rides with wild women, liquor, and the like featured the holidays.

"I came back in January. I was given a standing invitation to visit the Pi Phi Psi Hall and to enter without knocking at the door. I spent most of my time there, and just as I had done in the winer, flunked a course. I eased up on the expenditures, but still, the total for the quarter was $350.00.

"In the spring quarter, much of the same thing continued. I haunted the Ego Hall, spending much of my time on their porch listening to the ten old records and one new one. During May, I took two of the brothers up to Greensboro and showed them a good time. The last event of the year came in June when they gave a supper to all of their prospective members. Six were present, and of the six I was the only one who had booted his way in. The other five had made the fraternity seek them instead of seeking the fraternity. I passed all my courses in the last quarter.

"Then came September of my sophomore year. Back to college and for two days before the fraternities initiated, I certainly did treat the Pi Phi's fine. I spent $75.00 on them during the two days, got my bid, and two days later was initiated.

"I had realized my first ambition at the expense of all other forms of college activities, two flunked courses, three drunks, and $1,340.00 in money.

"I was a freshman then, unclubbed, and unpaddled, and unfratted. I am a senior now, both clubbed, paddled, and fratted. I have been disillusioned as the best way to get into a fraternity.

"Don't boot a fraternity. It will cost you time and money. The expenditure of both is useless. If they want you, they will seek you. And if they don't want you, you can't spend enough time and money to get in. In my case, they would have taken me in without booting. If I had it to do over, I would let them come to me. . . ."

NEXT ISSUE

Zeb Vance said while in school: "I feel that I will be governor of North Carolina some day." For you who have ambition—would you not be interested in reading something about this great man? Would there not be inspiration, hope, or a lesson in an article about him?

Read: "The College Days of Zebulon Vance," by Artus M. Moser, in the October 15th issue.

How to Make Phi Beta Kappa or the Secrets of Booting Exposed

By A SENIOR WHO NEVER FLUNKED A COURSE

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae manie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.—BURNS.

WHY do so many freshmen fail in their college work? This question has become of so much interest to the colleges all over the country that in almost all of them committees have been appointed to investigate and report the reasons why the terms freshman and failure are so often synonymous.

The University of North Carolina is no exception in the matter of having official faculty committees to investigate freshman failures, and in practically every department in college can be found professors who will constitute themselves a "committee of one" and gladly give you the pros and cons of the situation.

The reason so many freshmen fail, according to the erudite powers that be, is either because the high schools have fallen down on the job or because a first year man is just naturally thick-headed.

It has become a favorite indoor sport among certain members of the cap and gown fraternity to accept one or both of the foregoing hypotheses as already proved, and with smug self-satisfaction to deplore the fact that high school teachers do not know how to teach, or to "view with alarm" the general dumbness of the rising generation.

Feeling that there might be another side to the question, I started a quiet investigation among the students themselves.

My discoveries, to say the least, were surprising. Why do so many freshmen fail? Because they have not yet been here long enough to learn the gentle art of booting!

A specific instance will show what I mean. Recently there was a man in the University who did less work than anyone else in his class, yet he made Phi Beta Kappa and had a wide margin to spare.

To my question, "How do you do it," he replied with a wink, "Well, when I have three hours to put on a subject, I study the subject one hour and my professor two hours."

I think this reply should be engraved on the back of the freshman bible so all coming generations of college men may learn, as soon as they arrive on the Hill, the real underlying secret of college success.

The following general rules for the guidance of freshmen might also be placed with profit in the freshman bible:

Always carry an armful of note-books with you.

Always act as if you were in a hurry to get to class.

If you see your instructor coming across the campus, open a book and study as you walk along. Be so intent on the subject that you almost bump into him. Then start, beg his pardon, and accidently drop the book at his feet so he will not fail to see it is his course on which you are working.

When in class, always sit on the front seat. The front seat is always good for one or two extra points.

While the professor is lecturing be sure to keep busy taking notes. Of course you don't have to really take notes; just keep busy. The most proficient note-taker I ever saw had his note-book completely filled with pictures of dogs' heads and little birds. He drew them all while the professors lectured, and he made Phi Beta Kappa too.

Tell your instructor you are trying for Phi Beta Kappa. Everybody likes to boost a man who has ambition.

Always laugh at the instructor's jokes, whether they are amusing or not. Even a college professor likes to be thought witty.

Be sure to call your instructor "Doctor." This is especially effective with members of the "scrub faculty." The lower they rank the better they like to be called "Doctor." As an example of this, a graduate student who is earning his M.A. degree by teaching (?) freshmen, told his class the other day that the only time he didn't feel like a full professor was when he received his pay check.

When your instructor "blinds" you on class, say something, whether it is on the subject or not.

Go to him after class and ask him questions. It will make him think you are interested.

Tell him you think his lectures "encourage thought." Go to him just before exams, and ask what courses he will have during the next quarter. Tell him you are asking because you want to sign up for some of his courses because you think he makes them interesting. He is sure to pass you then because that proves to him that you have good judgment.

Besides these general rules for "booting your way through," there are many other methods that depend on the personality of the individual instructor.

Every man, whether a full professor, assistant professor, or only a fellowship instructor, has his particular weakness which can be easily found and capitalized if the student only wishes to do it.

Find out his hobby and help him ride it.

If he is interested in a special phase of a subject, ask for a conference so he can explain it to you. Then tell him you wish you had time to write a thesis on the subject.

A junior reports that he made A1 on a certain course and the only work he did was to inquire regularly after the health of the professor's baby.

Another student learned what his professor thought on a certain question, brought up the subject on class and proceeded to express his opinion concerning it. Of course his opinion agreed with the professor's, and the two of them spent most of the class period agreeing that they were perfectly correct in their position. The professor then told another class that the student "had a good analytical mind."

I asked a junior if he was taking a certain course, and when he said "yes," I asked, "is it any good?"

He replied, "no, it is not worth a damn, but it is the old man's pet course and he advised me to take it. Would have said 'nothing doing' but as I am majoring in his department thought I had better sign up."

These are some of the ways that a mere man can get by in college.

As for the co-eds, their opportunities are limitless. There is no reason why a co-ed shouldn't make Phi Beta Kappa grades on every subject she takes. After all, a college professor is only human, like the rest of us, and where is the man "with soul so dead," who, given an opportunity, would not help a fair lady in distress?

After considerable study I am convinced that the "boot," like the poor, will always be with us.

As long as human nature remains what it is, "students may come and professors may go, but 'boots' will go on forever."

The Way of the Iconoclast

By EARL HARTSELL

North Carolina enjoyed a thrill when it read, last June, of the clash on the platform in Memorial Hall between Cameron Morrison and Josephus Daniels. If you have formed an opinion or have not formed an opinion, it would be well to read what Mr. Hartsell has to say about the matter. It will give you something to think about.

WHEN no less a personage than a former Secretary of the United States Navy advises a graduating class at the University of his native state to go out into the world and make a specialty of smashing up its time-honored idols and institutions, one is brought to the point of wondering just how much of our present-day civilization is hopelessly rotten, and just how much is worth "salvaging"—to borrow a term from H. G. Wells. A decade ago, such radical advice from a man prominent in public affairs would have been the cause of widespread consternation and amazement. Last spring, little or no comment would have been aroused except for the fact that Governor Cameron Morrison, speaking from the same platform a few minutes later, presented to the same class, along with their diplomas, advice of distinctly opposite character. The exercises took on the nature of a joint debate between two prominent Tar Heels and produced some little excitement. Daniels said, "Smash 'em!" Morrison said, "Save 'em" And all the newspapers carried three or four columns of Chapel Hill news next day.

Whose advice will this group of young men follow? What attitude will they exhibit toward the traditional customs and conventions of society? Whether they choose to be knockers or conformists, they will have good authority at their backs, and the ponderous words of wise men to encourage them.

Time was when the way of the iconoclast, like that of the transgressor, was hard. But various and sundry things, including the severe jolt which the world received between the momentous years, 1914 and 1918, have brought about radical departures from the old systems of thinking. Old values, whose worth was once regarded as unimpeachable, are now being subjected to the keenest questioning. The dead-line between right and wrong, once clearly defined, has become, in the minds of many people, confused, vague and indefinite. That such an astute politician as Josephus Daniels should espouse the cause of the iconoclast is evidence of its growing popularity. The wholesale destruction of time-honored objects of worship has become such a popular pastime with the younger generation that it no longer requires nerve or "spunk" in an extraordinary degree to make slighting and uncomplimentary remarks about the established order of things.

There is something admirable about a man who voluntarily joins battle single-handed against the formidable antagonism of nature or of society. There was a great deal of the heroic connected with the deeds of the old-time iconoclast, standing isolated and alone, with his head "bloody and unbowed," displaying super-human courage and devotion in his single-handed assault upon the cherished shams and hypocrisies of his fellowmen. These great non-conformists of the past have written their names so large upon the pages of history that they have raised up a host of followers and imitators. The whole world has gone off on a merry jaunt of breaking up its old idols and taking unto itself new ones. The merit attached to courage and daring is entirely lacking in these present-day iconoclasts, because their profession requires neither of the two qualities.

It is inevitable that the unthinking masses should follow in the footsteps of the thinking few. The authors of the iconoclast movement were men of deep thought and vision; their progeny includes all the foolish and whimsical shallow-brains of the earth. To be "different," to "shock people," has become the ambition of giddy school girls and others of equal intellectual calibre. In the words of a song, which has not been entirely forgotten, perhaps, "Everybody's doin' it!" The unconventional has become the conventional; ideas of right and wrong have been turned topsy-turvy in the minds of many people; things formerly held sacred have become targets for the cheap wit of the professional humorist. Mr. Daniels to the contrary notwithstanding, the easiest thing in the world, the cheapest thing in creation is for a college graduate, with a half-baked philosophy of life and an unlimited amount of self-conceit, to go out into the midst of this present-day restless upheaval of society and start knocking old-fashioned

institutions and ideals. A degenerate journalist with a reasonably good command of satire and wit can blister and warp and render ridiculous more institutions of real value than a generation of wise men can repair.

The task which requires greatest strength of character is to stand by old ideals and beliefs which a giddy crew seems determined to chuck overboard and have done with forever. To be termed an iconoclast is an honor—at least, it will be so since Mr. Daniels has endorsed the movement; to be branded as old-fashioned and reactionary in this fast-moving age is to reach the depths of ignominy. Yet, there must be a stopping place somewhere. We cannot call a murderer an "iconoclast" and erect shrines to his memory, simply because he has dared to disregard a certain old-fashioned law which says, "Thou shalt not kill." We cannot pay homage to thieves for having the courage to defy society's traditional prejudice against those who over-step the property rights of others. The murderer may be entirely sincere in his conviction that he is doing the world a real service in ridding it of his victim; the thief may consider property the greatest curse of society, and both might argue their case with the most consummate logic. But society must defend itself and its institutions against the "liberal-minded" criminal, as well as against those with more vicious tendencies. And it was for the purpose of protecting society, for the purpose of making social intercourse easy and as free from friction as possible, that laws, customs, and conventionalities came into the world. It is easy to find fault with them and to assail their imperfections, but the man's size job consists in working out something equally satisfactory and practicable. The iconoclast, who spends his life in knocking that is merely destructive, may gain notoriety and even fame, but he has contributed nothing worth while to the advancement of society. It is all right for the carpenter to throw his tools away if he has better ones in view, but unless he is certain that he can secure others equally effective, he ought by all means to hold on to what he has. And the workman who persists in throwing away, not only his own tools, but those of all the other workmen, is a waster and a criminal.

The most optimistic will not claim that the institutions, customs and ideals that we have inherited from our forefathers are perfect. Of necessity these things are compromises, and a compromise is never entirely satisfactory. But these "idols" which our fathers worshipped have been tested by the centuries; it is reasonable to suppose that the fittest have survived. By "the fittest" is meant those beliefs and customs which have been mose advantageous to the human race in its growth and development. We can do no better than to let evolution take its natural course, discarding the old when it has become unserviceable, and bringing in the new when it is needed.

As for the avowed iconoclast, he should be forced to pay a tax and secure a license. The tax should be large enough to partially compensate society for enduring such a tremendous nuisance, and the license should state explicitly that, before tearing down any structure that had proved its worth to society, even though it be as mean and insignificant as a chicken coop, the licentiate must give bond that he will replace it with another coop, which shall be just as useful and just as ornamental as the first. What the world needs is more of its vast supply of destructive energy diverted into constructive channels.

[*EDITORIAL*]

TAKE OUR ADVICE!

The Student Council is a very independent body. It moves "in mysterious ways, its wonders to perform."

So long as it performs those wonders, we have no kick coming. But it often fails in the accomplishment of its duty, much less wonders.

The trouble is that the Student Council is not efficient. The principle back of the Council is sound, it will endure. But very often, people who should get the censure of the Council escape it.

Why? The Council is sometimes not efficient. And an admonition to be efficient is the advice we give this year's Council.

For goodness' sake, when anything happens—do something, and do it quick. Don't let your fraternity duties or your trips to the Pickwick interfere with your efficiency.

Efficiency is the touch-stone of modern life. It applies to the Student Council the same as to any phase of life.

The Call of the Open Road

Oh, the Gypsy Trail is calling,
And you won't heed anything else,
For it's in the budding tree tops
And the chiming temple bells.

For the open road is waiting,
And you're forced to break away
From your people, who tho' loving
Yet cannot make you stay.

For the birds are in the tree tops,
The bees are in the flowers,
And a Gypsy lass is singing
"All the world is ours."

The Romany Lass is calling,
With her eyes of flashing black.
And you're going now, oh Romany Lad,
Nothing can hold you back.

You're off to days of hiking,
And nights spent under the stars,
Smoking your pipe in the twilight,
Dreaming before the fires.

Out in God's great open
Where the air is pure and clean
And everything is simple,
Yet nothing's small and mean.

And the Gypsy Lass who loves you
Is strumming her little guitar,
And you'll put all cares away from you,
For civilization is far.

And you'll walk with her in the evening,
With the soft moon high above
And her soft brown arm slips 'round you,
As you tell her of your love.

For love is to the Gypsy blood
As the flower is to the bee.
For it's simple as the good green earth,
Yet far too deep to see.

Together you'll follow the Gypsy Trail
Over the sea and earth.
And together you'll fathom the mysteries,
Governing death and birth.

Wandering over the wide, wide world,
Wherever you want to go;
On the mountains and in the valleys,
From the tropics to land of snow.

Working north in summer,
In winter heading south;
No worries for tomorrow,
For you live from hand to mouth.

Owning no man your master,
Free as the mountain air,
Caring not for rainy weather
So long as today is fair.

For the tie of the Gypsy blood is strong,
And when you feel the call to roam,
There's no power on top the earth
With the strength to keep you home.

—JACK SPRUILL.

The Oriental Sky

It's night—and the twinkling stars above,
Like frolicking faerie lights o' love;
Of the seamed and rugged old moon so grim,
In scintillating succession bow down to him,
Who sits like a sultan in a round throne of white
And watches o'er his harem so numerous and bright.

Save when one too clumsy disturbs royal leisure,
And incurs the ban of imperial displeasure,
She is hurled from the court in a shower of glory,
Into limitless blackness to tell the sad story;
Into the wide gaping space so empty and dark,
Like a wandering baby lost in the park.

In the west Venus gazes with new-kindling eye,
On her incestuous paramour up in the sky;
And seems to tremble with just indignation
At her ill-fated sister's most harsh deportation,
But she like the others must bend her proud knee,
Or her fate like the banished one's awful would be.

Thus in glittering cycle the stars sway and swing,
In broad constellation or rollicking ring;
And flutter about like children at play,
'Till the sultan rides out on the broad milky way
And fades in morn's void so ghostly and grey,
Which heralds the sun and the breaking of day!

—CARLOS U. LOWRANCE.

Four Years In College

Four long years.
Toil, friendship,
Wasted hours, shattered dreams.
Books, men, days,
Regrets.

I

Young, awkward,
Unsuspecting.
Illusions, vain delights,
Awe, reverence, desires,
Vanity.

II

Back again,
Proud, older,
Ideals, dreams, visions,
Ambitions, humanity,
Content.

III

It begins.
Disillusionment,
Doubts, fears, I waver.
Ideals, the center
Of indifference.

IV

Vanish
All illusions.
O, God, give back
Ideals, belief, ambition.
O, God.

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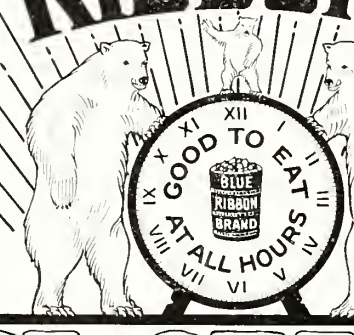

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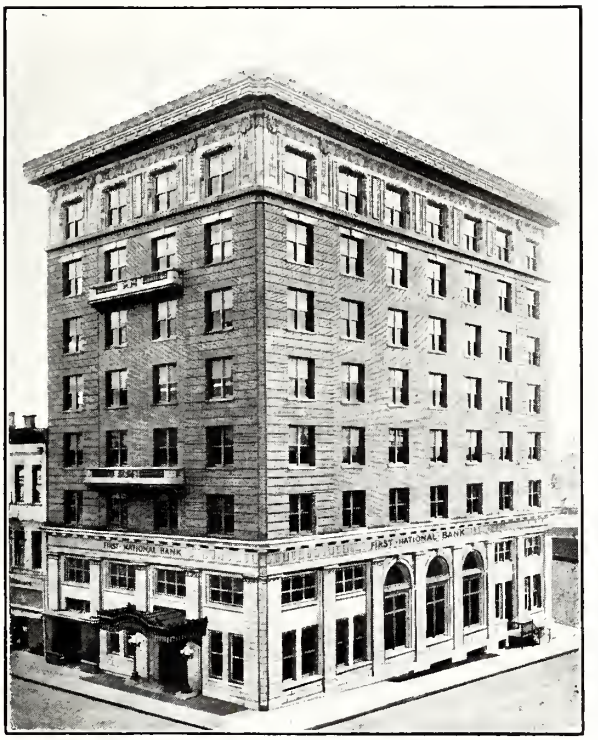

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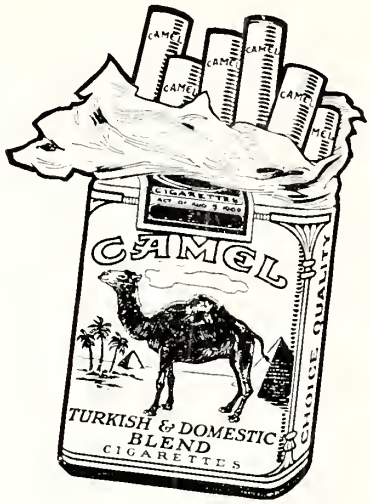

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TO OUR PATRONS

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An Ideal for the Carolina Magazine

Artus M. Moser

The Carolina Magazine, the leading college magazine of the south, has entered this year upon its seventy-eighth year of publication. But unlike other years, it is this year being published semi-monthly instead of monthly as heretofore, a venture which, if it proves successful—and I see no reason why it should not—will cause all of us to lift our heads with genuine pride.

The Magazine has had a long and splendid history which we are justly proud of and has filled a place in the life of the University which could not have been dispensed with. And now that the University is growing so rapidly we should strive to make The Magazine of still greater usefulness and influence. And it is pleasing to note that a step this year has been made in this direction.

This year prominent alumni and others will contribute articles which will necessarily add significance and importance to its publication.

Last year we saw The Magazine change from a small, uninteresting, seldom read pamphlet to a large up-to-date, interesting periodical, read by every one on the campus, and even in the state as well. Its articles proved of such general interest that some of them were re-published in the state papers.

This year, with an able group of interested men on the staff, supported by two large literary societies, and backed by a larger student body than ever before, what shall we expect of our Magazine and what is the ideal which we should set for it?

In the first place, the standard and quality of The Magazine should be maintained and raised as much as possible. Every student who contributes to it should see that his work represents his very best efforts, and that he has put "himself" into it. And I might add in regard to the matter of contributing articles, that obviously every one is under obligation to write something and to lend his undivided support in every possible way.

Secondly, The Magazine should be such that not only the student body and faculty become more and more interested in it, but that it will be demanded, subscribed to, and read by "the folks back home," alumni, and others all over the state. To elaborate further, I would say that the policy of The Magazine should be somewhat changed from that of the past; that it should not be so amateurish as to only satisfy the taste of the average college student; but that the articles be of such character and material as to be read by thoughtful people anywhere.

Thirdly, The Magazine should be essentially southern in sentiment, taste, and ideals. The University has always been, still is (and may it ever be!) typically and entirely southern. Certainly The Magazine ought to embody the spirit of the University. Here one feels the spirit and ideals of the real south—the old as well as the new. At the present time we have no purely southern periodicals in the south. Is it not possible for the Carolina Magazine to widen its horizon and fill to some degree this need and this deficiency? Let it not only express the best thought on the campus here, but also express the best thought, ideals and sentiments of North Carolina and the south.

We of this state and the south have our own particular problems to solve and our own destiny to work out. This being true, my ideal for The Carolina Magazine is that it may have a wider, deeper, and more abiding influence upon this campus, the life and thought of this state and the south, in helping to solve these problems and to work out this destiny, while at the same time it is storing up the best thought in our history and literature.

The School Days of Zebulon Baird Vance

By ARTUS M. MOSER

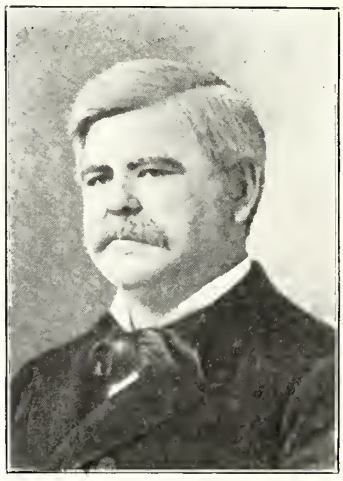
You have ambitions—you want to become the governor or the president. Zeb Vance said while in school: "I feel that I will be governor of North Carolina some day!" Is there not inspiration, hope, or a lesson in this for YOU?

AMONG the great men whose portraits adorn the walls of the Dialectic Society, can be seen the portrait of Zebulon Baird Vance, North Carolina's greatest statesman and war governor. In looking over these portraits one's eyes instinctively turn to that of Vance, with his splendid physique—his broad shoulders, his massive brow and fine features—causing him to become at once, one's ideal of perfect manhood. It shows him at the height of his powers, as an orator, a soldier, and a statesman. It is the picture of the Vance that led the 29th North Carolina Regiment in the early days of the war; it is the Vance that ran the blockade between Wilmington and England in order to import clothing and supplies for the brave, but hungry and ragged Tar Heel soldiers on the battlefields of Virginia; it is the able war governor, the young mountain giant, who not many years before was a student at this University.

Zebulon Baird Vance was born May 13, 1830, in Buncombe County, North Carolina, about ten miles north of Asheville, in what is known as the Reem's Creek Section. He came of a noble line of ancestors, which can be traced back to England, Scotland and Ireland. In America the grandfather of Vance was a captain in the Revolutionary war, and was wounded at the Battle of King's Mountain. Later he came to North Carolina, with many other pioneers in the early days and settled in Buncombe County. One of his sons, David Vance, was the father of Zebulon. David Vance was a merchant of the Reem's Creek Section, an excellent citizen, who lived and died in Buncombe County. He married Margaret Myra Baird, daughter of Zebulon Baird, a trusted and honored citizen of Buncombe and who for many years represented that county in the General Assembly, besides holding other minor offices.

The mother of Vance was in many respects a most remarkable woman. The father died when Zebulon was twelve years old, and this left her the responsibility for the care of the family and the education of the children. By her Christian character and life she was eminently qualified for such a responsibility. She was a lover of all that was good and beautiful. She was exceedingly fond of books, especially the Bible, and of learning in general. Her eyesight was so vigorous, that at the age of seventy-five years, she could read fine print without spectacles. She was a quiet, cheerful woman, enjoying wit and witty sayings, provided these brought no pain to anyone. In her school days she was a classmate of Governor Swain, and Governor Perry, of South Carolina, and later had the distinction of entertaining in her home John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston, of South Carolina. To her and to her side of the family, Vance owed much of his greatness in after life.

As a boy, Zebulon was full of mischief, and "animal spirits," and was at times so wayward that he often



ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

tried the patience of his mother and teachers with his youthful pranks and frolicsome ways.

At six years of age, there being no school near his home, he was sent to school at Flat Creek where he boarded with Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq., a farmer who resided thirteen miles north of Asheville on the Burnsville Road. The 'Squire acted as a sort of guardian over young Zeb while he was in his care. Zebulon was at times given to profanity and to playing pranks and so on, so the 'Squire had a book in which he made a black spot when Zebulon did anything wrong. The 'Squire had a son "Bob," who when Zeb did not behave at school, would hurry home on his pony, and inform his father. Zeb fought with one of the boys one day, and when he arrived at home that evening he saw the 'Squire looking into his book. He at first hesitated, but at last he ventured into the room where the 'Squire was sitting. "It's there, is it, Uncle Miah?" Zeb managed to say. "Yes," answered the 'Squire; "it is very large and black today. What have you done?" "I whipped Johnnie today," replied the boy. "What for, Zeb?" "Well, Uncle Miah, he was so cussed ugly I could not help it."

He later attended what was known as an "old-field" school, which was located near the French Broad River, a few miles from his home.

The story goes that one day, about the time when John C. Calhoun was passing through the mountains from Tennessee to North Carolina, he stopped at the

home of Vance, and, attracted by the vivacity and quickness of the boy, and rather amused at the sprightliness of his manner, invited him to take a walk, and conversed sometime with him. He so impressed young Vance's mind by the picture he drew of what he might become if he would only cultivate his mind and apply himself to study, that the imaginative boy resolved to study in earnest and make his mark in the world. And with the inspiration which South Carolina's great orator had given him, he resolved to secure an education.

When he was about twelve years of age his father sent him to an academy called Washington college, near Jonesboro, east Tennessee. This college has given to the country some of its greatest and most useful men.

While here, he seems to have made great progress in his studies. It is certain that he here laid the foundation and fundamentals of his education and future greatness.

The story is told by one of his classmates, Dr. Ensor, which shows even at that early date the ambition of the young Vance, and his confidence in his abilities. Ensor and Vance were appointed to deliver orations at a commencement of the college. One day they went out into an old field to practice their speeches. Vance spoke his first and while Ensor was speaking his, Vance laid down in the grass to listen and criticize. When Ensor had finished his speech, Vance rolled over a time or two in the grass and in his boyish way exclaimed, "Ensor, I feel it from the top of my head to the ends of my fingers and toes, that I will be governor of North Carolina some day."

He was at Washington college about two years, when he received news of his father's illness, and reached home just in time to see him pass away. He did not return to Washington Academy because of lack of funds. He later attended Newton Academy for a short while, but we have no record of his life there. We have very little record of his life from the time he was fifteen until at the age of nineteen he entered the University of North Carolina. We learn, however, that he was for sometime a clerk at a hotel at Warm Springs, N. C., where he came into contact with many of the great men of the south, and others with whom he discussed politics, and exchanged wit. It is probably from this source that he accumulated the great stock of jokes and stories which he used with such telling success in his conversations and speeches a few years later.

But during the years he was out of school he was not idle. His grandfather had left a splendid library, containing the standard works of literature and a large collection of law books. Vance had early resolved to become a lawyer, and use that as a stepping stone into politics. He read law at Asheville, attended the court when possible and associated with the lawyers in order to learn as much as he could about the profession.

We get a vivid glimpse of him in 1848, a few years before he entered the University, given to us from the pen of Dr. Kemp P. Battle. He says:

"Among the inhabitants of the lands east of the Blue Ridge, I claim to be the first discoverer of Zebulon Baird Vance. In the summer of 1848 I visited Asheville in company with my father, who, as superior court judge, was holding a special term for the county of Buncombe. The old court house had been burned. Timbers had been hauled for the erection of a more handsome structure. I was sitting on these timbers in the soft radiance of a full moonlight, talking to a young lawyer who had a brain by nature large enough to have placed him among the mountain giants, Newton Coleman. He called to a young man passing by and introduced him to me as Zeb Vance. My new acquaintance impressed me at once as a youth of peculiar attractiveness of manner and gifts of mind. I thought I knew something of Shakespeare, but his familiarity with the characters and words of the Titan poet put me to shame. I claimed to be in a measure intimate with the personages of the romances of my favorite, Scott, but he had evidently lived with them as with home-folks. I had been from childhood, not always a willing, but certainly a regular attendant on Sunday school and church services, and I thought I had at least an amateur familiarity with the Bible, but his mind seemed to be stored with scriptural texts as fully as a theological student preparing for his examination. Candor compels me to admit, however, that his application of these texts conducted oftener to resistibility than to the conversion of souls. His wit sparkled like the wavelets of the 'ever-laughing ocean.' His humor had no acridity and was distinguished by the extraordinary power not only of perennial pleasantness, but of gently forcing his companions to feel that they had known and loved him from boyhood."

Vance entered the University in July, 1851, at the age of twenty-one. His status was that of a "special student," and he took a partial course with the senior class, at the same time pursuing his legal studies in the law school. His main purpose was to prepare to pass the bar at the spring examination, so he might enter the profession and carry out his ambitions. He borrowed three hundred dollars from the University in order to defray his expenses while here. This was considered a rather large sum at that time for a young man, with little backing to borrow, but Vance paid the entire amount back within a comparatively short length of time, as remarkable success attended him immediately upon leaving the University.

His University career was in many respects a most remarkable one, especially when we consider the fact that he was here a little less than one year. In spite of his lack of earlier opportunities, he was considered by faculty and students to be one of the ablest men in his class. He was an excellent student and a general favorite of all. He had a wonderfully retentive memory and once a thing was read or heard by him, it was seldom forgotten. His wit and humor was a never ceasing amusement to all. He was never at a loss for something to say and never found a situation but that he was its master.

An incident is related of his first arrival on "the Hill" after his long ride from Asheville in the old stage-coach. He was dressed in home-made clothes and shoes, with about three inches between pants and shoes, showing his sturdy ankles. From Raleigh to Chapel Hill he had as his traveling companions two former students of the University. When they ar-

rived, his companions were immediately out of the stage, greeting friends and former classmates and being greeted by them. Vance, being a new student and unknown, was left alone unnoticed. But he was not one to be outdone in a matter of this kind, so seeing an old negro standing near, probably one of the janitors, he rushed up to him with great enthusiasm, extended his hand and exclaimed: "How do you do, I've been seeing you for years!" The others were so amused and overcome by this incident that they immediately sought his acquaintance and friendship.

He was a great favorite with Governor Swain and Dr. Mitchell. While at the University he had his sleeping room on Governor Swain's lot, affording Vance a great opportunity to come in personal contact with this great man, resulting in a friendship, affection and confidence which endured throughout their lives.

On Dr. Mitchell's classes he was often given credit by his classmates for tiding them over the hard lessons by his questioning Dr. Mitchell concerning his discoveries and explorations on Mt. Mitchell, which he was very fond of relating.

One day when Dr. Mitchell and his geological class were on a "field trip," they passed by an old mill a few miles from the University, and Vance seeing no dam, asked with seeming gravity: "Doctor, do you think that old mill is worth a *dam?*"

All the students in Vance's day were required to join either the Dialectic or Philanthropic literary societies, the custom being, as now, for those from the western part of the state to join the "Di" and those from the eastern the "Phi." There was much rivalry between these societies. Upon someone asking Vance if he would not join the Phi-lanthropic Society, he exclaimed: "Fie, Fie, I'll die first!" a pun which was considered very clever.

He became an active member of the Dialectic Society and found a great opportunity to indulge his oratory and extemporaneous speaking for which he became so noted later. He soon became one of its leading members, seldom allowing a meeting to pass without contributing his share to the discussion of the questions which were before that body, and causing a great amount of fun and amusement by his inimitable wit and humor.

The society has always been managed with great decorum and respect for rules, but it was much more so then than now. For strictness of discipline it was not equalled. "Audible laughing" was not permitted under any circumstances, and for this reason the treasury of the society was often replenished as a result of Vance's side-splitting humor, while he himself did not transgress the law. His fines never amounted to over twenty cents per month, which at that time was extraordinary, and his regularity to duty and conduct was remarkable for a student of his day.

In the society at that time were as able men in debate and oratory as the society has ever produced, but Vance was a formidable adversary to the ablest of them.

He was not only an eloquent speaker but a writer as well. He was a frequent contributor to the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and was for a short time associate editor. A glance through the volumes for 1851-52 reveals several of his productions, probably the most interesting one being an "Indian Legend," in which is vividly described some of the superstitions which were prevalent among the Indians of the Carolina mountains in the early days. However, his name was never published with the staff on the editorial page.

In the second number of the MAGAZINE for March, 1852, we find this item in the editorial column:

"One of the editorial corps having left college on account of his health, his place has been supplied by Z. B. Vance," and in the May issue of the same year we find the following item:

"Mr. Z. B. Vance, one of the corps, left us recently for his mountain home. Our warmest wishes for his welfare went with him, and we are much gratified to learn that he has been elected county solicitor from the *State of Buncombe.*"

Shortly before that date he had gone to Raleigh, stood the examination before the Supreme Court there, obtained his license and returned to "the Hill" to take leave of his friends and classmates. He had now achieved the purpose for which he entered the University. College honors were few, but he had won his share of them, and left an impression on the life of the University, which, considering the short time he was here, and the circumstances, has never been equalled.

One of his friends, describing his departure, says: "My last sight of him produced a humorous sense of pleasure that has clung to my memory through all the grand heroic days that have passed since then. He told us good-bye . . . and mounted the stage-coach going west. We waved our hands to him, and as he put his foot upon the front wheel to take his seat with the driver, he made an effort at a pun, a play upon the wheel, which was so badly put together that we were unable to reconstruct it. . . . Nothing daunted, he shot another at us, and left us in pleasant remembrance of him."

APPOINTMENT

In the next issue the appointment of an assistant editor-in-chief of the MAGAZINE will be made. With the publication of fifteen issues this year, it will be necessary to have an assistant to the editor to whom many of the responsibilities and duties may be given. A junior will be appointed. Watch for the appointment in the November 15 issue.

William D. Moss—Parson

If you haven't met the Parson, this article will introduce you to him. If you have met him, the article will renew old fellowship with him

TO HEAR the pastor of a church apply the Bible to a pep meeting, a football game, and a victory for the University of North Carolina team is a very unusual occurrence. Yet things like this are done in Chapel Hill every week by Dr. William D. Moss, pastor of the Presbyterian Church there.

"Parson" Moss, as he is affectionately called by the students and townspeople, has as his prime tenet in preaching the Gospel, the making of the Scripture a vital, living, and real thing to all who hear him.

Take for instance this twentieth verse from the sixth chapter of Joshua:

> So the people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so the people went into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.

This is the time when the children of Israel have reached the walls of Jericho and are about to storm the city and attempt to gain possession.

But in Chapel Hill, it was the day before the annual football game with the North Carolina State College. Parson Moss had a message of hope and confidence to give the students concerning a probable victory; so he proceeded to give it to them from the Bible, but in such a way they could understand what he was talking about.

So he read the passage above and interpreted it in this manner:

"The priest blowing with the trumpet is Scrubby Reeves with his big megaphone leading the cheers for Carolina. The shouting of the people is the 'Split-Carolinas' and 'Yackety-Yacks' for the team and captain. The wall's falling at the sound of the trumpet is the crumpling of State's defense. The entrance of the people and the capture of the city is the complete licking of State by the University and the parade and triumphal march down Fayetteville street in Raleigh by the students of the University who are there for the game."

To every man who was packed into Gerrard Hall listening, the message "got across." The thing was put in terms they all used and came in contact with every day, and therefore they could understand at what the Parson was driving. They got the message of Joshua and the Bible just as students in theology do who have never seen a football game. But if he had put his thought in theological terms, many of the students present would have missed his message. All that was needed to apply the Bible to everyday life was a little burnishing by the skillful hands of Parson Moss.

This incident is a typical one in the life of a man who has as his ideal the rational and vital statement of religion for college men.

W. D. MOSS

Parson Moss came to Chapel Hill for the second time in 1912, and has been here ever since. He says:

"I came here to one of the most strategic places in the world. My business here, as I see it, is to relate religion to life. You know that after all the Bible is only a story of oneself written in the large. For example, we enact the story of the Garden of Eden or Cain and Abel or Joseph or the Golden Calf every day. The Bible is a book written by a pitcher on the college nine, or a hurdler on the track team, or a business man, or a Phi Beta Kappa student. If the preacher can succeed in bringing this to light, that is, if he can relate religion to the plough handle or the cash register or the home or the street and the varied activities of life, religion and the Bible will cease to be things tacked on to a man and become genuine experiences."

The Parson succeeds along this line. While I was talking to him in his study, an alumnus of the University came to visit him. When the latter said he was coming to commencement exercises this year, the Parson did not reply: "Well, I'm so glad you're coming." This is what he threw at the alumnus: "So

you're going to make your annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

On one occasion, Parson called at a home in which there were a lot of little children. The mother told him she had intended to go to church the Sunday previous, but as it had taken so long to dress the children, she was obliged to stay home. Most preachers would have urged her to be present next time. The Parson simply said: "Why, you were at church if you only knew it."

This last statement throws light on the Parson's view on formal religion.

"Some form," he says, "is necessary. It goes with everything else, so why not with religion? The real thing, however, is living. If a man is a Christian, he cannot pass the plate in church on Sunday, and pass the buck to his friends during the week."

The Parson is extremely human. He smokes a pipe, and is ever ready and glad to smoke and chat with you. He learned to ride standing up on a broncho when he was fifteen years old. He makes a good leader for church and Y. M. C. A. socials. He is confidant, friend, and adviser to many Carolina boys. His popularity is well attested to by the fact that many students of all denominations go to his Bible class on Sunday night where he talks over with them in a heart-to-heart fashion the great problems of life.

Born in Mornington, Ontario, Canada, in 1871, Dr. Moss is 50 years young. His parents early moved to Manitoba where he was brought up in a land of never-ending praries over-arched with the great spacious sky. There he grew with a constant sense of the infinite; and this coupled with the influence of his mother, explains why there was never a time when he did not intend to be a preacher.

Graduating from the seminary in Montreal in 1894, he preached nine years in Canada. He came south on account of his health and accepted the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in Chapel Hill in 1903. In 1905 he received and accepted a call to the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., where he remained until he returned to Chapel Hill in 1912.

In 1918, the University gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. "This," he says, "is a big enough honor for any one man." It was a very great honor, especially as it has seldom been given to local preachers, and was one that came unexpectedly to the Parson.

The Parson's personality is a mixture of joy, seriousness, humor, insight, good fellowship, truth, vividness, and commonsense.

He is constantly reading Artemus Ward, O. Henry, Bill Nye, Phillips Brooks, and Robert Browning, and these people, the Parson says, keeps one in good humor. "That, after all, is what is needed of a preacher. The Gospel of Christ is the Gospel of good humor," Dr. Moss explained.

He thinks the Carolina men great fellows, open, frank, and deeply religious. They raise the question mark on things religious but it isn't irreverence. "It is the desire to get under the form and at the truth," he said. "They are all sound at heart and are religious, even when they would give the impression they are not."

If you ask him what religion is, he sums it up in three words: "Be a Man." For to him, being a man is the same as being a Christian. He is helping to make men too by stressing the man as person. He says: "The intellectual is only a fragment of a man's life. The real man is a person, and the preacher's business is distinctly with that."

And by a person, the Parson means something practical and real. He believes the person is a man who believes in and exercises his capacity to get truth; who believes in and exercises his capacity to put that truth to work; and who believes in and exercises his capacity to do what he does with finish.

[*EDITORIAL*]

EVERYBODY TOGETHER

This campus is claimed to be very democratic. As a matter of fact, it is one of the places where there is more snobbishness and more class distinctions than any place we know of.

Of course, it is more democratic than it used to be. But there is still just oceans of room for improvement and we would like to see more of the room taken up.

To the fraternity man, we would say:

Don't look so supercilious. You are not a bit better than anybody else.

Don't walk around the campus as if you owned it. You may own it, but it is a small place. You don't own Durham, too.

Don't segregate yourselves from the "great unwashed proletariat." It tends to bad feeling all around. The proletariat may get the upper hand some day. At any rate it will save a lot of bad feeling.

Don't drop all your old friends who are not-frat as soon as you get into a fraternity, and have, Oh! wondrous to behold, a bunch of "fraternity brothers."

To the non-fraternity men we would say this:

Don't be antagonistic to the fraternity men. If they will be democratic, welcome it. There's no need fighting. It will hurt both classes.

If both of these elements of university life will act on these, a feeling of good fellowship which has never existed here before except in a limited degree will result.

We need co-operation here—not fighting.

Confession of a Business Manager

Transcribed by J. J. WADE

Following up our policy of having someone to "confess" something to you, we offer you here the confessions of a one-time manager of the Yackety-Yack.

UNLESS you are a born business man, unless you inherit that enviable knack for putting things across in a profitable manner, and unless you can stand the criticism and low opinion of your fellow students—when your friend comes up to you and suggests your running for business manager of the *Yackety-Yack* or the *Tar Heel* or the Magazine, or anything else, take my advice—don't.

"If you are a sensitive fellow, you might as well check out before you begin. If, by chance, you believe you are a real sticker and wish to cure that miserable trait of sensitiveness, by all means run and get the job, for if you stick it through I hereby guarantee that you will be cured when you conclude the job. Your sensitiveness will be no more.

"Regardless, I was one of the poor unfortunate ones, and I was 'cedar-birded' in the old-fashioned, honest-to-goodness way. When my pal came up to me and said that I ought to run for business manager of the *Yackety-Yack,* I promptly began to think of fame and shekles, and I ran. After a great deal of 'politicing,' my friends and myself put me across, and I visioned myself fixed for life. What fools we mortals be! I congratulated myself on the beautiful piece of management that I was going to create before the job of creating began, and I promptly and traditionally agreed with ye editor that this pair, he and I, were going to put out the most beautiful and best *Yackety-Yack* that had ever been published. What a cinch it seemed then! I considered the job half done with the student body's election of us as the bosses.

"A few weeks passed before the work commenced, and then it commenced all at once. I suddenly began to realize that there was a helluva lot of work connected with the project that I had rather underestimated, and I slowly began to wake up to the fact that I was in for a man's size job. Consultations with printers and photographers and binders were held. Each of these conferences required work off the Hill, week-end trips, missed classes, neglected work, a bunch of 'bull,' and lots of other essentials. I determined to get my prices right from the beginning, and it took a lot of argument to get them right. Have you ever figured with printers? Jessie James was a Sunday school kid in comparison with some of them. They don't use guns.

"After I finally managed to make arrangements with the printers, then the real job of signing up enough advertisements to put the thing through began. Advertisement selling is great sport. All you have to do in selling an advertisement is see the man you wish to sell to, explain your proposition, enumerate its merits, and then tell him, 'Good-bye, I'm sorry I can't interest you this time. Will see you again, sir.' Make about a dozen of these visits, each time bringing along cigars and good humor and pleasant manner, and then he will become so tired of you that he will buy to get rid of you. It is the only way in many cases. Advertisements sell like hot cakes—when they are burnt.

"Well, sir, for weeks and weeks I slept advertisements, ate advertisements, drank advertisements, studied advertisements, wrote advertisements, and at length had a night-mare of advertisements fighting with each other trying to get a page in the *Yackety-Yack.* I spent my week-ends travelling from town to town in this old North State, and I wrote one thousand and nineteen letters to prospective customers, most of whom are still prospective. Everywhere I went people seemed to figure that I was in for a great 'skin' game, and they laughed at the idea that advertisements in such a publication could do any good whatever. I developed a 'hot line' during those months of toil. That line finally roped in considerable customers, and they bought enough to half way insure the damnable business, if nothing more.

"In the meantime friend editor was struggling over collecting and writing material for the publication. He had plenty of work to do himself and he complained bitterly of the ironies of life and what life is composed of. Then he began calling for the life line, after he got his 'dope' in line, and he 'hawked' me for weeks about arranging for the photographer to come down and make the pictures. About this time the biggest job in the whole darned business began to fall to my lot. I had to deal with the most cynical audience in the world—the Carolina student body, and it was then that my sensitiveness died a cold, unburied death, and I became a changed man.

"Making photographs is my idea of what a pudding is not. I began to sign notes for money to finance the expense of getting this thing through, for there were so many minor details that cost money, but which seemed to have a tendency not to be figured on. I arranged and rearranged for organizations and clubs and fraternities on this campus to get their pictures made for the annual. Few of these took me seriously at all, and many was the time that I had to search the campus for the president of this or the chairman of that to get him to round up his bunch and pose for our busy photographer. And nobody, absolutely nobody, was satisfied with what the photographer brought back as proofs. Too crowded looking, too dim, too light, too dark, too everything, except good, and since we promised satisfaction, we had them retaken and this time the photographer was not nearly so careful, and the result was immediate acceptance. Such is the way of this strange world. So much for the groups—and

there are a million of them here. Carolina ought to be defined as an organization of clubs, of a thousand clubs.

"With the individual pictures, the job was even worse than with the groups. Seniors are a wise lot, until they go to having their pictures made. Then they are dumb animals. They don't know what they want, and they have it in their head that they are Wallace Reids, Number 2. That is the only thing I can figure out to be the cause of such complaints as were registered to Me, Business Manager, Esq. But after weeks of work, nay, labor, reader, labor, we fixed that up, and we thought everything O. K.

"Then came the period in which I moaned and wept. When I presented the bills there was gnashing of teeth, and the campus went suddenly broke, 'not a nickle, gentlemen.' Bills began rolling in on me, too, at the same time, and I truthfully said that I was in the same predicament. I was broke, dead broke. There wasn't any use of my trying to dodge that fact. But I signed more notes, enough of them to keep the lawyers off. Then I stirred around and tried to wake up this old campus, to make it cash in. Clubs could not pay, freshmen could not pay, sophomores could not pay, juniors could not pay, seniors could not pay, nobody could pay. And everybody was raising all kinds of cain about the prices charged, and I saw that the Business Manager, Esq., was in for a lot of cussing, but the office had got used to that by this time.

" 'He's robbing us. He's making a thousand or more shekels, he is. The idea of such prices.' That was the general trend of remark.

" 'No,' I assured everybody, 'I'm not doing this to make any shekels. I am doing it because I love the University.'

"I tried to convince the dizzy public, this campus, of the money that I had cut loose, of the coin that left my jeans. I tried to tell them how high printing is, paper is, everything is. But I almost tried in vain.

"After weeks of anguish and nightmares, checks began to roll in slowly, and I began to be enabled to take up a few of my notes and pay off some of my bills, and the depression began to be lifted.

"The *Yackety-Yacks* arrived on the Hill. We were still in the hole several hundred dollars, and we determined not to let the books loose until the bigger debts were all paid. There were plenty of these major debts still to be marked off, and for this we waited. Students again began to say that we were burglars or pickpockets or thieves of one description or another. But now I laughed at the words. I had grown accustomed to such talk, and there was no sensitiveness left in me, a retiring business manager. I was going to do my darndest then to make every cent I could out of the project.

"The *Yackety-Yacks* were finally released, although there were many debts still not paid, and which up to this day have not been paid. But we figured so we made a little coin, if not enough to repay us for the time and worry and trouble we spent.

"It was an interesting experience. I learned a lot of business and a lot of human nature in the ordeal. But there are two words which I desire to utter and utter loudly—Never Again! A business manager's job is work, hard work—and knocks and kicks. That is why I say, that unless about a dozen things, if you get the idea in your head that you want to be business manager of the *Yackety-Yack* or anything else, take my advice—Don't."

[*EDITORIAL*]

KEEP THE FAITH

It is inspiring to come back to Chapel Hill at commencement and hear the alumni who are here. They have a vision of a greater and more useful University. We must keep the faith and give it to them. They look on the University as a place where a man is broadened and developed and not where he becomes a specialized machine.

This is the faith we have got to keep—we have got to broaden ourselves and go out from here, bigger and better citizens than when we came.

To do this, we cannot stay in our rooms and study all the time—we cannot join a club and stay with the same boys all the time. We must be out with all the people on the campus, giving all we have and getting what the others have to offer in return.

A sweet, delicate, and pretty flower can grow in a small jar. It takes the great open for a sturdy oak to live and flourish. It will take the association of all of Carolina, and of all forms of college endeavor to enable you to become a sturdy oak in the world. Strive unceasingly to become great here in college. It is the only way we can keep the faith with the alumni and with the people, for by doing that, we will become more broad and more strong.

The Traffic Evil, and Probable Remedies

A readable discussion of the causes and results of violations of the traffic laws. Remedies, which North Carolina should adopt first and thus lead other states, are suggested

By B. H. BARDIN

APPROXIMATELY ten thousand persons were killed in autombile accidents in this country during 1920—a number big enough to challenge the attention of every citizen of the nation. This sum, one-fifth of all the casualties suffered by the American army in France in a year and a half of the recent world war, is enormous, but considering the remarkable increase in volume of our automobile traffic it is a wonder that the sum was not much larger.

What would happen if a fair-sized city and its entire population were suddenly to be destroyed by fire? People throughout the country would utter howls of dismay and city authorities would urge extra precautions against fire. But the equivalent of this happened when ten thousand of our countrymen were killed last year in preventable motor accidents, caused largely through the carelessness of others. What is the matter? Are our traffic laws too lax, or is it that our civic authorities do not enforce enough of those which are adequate to curb the evil? Are not our thoroughfares capable of accommodating the present motor traffic moving at an efficient speed? At any rate, our civic and state authorities have a big problem facing them—that of curbing this evil, and diminishing the ever-increasing slaughter. If the problem is still ignored the time may come when the relatives of the victims will take the law into their own hands and punish the murderers of their loved ones.

During 1919 a total of 3,808 persons were killed in automobile accidents, or died as a result of injuries therefrom. Then in the country at large there was an increase in deaths due to motor accidents of about 6,000 persons. In 1919, New York City had the largest total number of deaths due to this cause with 780, an increase of 89 over the previous year, and more than double the number in 1915. In 1920 about 877 persons were killed in automobile accidents in the same city, and sad to say 314 of these were children. In North Carolina during 1919, 106 were killed in automobile accidents. More than two people died every week in the state as a result of accidents which might have been prevented. Records for 1920 are not available. Neither are records available of the number of persons injured in automobile accidents, but the figures would probably run into several thousand. Now there are reports almost daily of people who are seriously injured in wrecks that are in the most part due to careless operation of motor vehicles.

According to information gathered recently by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the death rate for automobile accidents in this country is now nearly 50% higher than that for typhoid fever, and is about 60% higher than for either homicide or suicide.

Delving still further into the reports of the same insurance company, we find the great importance of automobile accidents as a cause of death, for in 1919 the reports show the fact that there were 1,332 such fatalities among the nearly 13,000,000 policyholders of that company, while in 1911 there were only 178 such fatalities. This mean that out of every 100,000 persons insured in 1919, 10.6 persons were killed by automobile accidents as against 2.3 deaths due to the same cause among each 100,000 persons insured in 1911. In 1906 the number of such fatalities were about 183 in this country, while in 1920 there were approximately 10,000. Over one-half of those killed by automobiles were children under five years of age and old people over fifty years of age. Unaware of impending destruction and too helpless to escape the several tons of wood and steel hurled upon them, they were run down, crushed and mangled, sacrificed offerings to the altar of carlessness and speed. The automobile truck in cities is an important element in this great mortality of the helpless. In fact a large percentage of all automobile accidents occurs in cities. A particularly important factor in automobile accidents, especially in our own state, is the railroad crossing, yet our civic and state authorities have not attempted to definitely and effectively solve this problem. In the great majority of cases, these accidents are mainly due to the carelessness of the operators of the automobiles. Still it is the duty of the state to protect its citizens against their own carelessness. The best remedy for this situation, it seems, would be the invention and adaptation by railroads throughout the state of an apparatus by which a bell could be rung automatically upon the approach of a train, adequately warning motorists approaching the railroad crossing. An invention of this nature has been adopted by some railroad companies and installed at the principal crossings. They should be adopted by every railroad company operating in the state and installed at not only the principal crossings but also at the less-used ones.

What are the principal causes of automobile accidents? Pure, downright carlessness is, needless to say, the chief cause. To carelessness and excessive speeding at least 90% of all such accidents are traceable. Few motorists fully realize the great force they control when moving at a high rate of speed, yet the damage suffered by their cars when they strike a telegraph pole at a low rate of speed should at least cause them to realize the power of their machines and the damage it could inflict upon human beings hit by them. They should all be taught the right and safe way of operating their machines before the damage is done. They should be made to realize that their right to operate a machine is a sort of a trust imposed upon them by society. To them are entrusted the lives of their passengers, and society expects them to operate their machines efficiently and carefully, always with a regard for the other fellow. How many motorists be-

tray this trust, speeding recklessly down the highway, leaving mangled victims in their wake, totally unheedful of their fellow man! A Denver, Colo., municipal judge assembles all those found guilty of violating the traffic laws and lectures to them on the folly of their ways. A Chicago judge, as reports have it, conducts habitual violators of the traffic laws to the morgue where they are forced to view the mangled bodies of speed victims. These two examples are worthy of imitation and emulation.

Many motorists pay little heed to traffic laws, simply because they are rarely fined for their breaches of them. Truly one of the greatest evils of American life is politics and graft. When a judge shows partiality in his sentences, sometimes for the sake of friendship and sometimes for money and promises of political support, it makes traffic laws and regulations futile. The whole issue lies with the people. It is up to them to elect officers who will demand respect and obedience of traffic laws and who will grant immunity to no one, not even to members of their own family. And there are many such men of this calibre. When we elect officials who are forceful and energetic enough to adopt a firm, uncompromising attitude toward violators of the traffic laws, we will have gone a a long way in diminishing the volume of automobile accidents. Admonition and fines, in most cases, fail to impress the habitual speeder and prevent further violation of traffic laws. One of two things then should be resorted to; either the suspension of the driver's license, or jail sentences. Motorists found guilty of causing serious accidents through their own carelessness, negligence or excessive speeding should be punished by severe prison sentences and the permanent barring of the culprit from the streets and highways. For your own carelessness you are sometimes forced to pay the extreme penalty, and it is entirely just and right that those found guilty of manslaughter on the highways in this manner be sentenced to serve long prison terms at least. Severer punishment than is now meted out to the culprits is needed, and long prison terms would be a great factor in curbing this ever-increasing evil.

For excessive speeding, a suspension of the driver's license for ever-increasing periods, determined by the number of violations, would almost invariably accomplish the desired results. By all means incompetent men and former criminals, to whom are entrusted the driving of taxicabs, trucks and pleasure cars, should be driven from the streets and highways.

Another reason for the terrifying increase in the number of such fatalities is the increased speed made possible by the construction throughout the country of more and better highways. When motorists travel on these roads it is a great temptation to speed up. Soon they reach a blind turn, a steep hill, a slippery pavement, a pedestrian in the road. What happens? Very likely an accident, and a serious one at that. Good roads are of vital consequence to a healthy commercial life, and by no means do I advocate a cessation of road building and improvement, yet we must find some means of putting an end to manslaughter on the highways. Our state is just now commencing the greatest era of road construction in its entire history. A huge sum has been appropriated this year by the state legislature for this purpose. Now is the time, it seems, when we should make a thorough study of traffic problems and frame laws and regulations which would adequately and effectively curb the evil.

There is not a single city street or highway built with proper safeguards for high speed traffic, a fact almost always ignored by the motorist. None of our streets or roads were designed and built to accommodate our present motor traffic moving at a minimum speed of fifteen miles per hour. The streets, the main thoroughfares, are congested with a volume of traffic which cannot efficiently move at a slow rate of speed. When our traffic consisted of horse-drawn vehicles, the streets and highways were adequate enough. It would be certainly an enormous expense to widen our streets, but it would be an easy matter to design and build our new streets and highways to accommodate an ever-increasing volume of motor traffic adequately and safely. The best remedy would seem to be to constantly improve our traffic regulations to keep pace with the ever-increasing volume of traffic.

In some western states the laws forbid a greater highway speed than thirty-five miles per hour, while the maximum speed allowed in cities is from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. The people in those states have come to realize that it is impossible under certain conditions for a motorist driving at a high rate of speed to avoid an accident. These limits have seemed to curb the evil to a great extent in that section. In some eastern cities, as in Philadelphia, for instance, there is no speed limit. The authorities seem to work on the assumption that the quicker the traffic passes and gets out of the way the better it is for all concerned.

Many other remedies have been tried and proved unsuccessful, and in spite of more and more laws and regulations and their stricter application in some sections, the number of automobile accidents has increased from year to year. Among the remedies suggested are: revocation of licenses to drive held by criminals; the enlargement of the powers of the secretary of each state so he may rule off the road felons and chronic law-breakers who apply for licenses, and prohibit the issuance of licenses to persons less than eighteen years of age; the education of drivers, pedestrians and traffic policemen; a thorough examination of license applicants; anti-jay-walking laws; the elimination of screaming sirens and harsh warning signals; the passage of a bill in state legislatures compelling automobile owners to file an indemnity bond of ten thousand dollars upon obtaining their licenses; legislation that would compel every motor vehicle operator, whether owner or not, to take out a license; the reduction of the speed limit, especially at crossings; a demonstration of great skill in driving each machine before granting a driver's license; the erection at street crossings of curbed safety islands; the widening of streets, both for the public safety and to give more parking space; the construction of upper driveways, as is being done in Chicago; the confining of light and heavy traffic to different streets; the rounding of street corners to facilitate turning; the prohibiting of children from playing in the streets; and the stop-at-the-corner law which is enforced in some places in this state.

The saddest incident of all is the fact that a great percentage of automobile victims consists of children and old people. The laws and regulations in existence

are the only protection to the last named, while it should be the duty of every mother to keep her children off the streets. Parents in allowing their children to play in the streets are endangering their lives and their own happiness, for a motorist driving at a high speed would find it well-nigh impossible to dodge a crowd of youngsters scattered over the street playing baseball, wholly unheedful of the onrushing machine. Special precautions should be taken by school authorities to prevent the children from running directly into the streets, as is their wont, upon the close of school each day. Some school authorities, in order to remedy this evil, have constructed large concrete walls extending some eighteen or twenty feet in front of the entrances to school grounds.

Persons trying to drive cars while intoxicated should be quickly and drastically dealt with, for conditions are becoming too serious to allow a small percentage of the criminally reckless to roam the streets at will and endanger the lives of their fellow citizens.

All the respect due policemen and traffic officers in the discharge of their duties should be accorded them. Every citizen should aid in the enforcement of the laws of his city and state whenever he has the opportunity, for it is the duty of the citizen to do this as much as it is the duty of a policeman to run down a blind tiger and bring him to justice. Only in this way, by working in close coöperation with our civic and state authorities, will the traffic problem be solved. The most adequate motor traffic laws and regulations enforced in this country should be simplified, standardized and adopted in all the states of the Union—this is a recommendation by the president and members of the National Traffic Officers' Association. A standard, workable code of traffic laws enforced in every state in the Union would be the final step in solving the present traffic problem, and our own state should lead the way in the solution of one of the most serious domestic problems our people have had to face.

[*EDITORIAL*]

FAIR PLAY

We believe the University officials are taking advantage of the two literary societies when it compels them to pay all expenses of intercollegiate debates. It is our candid opinion that the University will continue to take advantage of the societies just as long as the societies are foolish enough to pay the expenses.

Somebody started the custom—we bet it was a University official—of having the two literary societies pay for intercollegiate debates. And the societies have kept up the practice throughout the years—digging down into their meager treasuries for about $400 each year for debating expenses.

We are surprised that here on this campus—where of all places the boast is that things are done according to the right and principle of the case—this matter has been allowed to run along as it has.

When a debating team goes from these walls, we say it represents the University of North Carolina. That is a gross misstatement of the truth—the team represents the Dialectic and Philanthropic societies, and should be so labelled. The University is mighty glad to take the credit for producing debating teams that have won 70 per cent. of their contests—but it does not take the credit for financing them.

Debating is a college activity which should be supported by the University just as football or baseball. It would be a funny thing to suggest that the two literary societies bear the expenses connected with the football season.

We believe the University would pay for debates if it had to. We do not believe it will until it does have to. When it does pay for debates, the University will have to be empowered to make the schedule, but that is a small matter.

University officials gave themselves away when they agreed last year to pay the expenses of the Harvard debate. The debate council told officials the societies absolutely could not pay the expenses. The University wanted the advertisement of debating Harvard—they agreed to pay for the debate. We challenge the University to show why it did this except that the societies refused to pay for the debate and it wanted the debate held. We also ask it to show why the same principle does not apply to other debates.

The University has also probably overlooked the fact that every student in the University is eligible for the debates. It is a pretty come-off for the Di and Phi to pay the expenses of a debater who has never stepped his foot into a society hall. The University of North Carolina would not think of paying the expenses of a Trinity man to a college conference.

An effort will probably be made soon to get the University to pay for inter-collegiate debates. We believe if the vaunted "do the RIGHT thing regardless" spirit enters into the decision of the officials, it will be favorable towards paying for the debates.

If it does not pay for the debates, we are in favor of never having another one, or advertising them as the Di and Phi societies versus the opponent.

The University can afford to pay for the debates. It is certain that if two societies whose revenue each year is only $2,000 can pay for the debates, a $5,000,000 corporation like the University can.

Introducing the Editor of the Tar Heel Jonathan Daniels

By ORRELL

THE *Tar Heel* has been most fortunate this year in the editor-in-chief elected for it by the student body. The fact that the election was unanimous and that only one candidate was nominated is eloquent testimony as to the value of the chosen man.

Jonathan Worth Daniels, sometimes known as "Dice," has reached the highest office on the *Tar Heel* through steps of legitimate succession, having served a term as managing editor in preparation for the editor-in-chief's position. Besides being ably equipped to hold this job, which ranks in importance among college offices with the presidency of the senior class and of the literary societies, he will have the help of the pick of the college in handling the *Tar Heel*.

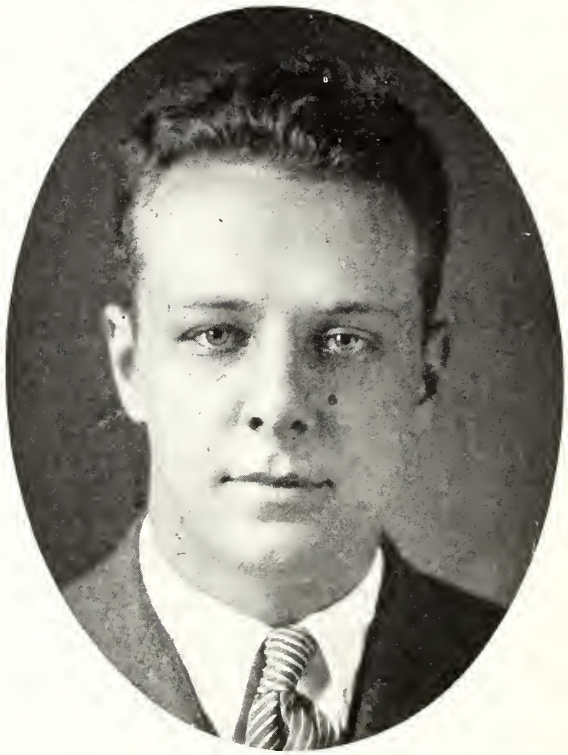
In recent years the *Tar Heel* under the skillful managing of able business managers and editors has grown by bounds and leaps until it has reached a point where its perfection threatens to come to a standstill through the lack of the wherewithal to improve.

Thomas Wolfe, year before last, inculcated into the *Tar Heel* the spark of literary artistry of news and comment. Under his care a little group of men were painstakingly gathered to compose the staff of the *Tar Heel*, who more than justified his confidence by making the *Tar Heel* the receptor of all of their "college activities." Among these men were many whose names today stand at the top of the chief branches of college life. Among these men were Daniel Grant and Phillip Hettleman, to whom the *Tar Heel* of last year owed the enthusiasm of its staff, which surpassed that of the issue under the management of Tom Wolfe.

Grant and Hettleman, as editor and business manager, worked in perfect harmony and raised a *corps d'esprit* which triumphed over all the obstacles which confronted the *Tar Heel*. By weekly meetings and close personal relations with the members of the board Grant, ably assisted by Daniels, had the reporters of the paper on edge and vying with one another as to the quality and quantity of their work. Hettleman, as business manager, put the *Tar Heel* for the first time in its history on a firm financial basis and insured the prompt delivery of the paper. The paper was issued twice a week instead of once and the number of columns was increased.

Such a record of achievement will stare the new editor in the face so he might well despair of living up to the grandeur of the past; for if he fails in any one particular, there will always be the crowd of defeated candidates and grouches to call attention to all the faults and to cover up all traces of success. Unless one wishes to become a mere figurehead he must always face the opposition of this element in all affairs.

Yet knowing Daniels as we do and having worked under him on the staff of the *Tar Heel*, and being proud of having done so, we must say that we are sure he will not only live up to the enviable standards set by past editors, but will even surpass them a little. We won't say that he will do much better, because there is a limit on the perfection of everything, whether it be semi-weekly college papers or dirigible flying machines, and that limit has already been closely approached with the *Tar Heel*. Yet two flaws existed in each of the two managements of the last two years which we expect Jonathan Daniels to remedy.



JONATHAN DANIELS

One of these, which was attendant to the editorship of Wolfe, was the lack of news value to the *Tar Heel*, due in large part to the delay in delivery. This caused a lack of interest in the reporters, who allowed their work to become slack and to deteriorate. However, Wolfe was a cunning hand at writing editorials. This gift did much to overshadow the other defects of the paper although on occasions the students raised a big howl when the papers didn't show up on the scheduled date.

And last year although the editor of the paper was an accomplished public speaker and debater and a man of strong and winning personality, he lacked the power of assertation which goes to erect a successful editorial page.

Jonathan Daniels combines both the qualities which these two editors lacked. He has the training and the instinct necessary to turn out a good sheet from the standpoint of news content and also has the necessary touch of genius to add that trace of the unusual to spice the news content and put the leaven of his imagination into the bread and body of the editorials.

Daniels hails from Raleigh and is the son of Josephus Daniels, once Secretary of the Navy and now editor-

owner of the *News and Observer*, one of the principal papers of the state.

He is a likeable and democratic person, always ready with a cheery word and smile, always ready to drop anything he is doing and enter any sort of an argument, on any side of the question, with anybody; but when he turns back to his work it is with such energy and concentration as enables him to accomplish it in a minimum of time. It is this happy endowment that enabled him to obtain his degree from the University in three years and that enabled him as managing editor to sit up "bulling" with half the *Tar Heel* staff until twelve o'clock and then to complete his job of work by one in time to be on deck at Gooch's before it closed to refresh his fagged brain on a double order of apple pie and three glasses of milk.

"Dice" has not a face calculated to inspire the feminine soul with those mortal pangs known as love at first sight but with his winning personality and elevating correspondence, he easily overcomes this handicap and has a host of fair admirers. He is popular on the campus as well and belongs to several select organizations, including the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and the Philanthropic Literary Society.

Pitching Equine Footgear on the Hill

By COLVIN T. LEONARD

CLANK, CLANK.

"Well, that put us out. Who's next?"

Thus another scalp is added to the belt of two of the many champion tossers of the steel footwear for the old mare. The scene of the victory is laid on the lots back of the new dorms of the University of North Carolina, in the village of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in the year of the inauguration of Warren G. Harding, a former printer's devil in Marion, Ohio, and a devotee of the game—"pitching horse-shoes." Just who the winners are is a matter which should be immaterial to the unfortunate peruser of this feeble effort at journalistic achievement. Since this is not designed to be a census report containing the cognomens of the inhabitants of the college campus, it is needless to waste the ribbon of the Underwood by reciting any names.

Although the game of "horse-shoes," according to the writer's notion of world matters, is supposedly a means of pastime most generally employed by the rustic element of these United States, it would be difficult to locate a more loyal group of devotees than is found among the chasers of knowledge who have their temporary abode in the heart of Orange County. Since the rules of the game were brought to the University campus some months in the past by Hiram Higgins, Jr., of Swan Tail Creek, the enthusiasm over the national rustic pastime has seized the village citizenry by the neck.

A small strip of a vacant lot or section of the campus back of one of the dormitories is selected as the scene of the future contests between the aspiring tossers. Two iron posts of small dimensions are driven into the ground about twenty feet apart, the posts standing approximately fifteen to twenty inches above the ground. When the necessary four horse-shoes have been procured by a raiding party to a barn or blacksmith shop, the stage is set for the beginning of hostilities.

Two men challenge two others for a game. One man from each side takes his position at one of the iron posts, while his partner goes to the other with an opponent. The men at the first post select two pieces of equine footgear each, and then try their luck at throwing one of the shoes around the other post. Of course, each man makes a strong effort to throw both of the shoes he has around the post. However, this ability is limited mostly to the champs.

According to the unwritten rules of the game, each shoe thrown around the post counts for five points—provided, the man following does not "ring" the post. In that case, the man who made the "ringer" first would get nothing, while the one who threw the shoe around after his opponent had already done the same thing would receive the five points. A shoe which leans against the post counts three. Furthermore, the man throwing the shoes nearest the iron post gets one point for each shoe which he places closer the post than that of his opponent. The side receiving a total score of eleven points first wins the game.

The University can boast of several expert tossers of the iron footwear, and the number of artists is increasing every day. Not only has the student body been gripped by the mania of horse-shoe pitching, but the faculty has also made some contributions to the ranks of the throwers. It might be stated at this point that the dignified profs have their own private "diamonds." Since this pastime is a democratic sport we find the various phases of college life well represented in the contests. Orators, writers, and all other slingers of the old bovine, stack their talents against those of the athletes.

To a stranger who might chance to stroll around back of the new dorms any day of the week, and almost any hour of the day, it would appear that the village was the training grounds for prospective horse-shoe throwers of super quality. From early morn until long past the setting of the sun, can be heard the ring of the steel shoes and the accompanying words of arguing participants. In order to give every man a chance to take part in the pitching, it has been found necessary to push the contests into the night. When there is no moon to add its light to the matter, it is necessary to tie a handkerchief or piece of white cloth around the iron posts so the throwers can get aim.

Carolina men may come and go, but horse-shoe pitching will go on without ceasing. Although many fellows will leave the Hill with no great amount of learning, there is a large part of them who will be able to make the inhabitants of Hick's Cross Roads envy their skill with the iron shoes.

A Reasonable Attitude

By EARL H. HARTSELL

IT IS not probable that Edison's low estimate of the college student's intelligence or Henry Ford's classification of him along with "other horned cattle" will lead to any material reduction in number of the species. College men have always been recipients of just such compliments from the "self-made men" of every generation. Nevertheless, colleges and universities continue to do a rushing business, with every year witnessing a marked increase in enrollment over the preceding year. It is a question of doubt, however, whether the world will ever be able to fathom the student-mind, and it is a question of equal doubt whether the student, so long as he remains a student, will ever understand the attitude which the world will take toward him.

The reason for this mutual mystification is obvious enough, if given a little thought. Colleges and college men are criticized most severely by men who know very little about them. They make the common mistakes of judging the whole by a few of its parts, and the only part of college life with which they come in contact is the conspicuous or sensational side. They cannot be made to see the fine idealism with which the spirit of the campus is imbued. They fail to catch the significance of the quiet earnestness and steadfast determination which goes into the making of every college career. In this way they overlook the less conspicuous but all-important phases of college life and draw erroneous conclusions from incidents of a sensational nature played up by the press.

On the other hand, the student deserves much of the criticism constantly being hurled at him. His boasted idealism is too often coupled with intolerance for everything not in line with his own ideals. It is this fact which makes the college student so blind to his own defects and so generally immune to advice.

In fact, the average college student is a living example of a truly Chestertonian type of paradox. (All college students reading this paragraph should realize that they are slightly above average, so as not to take offense.) Supposed to be, if anything, a thinking individual, he rarely ever thinks except in a purely mechanical way. His thought processes are all mapped out for him, either by his instructors or by friends who have more mental initiative than he. Extremely jealous of his honor and insisting upon being "treated like a man" in all circumstances, he often shows the vaguest ideas of fundamental honesty and manliness. *En masse,* the student's notions of right and wrong become especially dim and confused. The use of mob action to obtain free entrance to an athletic contest or a moving picture show does not appear to him dishonorable. And yet a super-sensitive conscience, an infallible guide to conduct, is one of his proudest boasts.

Another thing that is hard to avoid in a community composed so exclusively of young men and boys is the ever-lasting self-centeredness which makes the student untrustworthy in discharging the commonest requirements of duty. He habitually misjudges values, putting those first which center around his own personal advancement or pleasures. He goes into everything for what he can get, and not for what he can give. In the main, he lacks the perspective that would enable him to see how very much that is at all worth having must be got by giving. His impulses carry him with the crowd, and when it is a choice between going to the "Pick" and attending a lecture or inter-collegiate debate, the "Pick" always wins. At the same time he feels a vague, undefined resentment against fate for not making him a "big man" on the campus.

A class takes a "grat" and thinks that it has got away with a most admirable bit of strategy. If these young hopefuls could see themselves in the ridiculous rôle of purchasers who leave the articles they have paid for on the counter and sneak out of the store for fear of being called back by the proprietor, perhaps the professors would not have to break so many track records getting to their class-rooms in time to head off the wholesale exodus. The inalienable right to "grat" is, without doubt, a great incentive toward punctuality on the part of faculty members, but it is certainly not an indication of sound thinking on the part of the students. On the other hand, these same students can argue abstruse problems of philosophy and religion with most consummate logic.

These paradoxical traits are naturally characteristic of youth. It is this very element of youthful irresponsibility with its sprinkling of utter seriousness which lends zest and flavor to college life. If students were consistently serious-minded or consistently frivolous, it would not be nearly so much pleasure to live with them.

Much of the intolerant feeling between the college world and the outside world can be cleared away if each will adopt a reasonable attitude toward the other. The world must realize that it is one of the prerogatives of youth to be thoughtless and irresponsible most of the time. On the other hand the student must realize that, if he is going to let his tender years plead for him when he gets into trouble, he must not resent correction when it comes from older and more experienced persons, nor disdain to take advice which might save him from a repetition of his folly.

It is an inherent right of youth to be foolish and illogical in its actions, but this right does not extend to the adoption of an attitude of supercilious disdain for the opinions and standards by means of which the world is kept a decent place to live in. The college man must learn that there are limits to his own self-sufficiency.

The North Carolina Farmer Has Awakened

By E. B. MEWBORNE

"YEAH. I've tended forty-two crops in my life," said a North Carolina farmer, stooping over, cleaning his plowpoint with a stick.

"And you've planted more oats and food crops this year than ever before, haven't you?" I asked him.

"Back in Cleveland's time when money was short and home-made things had to make out and again in 1907 and 1908 I had a big wheat and oat crop but this year I've planted more oats and other food crops. Somehow 'ruther since 'bacco and cotton dropped in price last fall there ain't much fun in putting wrinkles your face workin' yourself to death over a little money."

"I see your oats are heading up well," I said.

"They do pretty well. But you know that same land two years ago was the best 'bacco land in the county," he said regretfully.

It was on a hot June day of 1921 that I talked to the farmer about his crop. I had noticed a change had been made in the proportion of food and money crops in the state and I desired to know why the change had been made.

"Wait until I plow another row of this corn and we'll go put the horse up," he said.

While he was returning on the next row the bells over the neighborhood rang for twelve o'clock. The horse lifted her head, neighed and quickened her step. When she reached the end of the row she turned toward the stable.

"Whoa!" commanded the plowman.

He unharnessed the horse and led her to the stable. After this we sat down in the shade of an old pine tree and talked about the change the farmers had made in 1921 and the reason for that change.

"Well," I said, "did you break even last year?"

"By the skin of my teeth. It was a narrow escape. I was the only one around here who pulled across. I had had a little experience," he said, pushing his hat back on his forehead.

"Why didn't your neighbors come out as well as you?" I asked.

"There are a lot of reasons. For example there is Bill Johnson. Three years ago he had as much land as me. Year before last he started buyin' more land and at the same time mortgaging what he already had. Last year before prices went down he had twice as much land as me."

"Wasn't that a good policy to buy land?" I interrupted.

"I dunno. There's a heap of people like Bill Johnson. They try to take a mile if you give them an inch. Bill said when he got all that land that he won't goin' to be satisfied until he has all the land that jined his. He's workin' in a garage now."

"He was unlucky," I said, sympathizing.

"Mebbe so—mebbe so. I s'pose all of them are unlucky," he said.

"That was only one case," I argued.

"One case!—only one case! Why there are hundreds. One man mortgaged his farm for a seven-passenger auto—one for this and another for something else. Sam Haywood had $30,000 in cash in the bank two years ago. He put it in 200 acres of land as a first payment on a $200,000 mortgage. Last year he lost the $30,000, farm and all. Now he works as a day laborer on the same farm."

"Didn't some people who did not mortgage their land have a hard time as well? Why did they suffer?" I inquired.

"Yep. They busted, too. But the trouble with them was that they tried to break their necks to see which could raise the most cotton—which the most 'bacco. They paid niggers big wages to work. They bought tractors for ten-acre farms. Everything—land, labor and money—went to 'bacco and cotton. Big money—big checks flashed before our eyes."

"And they overproduced," I guessed.

"Well, I s'pose that had much to do with it but the main trouble won't in overproduction. It was underproduction of—."

"Underproduction! Why, you're wrong, aren't you?" I asked.

"No. Underproduction—but underproduction of food crops. Corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, hay, peas, beans, and vegetables were nearly forgotton in the last few years."

"People have changed the proportion of the different crops this year, haven't they?" I asked.

"Cotton and 'bacco have been cut to one-half. I planted fifteen acres in 'bacco last year, thirty in cotton, five in corn, and two in oats. This year I've planted seven acres in 'bacco, twelve in cotton, ten in corn, and I'm goin' to plant, later on in the year, a few acres in wheat and a few in potatoes and hay."

A few wagons lumbered along the country road in front of us. Each was loaded to double its height with bundles of hay.

"See, that's why so many of us go broke. We don't raise enough hay for our horses and mules to eat the year around. We'd rather mortgage our farms to buy western hay," he said ironically.

"But people are learning better now," I said.

"Yep. Folks are getting down this year on a bread-and-meat basis—a raise-it-yourself policy. Bigger gardens, more hogs, more cows, more wheat, hay and corn are being raised. This idea of goin' to town and buying hogmeat raised in another state, canned goods, and hay by the tons ain't goin' to work when the pockets in your two-year-old pair of overalls are filled with rusty nails and a checkbook is a thing of the past."

"This idea of raising-it-yourself for yourself sounds very well but how are you and everybody else going to pay your debts with corn, peas, wheat and big gardens? You've put money in fertilizer which has to be paid for next January?" I inquired.

"We're lookin' to the 'bacco and cotton payin' for the fertilizer of the whole farm and furnish a little

bank account besides. Instead of buyin' corn and western hay for our horses and mules we are raisin' enough of it to feed our stock. Instead of the 'old lady' lookin' after the garden this year I've made it about three times as large as it used to be and I'm workin' it myself now. All the food crops will be clear profit."

"I suppose you're right," I said as we parted.

The Need of Education in Western North Carolina

The lack of education in western North Carolina is affecting that section economically, socially, politically, and religiously

By W. E. WHITE

"WITH all of thy getting, get understanding," are words accredited to the wisest king of ancient Isreal. Even to question the wisdom of that valuable admonition would be the height of folly. Recognizing that a proper understanding of the problems, duties, and responsibilities of life is necessary for intelligent action, civilized governments throughout the world have established educational systems for the training of those who are to become citizens.

Much diligence has been shown in our own state in recent years along educational lines. For sometime it was our boast that an average of one new school building was erected in North Carolina for each day in the year. Later a crusade was waged against illiteracy through the "moonlight schools." Following this event, a six months free school system for every county in the state was inaugurated and the compulsory attendance law was made more stringent.

But the educational object in view has not yet been attained. It is true that all of the different things that have been done to strengthen our school system and to combat illiteracy have been effectual, but the very fact that 18% of our white adult population can neither read nor write reminds us very forcibly of the Scriptural quotation: "The harvest truly is great." This ignorance of our native population has affected us in the past and is affecting us now economically, socially, politically, and religiously. Not knowing the conditions in eastern Carolina from personal observation, I shall confine my remarks to the western part of the state.

Economically speaking, there is no doubt but that the industries of western Carolina have been retarded in their development by the dense ignorance of many of the people. Especially has this been true of farming. Only a few years ago, some of our farmers would not heed the advice of agricultural experts about breaking land deep. They said they would "kill it" by deep plowing when preparing the soil before planting the crop. Then when planting time came many farmers thought, and some think now, that "the moon" was and is an important factor to be reckoned with. Many good, misguided people have a certain time "in the moon" to plant watermelons and to make a garden. The moon is believed to also control the destiny of the corn crop. Those who hold that faith contend that corn planted on a certain time of the moon will grow tall and have a small ear, while if planted on another time of the moon the stalk will grow low and have a large ear. No amount of scientific reasoning would convince these superstitious people that the nature of the soil in which the corn was planted, the method of cultivation, the amount or kind of fertilizer used or anything else that human mortals could do would change the inevitable result of the crop yield if the corn was planted for instance "on the dark of the moon." All advice given through agricultural newspapers and farm demonstrators against the superstition about the moon, pulling fodder, and obsolete methods of cultivation are flatly rejected by numbers of backwoods farmers. They do not look upon farming as a scientific business and scorn the idea of heeding the counsel of "A book farmer who don't know nothin'."

Another obstacle to our industrial development is found in the small towns and villages of the state. Most of the land around these towns and villages is generally owned by a few old conservative men who figure as so-called "community oracles." These old fellows, as a rule, are too ignorant to let their towns grow. When some capitalist comes to the village and wants to buy a site upon which to build a manufacturing plant, he is driven away by being required to pay an exorbitant price for a location. The manufacturer seeks another locality more favorable to his business and this locality gets the benefit of his capital and enterprise. The hope for these unfortunate little towns and villages is that future generations will have the intelligence to invite rather than to repel honest capital.

With the retardng of industrial development, ignorance, too, has injured social conditions. Here, again, superstition has played its part. Numbers of ignorant people are hostile to vaccination against smallpox and typhoid fever. They are superstitious enough, in many instances, to insist that if the Lord wants them to have those diseases they should not resist His will. Consequently, they are not vaccinated and when a sufficient number of deadly disease germs get into their bodies it is "His will" for them to become afflicted. Thus we see that a lack of knowledge of the laws of health is causing unnecessary sickness and even destroying lives. Coupled with the superstition against vaccination is the idea that it is wrong to insure life or property. Some benighted people insist that a man is gambling to insure his life and think that a farmer should not take the precaution to insure his crop against hail, because

he is committing the sin of opposing the will of Providence. This same blight of ignorance and superstition has caused men to oppose the following measures for social progress: dog tax, special tax for the support of schools, bonds to build better roads, and the enforcement of the prohibition law. Ignorant mountaineers contend that the latter is taking a man's privileges away from him for they are unable to distinguish between liberty and license.

Closely allied with the industrial and social conditions is the political situation. Something like 20% of the qualified voters in western Carolina have not enough general information to tell whether or not the continent of Asia is an actress, a pugilist, or a race horse. A still larger percent. of the qualified voters could not intelligently define a monarchy or a republic. And yet these people, who are utterly incapable of discussing any public question with any degree of intelligence, wield a ballot that counts as much for weal or for woe as the vote cast by a college president. Think, if you will, of entrusting the initiative, referendum, and recall to voters of that type. It is true that scores of these ignorant voters are honest. But honesty is not the only qualification required of a good voter. The people who in the past burned others accused of witchcraft were no doubt honest, but they were sadly lacking in something of equal importance—knowledge. Suffice to say that the ballot of the illiterate voter is generally found in opposition to improving roads and schools and against other progressive measures.

Coming from things material to things spiritual, the same difficulties confront us as before. The backwoods preacher, though often very conscientious, is generally a good illustration of "the blind leading the blind" so far as ignorance and superstition are concerned. His chief power lies in his ability to terrorize rather than to spiritualize, especially during the revival season. Too much emphasis is placed on fearing the Creator and too little on loving Him. The broad idea of faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind is not sufficient for the average mountain preacher or his congregation. They much prefer that the story about Lazarus be taken literally. The illiterate man of the mountains usually experiences a spiritual change after going through a period of agony at the "mourners' bench." When this change comes, shouts of joy are frequently heard that would remind one of the cheers which arise when a "touch down" is made on the athletic field.

It has been the object of the writer to show the defects of the mountain people rather than the virtues. These people are certainly no worse than people of the same degree of intelligence in any other portion of the world. Moreover, they are 100% American blood, and the valor of their ancestors at King's Mountain and Ramseur's Mill shows us what they will do in defense of home and liberty. Let us not be satisfied in our war against ignorance and superstition, until those evils have been banished and our mountain folks have been given the threefold value of education: the training of the body, mind and spirit.

[*EDITORIAL*]

GO TO IT

We believe the president of the student body has struck the right note when he said in an interview in the first number of CAROLINA MAGAZINE that there was no excuse for a faculty body existing which has the power to expel or suspend a man from the University. There is not—we either have the honor system or we do not have the honor system. As it is now, we do not have the honor system. We are no better than the strictest high school in the state in this one respect—the faculty can ship students for cheating or for any offenses.

In his interview, President Porter said, in part:

"There is a faculty body which often handles cases reported by professors such as cheating. I cannot see any reason for that body existing. The cases should be reported direct to the student council which will then act upon them. If this faculty body continues, it keeps the system of student government from going the whole way, which it should go."

We commend him for his statement; our hope is that before the end of the year the power of this faculty body will have been removed.

It is easy to see why the faculty body is there. Members of the faculty are conceited; they like to remind the students every now and then that they are still on the map. But they hold a whip handle—they have the theoretical right to veto any act of the student council.

The system of government here has been referred to as a good example of the executive, legislative, and judiciary functions. The student council is the executive, the campus cabinet the legislature, and the faculty veto body the judiciary.

The council should have the full power of executive functions—the faculty body should not infringe on it. The trouble with the faculty is that it wants to be executive and judiciary, too.

Besides the principle of right involved, which, by the way, University officials talk a lot about, the state of affairs tends to produce a double standard of morality on the campus. Where there are two masters, there are bound to be two sets of conduct. Anyone knows this is not a good thing.

Knollwood, Inc.

The latest addition to North Carolina's list of summer and winter resorts is KNOLLWOOD, near Pinehurst. This will be one of the finest winter resorts in the whole south. It is an addition to an industry we are proud of

By DAVID S. WAINER

PROBABLY the biggest development that has been inaugurated in North Carolina, in the way of a recreation project, was begun in the latter months of nineteen-twenty, when some of the biggest business men of the state and nation met at Pinehurst, N. C., and, led by Leonard Tufts, of Pinehurst, L. M. Boomer, of the Waldorf-Astoria Corporation of New York, and Donald J. Ross, the golf expert, launched the project which is now known as *Knollwood, Inc.*

A careful estimate of actual applications for rooms in Pinehurst for the last few years shows that it has been necessary to turn away from there each year about fifteen hundred people, who wanted to come during the months of February and March. Nor could these people be cared for by the Southern Pines hotels six miles distant. All the available houses for rent in Southern Pines and Pinehurst could be let many times over if all the applications received each year were filled.

The wonderful climate and sporting facilities which these kindred resorts have developed during the last twenty-five years seem to have rendered the attractions of these resorts irresistible. So people are willing to go to almost ridiculous lengths to attain them. The development of *Knollwood, Inc.*, and the establishment of the Mid-Pines Country Club, Inc., is one answer to the problem to which this situation has given rise.

The Mid-Pines Country Club will be in the heart of Knollwood, a most exclusive residential section, now under construction. The clubhouse site contains one hundred and fifty acres on which will be located the Donald Ross golf course and the tennis courts, and is about five minutes drive from Southern Pines (on the main lines of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad). The site of the club is on the southwest side of the Midland road, which connects Southern Pines and Pinehurst. Every road in Knollwood will lead to the Mid-Pines Country Club, which, by its own virtue even more than by the happy circumstance of its location will be the center of the social life of the community. Its own equipment will provide plenty of sport at home, but if something different is desired, a pleasant ten-mile drive through Southern Pines brings one to the Southern Pines Country Club and links, or to the race track, gun club, and aviation fields of Pinehurst.

Over a splendid motor road three miles away lies the "Sandhills Polo Club" fields. Should one be bitten by the shopping fever, one has only to take another pleasant ten-mile drive which leads to the little city of Carthage, which bid fair to become the business metropolis of this section.

The country club which is to be the center of activity of *Knollwood, Inc.*, is the work of Aymur Embury, III, of New York. It will be a brick veneer structure. The club house when completed will be three stories high and over five hundred feet long, with more than one hundred bed-rooms for members of the club, each room with private bath. The equipment will be two large fireproof locker-rooms for men, and one for women, card-rooms, billiard-rooms, two enormous sun parlors, and an entertainment room for amateur theatricals and moving pictures.

The glory of the house, however, will be the living room, which will be 36 x 86 feet, facing south and east, and looking out on an open terrace. The kitchen, a very important part of a modern club house, will be 70 x 32 feet, and the servants' quarters 100 x 32 feet and three stories high. The work has been let to the C. V. York Construction Co., of Raleigh. The work accepted by C. V. York Co., amounts to $236,000, which, while only a part of the work to be done, is a good start.

The development of *Knollwood, Inc.*, means more to Moore County than is apparent at first glance. When we consider that one-third of the taxes collected in Moore County are paid by non-resident owners of property, and that the business depression so apparent in other sections of the country is felt very little there, we wonder what is the cause. This prosperity is caused by the fact that the crop of tourists is pretty good this year in spite of the business depression felt in the other sections of the country. The desirable land around Pinehurst, Southern Pines, and Carthage, is still bringing record prices. No one thinks that one thousand dollars an acre for a building site around Pinehurst is too much. And figures much higher than that are not questioned for a minute.

No one knows what will be the value of this golf belt in two or three years. But it is certain that the strip of land, from the country club at Southern Pines, by the country club at Mid-Pines, to the country club at Pinehurst, will be the highest priced land in the county, and possibly the highest priced rural land in the state. This is what the sandy section of Moore County is doing for the county and for the state.

It has often been said that North Carolina has the best yearly climate in the United States. What better proof of this statement do we want than the fact that within the state we have the leading summer resorts on the Atlantic Seaboard: Asheville and Wrightsville Beach; while in addition to this superb summer climate we have winters mild enough to lead to the establishment of the nationally known winter resorts of Pinehurst, Southern Pines, and Knollwood. It is indeed a wonderful state, this state of ours.

Millicent Comes to Town

By M. C. GORHAM

MILLICENT had arrived in the city. Willston, though not exactly a metropolis, boasted something over the hundred thousand mark, and to Millicent Clark, of Hardy Corners, as she emerged from the union station and thrilled to the clamorous discord of clanging trolley and squalling "newsie," it seemed the city of her dreams. What a tale she would have to relate to the village gossips! How she would thrill all Hardy Corners with the stories of city life, the bustle, the clamour, the mystery, and the greatness of it all! How Aunt Bess would listen, and the village postmaster, how he, too, would stare with gaping mouth that he might the better take in all the wonder of it! But all this must come later, for she, Millicent Clark, had come to make her name and fame in Willston.

Millicent was a stenographer; she had a vague premonition that her fame had gone before her and she half expected a reception by some special committee or the officials of the Chamber of Commerce. But Millicent's images, after the custom of images, failed altogether to take form and she found herself projected from a realm of gorgeous idealism into one of stifling practicalities. Seeing no one around the station who evidenced an iota of interest in her, Millicent found herself confronted with the bald proposition of finding a room for the night.

Her black traveling bag clutched tightly, her eyes looking straight ahead, her grey slippers clicking a tattoo on the asphalt, Millicent invaded Willston. Puzzled by the labyrinthic intersection of the streets, she turned unknowingly into an alley which she had taken for a side street. The alley was a dark, foreboding place, and she soon realized that she had made some mistake. A little further she went and the setting became even more frightening, for garbage cans, coal bins greeted her on every side. The flotsam and jetsam which every business house accumulates—useless things which are essential to every commercial enterprise—a poker game in progress viewed through an open window, a curse from the loser—all these greeted her. Frightened, the girl accosted a man loitering there in the alley, even as she would have done in Hardy Corners and smiled sweetly up at him in a naïve, small town manner.

"Pardon me, sir, can you help me find a room?"

"Come on Al," was the response, and a policeman walked up. "I've got another one and I'm damned if I don't think the commissioner's campaign was justified. This town is getting to be a human sewer." "Come on, you," he added to Millicent, who not understanding his language and horrified by his coarseness stood transfixed there.

"B—but can't you help me to a room?"

"Hell yes, I'll get you a room and one with bars, too, so you'll be nice and safe."

"You don't mean jail? Why, what have I done? Oh, please, I didn't mean to do anything wrong and I'm all alone here and don't know anybody. I've just arrived here from Hardy Corners to get some work and—".

"Oh, cut that sweet sister stuff. That old gag was ruled out before they barred the *Police Gazetteer* from the mails. Just come on like a nice girl and you can have your usual suite."

"Please, sir," turning to the policeman, "can't you see I'm telling you the truth? I swear I'm not what he thinks"—for now she realized her plight. With the realization came tears, abundant, unaffected, and streaming down Millicent's cheeks. Her brown eyes submerged, and swimming, and the adorable, little upturned nose, now drenched in sorrow, were calculated to melt Arctic regions. But the policeman answered:

"He's my superior officer, mum."

So they carried the girl to police court, and they covered the distance on foot. The hour was not late and the girl tried in vain to hide her face and her shame as they walked on, a policeman on one side, a special officer on the other. The eternal sightseers stared at her like jack-asses braying from their lot. They whispered that she was a likely-looking cuss.

"Another woman, Mr. Sergeant," came the charge. "Accosted me in Rainey's alley with some truck about a room. She pulled the old gag about being a sweet young thing just come to the city. I guess she—." Here the officer stopped for the burden by his side had become limp and he felt the girl slide to the floor.

"You damn rascals," came from a young fellow who had remained in the farther corner thus far. "You've displayed too much of your eternal vigilance. That girl's all right—I know it."

"And how do you know it," answered the special officer. "Do you know her?"

"No, I don't know her, in fact I never saw her before, but I'll stake my all that she's good. Her face says so man, can't you read it?"

"Aw, that's all talk. Test him out, Mr. Sergeant. Give him a chance to show how much he really believes it. Let him put up the hundred dollars bond."

But the young fellow had turned aside to the bench on which two of the officers had placed the limp body. He began to rub her face and hands which were pallid and chilled by the night air. He moistened her brow with some water which one of the policemen had brought him. The girl stirred a little, moaned, and squirmed uneasily like one suffering in some hideous dream. Finally she opened her eyes and looked up into those of the young man.

"Did they lock me up?" she weakly asked.

"No, little friend, and they won't. Just rest here for a moment and I'll fix this thing up all right. A hundred dollars, you say Mr. Sergeant? Well there you are," and walking over to the desk he counted out the necessary amount. "Am I released, too?" he continued.

"Sure you can go, and the girl too," responded the Sergeant.

"And I hope its worth while," leered the special officer, as Millicent and the stranger passed out of the court.

The stranger started back, but Millicent pleaded with him to let it be and cautioned him to carry her into the open. She shrank from the vulgarity of it and lest she become weak again he carried her outside. He secured a taxi, then asked where she would like to go.

"But I haven't anywhere to go. I've just arrived in Willston and I don't know a soul here. I haven't had time to get rooms or work either. I was looking for rooms when—" Again the tears flowed, the little head dropped dejectedly, the whole horror of the affair came over her again.

"Don't cry, dear. I believe in you," comforted her companion. His hand encircled her and he attempted in vain to stem the flood. But Millicent sobbed on and he had a task before he finally quieted the distracted girl.

"Well, I'll take you to the Y. W. C. A. for the night and then tomorrow we'll be able to get a position, I'm sure. And—er Roger Renegar's my name."

"And mine is Millicent Clark."

"Fine, Millicent, if I may. And listen, let's both remember this night only as a fairy tale, a myth. And," continued Renegar madly, for Millicent was sweet to look upon, decidedly so with her tear-drenched face and warm, quick smile, "I believe in you and for the good of both let's never talk of family. Let's just be you and me. Good-night,"—for they had reached the Association building,—"and call at the address on this card for work."

Millicent slept very little that night, for the thought of her recent experience cut her through. She was restless and could not banish the affair from her mind. The village "I-told-you-sos" had prophesied as much. Anyway, she thought, they'd never know about it. And then there came to her the certain knowledge that their knowing was not what she dreaded. It was Renegar's knowing that fretted her; Renegar, the nicest man she'd ever met. And yet, she reasoned, he had declared his belief in her innocence. The consolation was futile, however, for she couldn't keep from believing that his sole interest was one of pity. And how she hated pity, especially pity from him. That is what one gives to old blind men and cripples, to the little wet dog in the street. And that was what she had received from him, for hadn't he asked that personal references, family and the like, be excluded from their conversation? Hadn't he asked that just to save her embarrassment?—Towards dawn sleep came and soothed the fevered, agitated girl.

At something like nine-thirty, she took out the card that had been given her the previous night by Renegar. To her surprise, she found that it was one of "Renegar's," the largest jewelry establishment in the state. She had heard all her life of the richness of the establishment, its imported jewels, its tapestried and bedecked show-rooms, and she revelled in the knowledge that her rescurer was doubtless a son of the famous Renegar.

Millicent was cordially received at the great establishment and they ushered her into a room marked employment department—"Renegar's" boasted such an adjunct since it's employees were scattered throughout the world and numbered a miniature army. An elderly gentleman welcomed Millicent in the office and informed her that he had learned of her arrival and had a position open for her whenever she should like to begin work. Millicent began to work at once, and was pleased with her first sample. The reception by the elderly gentleman, the cool, clean office, the friendly associates to whom she was introduced—all accorded far more with her early visions than the hideous orgy of the prèceding night. As for that, Renegar was right, forgetfulness was the antiseptic.

As she picked merrily away on the keys of her machine, many were the furtive glances she directed around the large office, but still no sign of young Renegar. After a time the noon hour came and Millicent hastened with the other girls to a cafeteria around the corner. Over a clinking, icy glass of tea she beamed on the girl beside her, who officiated over the machine opposite Millicent's. The girl was Mame Winley, and she responded very pleasantly to the overture of the newcomer.

"Hasn't Mr. Renegar got a son?" Millicent ventured to ask Mame as they were returning to work.

"Yes, and he's the best looking thing, blue eyes, sandy hair, n'everything."

Millicent felt secretly elated, for Mame's description had fitted her friend of the former night and she anticipated joyfully the possibility of seeing young Renegar again. She felt a vague fear tugging at her heart lest he should consider his duty done, lest he should have done it for duty anyway. Perhaps he'd played the good Samaritan rôle and wanted only to forget it all. To her rescue came the knowledge that he, too, must have been in trouble, for he had asked permission of the Sergeant before leaving the station with her.

Mame's able assistance that evening made the work of finding a room comparatively easy; it being in fact only a few doors from that lady's place of residence. And the next morning when she reached the office she found on her desk a square, white envelope in which was an invitation for the theatre that evening and the signature of Roger Renegar.

"What's young Mr. Renegar's initials?" she straightway asked Mame, who had entered the office.

"R. A." answered the young lady. "Why, going out with him? Don't know as I blame you, for he's certainly got the mazuma and knows how to show a girl a good time. Go to it, girlie, I guess it'll be all right." With the last words a knowing look flitted across the countenance of the speaker, but Millicent had turned again to her letter and was entirely absorbed in it and the consequent reverie. Turning her letter she read, "and as for the myth, let's continue it and just be you and I." The old regret came over her and it worried her throughout the entire day. She feared still that he didn't trust her, that his desire for secrecy was merely an attempt to save her embarrassment. She did believe that it was safe to go out with him and she bolstered up her waning spirit with the salving thought that if he merely wanted to be polite, he'd hardly ask her out to the theatre. Maybe he was just playing the

myth for a novelty and she recalled the story of one Daphne and Apollo, retained from some compulsory high school reading. The story dealt with one Daphne, a maid who was pursued by Apollo, a stalwart god.

And so she met him that night attired in her best white dress. It was one of those soft, frilly affairs that just breathe the air of cleanliness. Her coiffure was changed and her eyes were sparkling, her smile contagious. Renegar had thought her captivating on the night of their first meeting, but now—.

"Millicent, you're wonderful, you're a dream."

"Do you—like it?"

"Do I like it? Why girl, I adore it, and I'd like to stand here and selfishly gaze at you instead of going to the show. If it wasn't for giving you such an awful spectacle in exchange for the picture you presented, I actually believe I'd do it." He placed her light cloak around her and they piled in a waiting taxi.

She snugged in her corner and then whispered,

"I'm so glad to be going, but I really believe it would have been a fair exchange. I wouldn't have minded one bit."

Roger felt exuberant, delectably affected, and made some remark about another night and how he would monopolize her to excess. She liked that "another night."

"Another night" was in the future, however, and the wonder of tonight was even then being revealed. It was truly a display *de luxe* to the girl from Hardy Corners and she drank the cup of life that night. She almost believed it her first taste. How it charmed her, the night in its entirety! The drive up Willston's glittering white way, the exquisite gowns, the rich jewels, the deep, moving notes wafted up from the stringed orchestra—Millicent's epicurean part feasted indeed. Calm-faced, impassive she was on the exterior, for Millicent detested commonplaces, or rather she was satiated with them. But beneath the composed exterior Millicent fluttered. She thrilled as the glances of the èlite were directed towards her and Renegar. The perfectly gowned women looked up with interest, even envy, Millicent fathomed. The well-groomed men were undeniably attracted and the usher had left them with a bow suggestive of French salons and Kentucky colonels. She thought of herself with the other women and she thought of Roger with those other men. They were handsome, correctly attired—Roger was one of them. And Millicent was proud that night, proud to be there, proud to be with him.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful, Roger, if I may?" she smiled bewitchingly up at him and Renegar could but give assent. How she enjoyed that evening, the theatre which she would always remember, the cozy, little after-theatre cafe, the long, quiet ride home when she snuggled up close to him and his arm lay protectingly over her shoulder. And finally came the good-night and the long, lingering hand clasp. That was all that night, and Millicent was glad for she was still a bit disconcerted. He left then and she began to think that he really didn't doubt her after all and, that however that might be, she liked him very much.

Millicent liked her new life very much indeed. Mame had developed into quite an agreeable associate and they were very intimate while at work. Nights, too, they often were together. The other clerks were soon captivated by Millicent. And so she was realizing in some degree the fond images which she had conjured up prior to her arrival in the city. A congenial place to work, a nice boarding place, a good number of friends, and, best of all, Renegar whom she saw quite often now. She had never seen him in the office, however, and in deference to his wish had made no mention of her friendship with young Renegar. She found it very hard indeed, at times to repress the intelligence from Mame especially, but she valiantly did so. She wrote her mother often and received in answer delightful chronicles of the miscellaneous occurrences back in her home town. The latest escapade of the village drunkard, the election of a new sheriff, her mother's purchase of a new cow—she would read these herself and then she would read them to Roger and they would smile over them and enjoy their wholesomeness together. She had learned nothing of the personal life of Apollo, but through their talks and the letter readings, she was revealing something of Daphne. She enjoyed the letter reading and the reminiscences, of course, but greater far was the opportunity it afforded her to truly present herself to Roger. And then when she began to see the unquestionable signs of his trust and belief in her, began to realize that he was really her friend, then indeed she began to realize her expectations.

With the exception of Millicent's divulgences there had been little variation from the scheme planned at their early meeting. Otherwise they had kept the agreement religiously and Apollo stayed on and became all the more enticed with Daphne. And then one day they planned for a long ride down Willtshire River. They set out early in the afternoon and mingled with the others on the upper deck as they floated lazily down the stream. They watched the luxuriant growth along the banks, the broad, fertile stretches reaching out on either side, the clear, sparkling water swishing against the boat. Idly they sat there, and idly they picnicked at the island a few miles down stream. The proverbial menu of sandwiches and ice cream completed, the picnickers straggled back to the boat. Then they began the return trip, just as the sun began to draw his grey cloak around him, and blushing a crimson tint, to hide his face in the forest fringe. A number of the younger members in the party began dancing and the others distributed themselves around the various nooks and crannies of the bark.

Roger and Millicent, however, found the dancing distasteful, the lower decks too noisy, so they set out on an exploration of the vessel. They passed through the salon, went on up through the long corridor on the upper deck and leaned for a time on the railing while the waters rippled softly down below. At last they came to the hurricane deck and hid themselves there in an obscure nook, far from clamorous voices. They sat there for a time, subdued, thoughtful, pensively peering out over the now sable depths, or up at the new moon, which shed its soft effulgence over them. Then Roger's arm stole softly around the little white form nestling there beside him and into his hand there crept another, warm and clinging. His heart felt an accelerated beat, the blood sped swifter through his veins

as he looked down into eyes witching, enticing, beckoning to him. Roughly he seized her then and madly he kissed her, her cheeks, her mouth, her hair—again and again; warm and yielding she answered back and the two were transported far from the hurricane deck in the sublime ecstacy of one another's passion. Finally he released her and peered again into those eyes which seemed now to sparkle for him alone.

"Millicent, sweetheart, I love you, love you. I adore you dear girl. Say it, please, say it."

"And I love you," she murmured softly, ever so gently and rested her head against his shoulder. "Sweet, oh, so sweet," he added tenderly.

"All off the hurricane deck," came a heavy voice. "We docked ten minutes ago."

Roger and Millicent hastened down and encountered Millicent's roommate, which party accompanied them home. So they found no further opportunity to be alone that evening and Roger's good-night was per force a trite and insipid affair.

Had she been of a different temperament Millicent would have sung as she walked to the office the following morning. As it was she only felt very much elated, immensely pleased with herself, with Roger, with everybody, and intensely glad to be alive. At the office she greeted everyone with her usual cordiality, and as she talked with Mame in the cloak-room, she felt an irrepressible desire to tell of last night's experience. The very human trait which saps the pleasure from an accomplishment unless one can gloat over the less fortunate, was at work on Millicent. So she talked of last night with Mame and told her of her friendship, her interest in and her liking for young Mr. Renegar.

"Humph," grunted Mame, "if I was his wife I'd put a stop to that."

"Why—why, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, child, except he's married and has two children. Surely you knew that."

But Millicent failed to hear the question. She had taken her coat and hat again and had quit the office with throbbing temples and broken spirit. So he really thought little more of her than what she had appeared to be in the station; doubtless he'd just wanted a good time with her, and had cautioned the myth for his own safety, though ostensibly for her sake. So he had wanted no personal mention, nothing of family and the like. "Let's just be you and me." What a wretch he was, she thought.

As soon as she arrived at her room, Millicent began to pack her belongings and she informed the landlady that she would leave for Hardy Corners that night.

The ugliness of her surroundings now came in on her; the whole neighborhood seemed so smug and selfish. The very room which she had thought so attractive was now drab and sordid. The pretty lace curtains were faded, surely; she choked down a sob over her poor little efforts at making the place attractive, the pictures brought from home, the little brown vase. How dinky, how pitifully sordid it all seemed now. She looked out the window and futilely tried to console herself over the prospect of going home. But soon the sound of a familiar voice reached her ears and she saw it was too late to elude him. The door opened in response to her "come-in," and Renegar stood before her.

"Millicent, dear, are you ill? Miss Winley said you were evidently taken sick and rushed off to your room." Advancing he placed his hand on her shoulder, only to have it pushed away and to receive no answer from the lips which last night had answered in a sweeter way than any tongue can speak.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Matter, you really dare to ask me that, you scoundrel? And don't dear me, please. Oh, I hate you, I hate you." Apollo had pursued Daphne only to have her turn into a laurel bush or something even more reprehensible.

"But, for God's sake, Millicent, I love you so. At least tell me what you mean."

"Love? You don't know what love is. You can't even be faithful to the woman you've married."

"Woman I've married?" Why Millicent I'm not married a bit and never will be, unless——."

Some of the harshness had gone from Daphne, and indredulously she continued:

"But Mame Winley told me that R. A. Renegar was married and had two children."

"Millicent, I'm not R. A. Renegar, I'm not old Renegar's son, not even a relative. I'm just a salesman in the firm, and a very minor fellow. My cousin is in charge of the employment department, and that's how I got my job and was able to get you a position."

"And you're not married?" she whispered.

"Not at present, but dear girl I have hopes."

"And Roger how did Mame happen to tell you? You never came around before, for I've often looked for you around the office.

"I work in the North Willston branch and I was just passing through to see you after last night, you know. I told Miss Winley my name and inquired for you, then she saw her mistake and told me about it."

"Yes," came incoherently from lips pressed against Renegar's shoulder. "And," continued Daphne reviving, forgetting the myth and becoming a charming woman again, yet truly a woman, "why were you in the station that night, and why didn't you tell me who you really were."

"Easy darling, I was up for speeding and I was afraid you might spread it before I knew you so well and afterwards I rather liked it. And you see, dear, if old man Renegar had heard I'd have been all in, for he's chairman of the anti-speed committee and bitter against all speeders. And now what else, sweetheart?"

There were no more questions for he had drawn her close within his arms and had silenced all interrogation. Millicent's lips were also engaged.

What Religion Means to Me

By W. E. WHITE

RELIGION is defined as a system of faith and worship. The religious instinct is native to man. It has been said that man is incurably religious. The history of mankind is a strong argument in support of that assertion. Since the dawn of civilization, man has been a creature of faith and worship. Men of all types and degrees of intelligence have manifested a belief in a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. Many of the ancient people believed in the transmigration of souls. The Persian followers of Zoaraster worshipped fire as symbolic of the Deity. The American Indian had faith in the "Great Spirit" and firmly believed in a future existence in the "Happy Hunting Ground."

Since men with few exceptions have faith in the existence of a Deity the question naturally arises, "What is that Deity?" When it comes to giving a direct answer to that question, people's conceptions of the Supreme Being differ. The more ignorant element of humanity look upon God as a stern judge who is likely to afflict His children with divers plagues and diseases, even for trivial offenses. The more enlightened element of the race conceive the Deity to be the kind, compassionate Father of humanity who had bountifully provided for the welfare and happiness of all of His creatures. My personal conception of God is that He is a spiritual being who represents Truth and Right. He operates through natural laws and people punish themselves by violating those laws, even though their offenses against nature are often committed through ignorance.

Since the religious instinct is natural to man, let us get a modern conception of religion. Religion, of course, implies a faith in God and the immortality of the soul. But true religion does not stop there. We not only owe a duty of reverence to God, but a duty of service to our fellow creatures and ourselves, for "life was lent for noble deeds." So religion, in the broadest sense, means our duty to God, our neighbor, and ourselves.

Since our first duty is to God, we naturally want to know what it implies. Inasmuch as we are indebted to God for our existence, we should love, trust and obey Him. We should love Him for the manifold blessings which He has so generously bestowed upon us. All things were created by His divine hand. Therefore, He is the source from whom all temporal and spiritual blessings come. Then we should trust Him, because He is the source of all wisdom. Since He has so bountifully provided for us in this world, we can look forward with the eye of faith to the home beyond "in the spiritual house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He has created us with a desire for immortality and we should not expect Him to prove to be a false guide. And we should obey him, because He knows what is best for us and because we should love and trust Him too much to do otherwise. The Bible tells us to love God and keep His commandments. When we disobey this divine command, we invite punishment, for "the way of the transgressor is hard." This statement applies to all transgressions against the welfare of the body, mind and spirit.

But closely allied with our duty to God is our duty to our fellow man. Man is by nature a social being. Truly has it been said, "No man can live unto himself." The sick, the poor, the sorrowing, and the unfortunate of the varied types and descriptions demand a portion of our time and attention. We should ever be ready to alleviate pain or to minister to the needs of the distressed in any way possible. To act the part of the "Good Samaritan" is to uplift humanity and thereby uplift society. Truly has someone said, "They serve God well who serve His creatures." To do otherwise than to minister to the needs of the unfortunate, when we can do so without too much personal sacrifice, is to show a greedy, selfish and groveling spirit. This was characteristic of Cain, who after having slain righteous Abel, asked God, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Since these things are true, we should "bear one another's burdens and so fulfill the laws of Christ.

However, we should not overlook the fact that we owe a duty to ourselves. "Charity begins at home" is an old proverb. So, before we can contribute very much to the relief of others, we must, if possible, place ourselves in a position that will enable us to be liberal without depriving us of too large a portion of what we possess. Not only this, but we should also be careful not to contract any vicious or intemperate habits. Intemperance is said to be a parent of all of the other vices. Conceding this to be true, it is our duty to guard against the evils of intemperance, and to cultivate prudence, sobriety, honesty, industry and perseverance, and thus heed the admonition of the apostle, "Take heed of thyself." By cultivating virtues of this type, we lengthen our lives, prolong our usefulness, and build a character that will serve us well in this world and give us hope for a blissful immortality in the world to come.

After serving God, humanity, and ourselves, we have a right to expect favorable results. We have been true to reason and conscience, and may enjoy the sublime feeling of having faithfully performed our three-fold duty. Then when life comes to a close, we are enabled to face the end like Paul of old, who fought a good fight and kept the faith that caused him to feel there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness.

[EDITORIAL]

A WORD TO THE WISE

We have just a sneaking notion that when the time for the Carolina-Virginia football game comes, the officials of this University are going to try and make each member of the student body who sees the game pay the sum of $1 for admission. Or, if it isn't $1, we believe they will try to make students pay something to see the game.

We do not know whether they will do this or not. As we said, it is just a suspicion of ours. So if they do not, everything will be well. But if they do, this will serve to put the student body on its guard and be ready for any emergency which might arise.

It might be well to detail the experiences of year before last when, as every old student remembers, students had to pay $1 to see the Thanksgiving game. The officials waited until just a few days before the game. They waited until pep meetings had been held and until the entire campus was agog over the game, and over the possibilities of seeing our team fight its way to a victory over Virginia. They waited until the stage was set—until every man felt that he HAD to see the game. They did not broach the subject of pay several weeks before the game; no, that would have been too crude. The enthusiasm and fever heat of a prospect of seeing the game would not then have been awakened to a degree where the students would have been willing to pay to see the game.

And if you are asked to pay to see the game this year—which we devoutly hope will not be the case—the announcement will not come until just a few days before the game. So begin thinking of the thing now—while you are sober-minded and not so anxious to see the game that you would pay any sum you had for the privilege of witnessing what has been termed the football classic of the south.

Remember when you go to form your opinion that you have not seen a single college game this year on the campus. For you haven't—most of you were not on the campus when Wake Forest was played. True you went to Raleigh, but you had to pay, and pay dearly, to go. Remember also that this year the University has made money on a majority of the games. Take the V. M. I. game for instance. Heretofore, this has been played in Chapel Hill. The far-distant call of shekels carried the game out of Chapel Hill this year, though. Remember also that if you pay this year, you will have to pay forever afterwards. The precedent has been set—you had to pay year before last. The payment of $1 or any sum for two consecutive games will set a precedent which will take a lot of argument and plain talking to break.

Of course, you know the argument which will be advanced if you are asked to pay to see the game. "The baseball season will be terribly handicapped," "we will be short on funds about $1,500 if you do not pay,"—these are specimens. But you allowed your athletic fee to be raised from $5 to $10 year before last to take care of such arguments as these.

Many will remember the hard fight last winter before University officials consented to have the Carolina-Virginia basketball game here. They wanted to have it in Raleigh, where there was a prospect of making a lot of money. The student body wanted the game here, and it was played in Chapel Hill.

We are sorry things are in such condition that it is necessary to say things like this. But you remember that when you paid your athletic fee, you were told you would be admitted to every game played on Emerson field free of charge. If you are forced to pay $1, this will have been violated—if you are forced to pay anything, this will have been violated.

As we said before, we are not sure this thing will come up. We hope it will not; we are afraid it will. At any rate, a word to the wise is sufficient; gird your loins for the battle whether it comes or not.

WHY?

During registration period, there was one official of the University who absolutely refused to take checks of University men who had financial dealings with his department. This man was Dr. R. B. Lawson, director of the gymnasium. Many of the old students and practically every one of the freshmen purchased a gym locker. Some offered the good doctor checks; he refused to take any of them, although as far as we know it is the custom of the University treasurer, not only to accept checks from students but also to give endorsement to checks so the local banks will cash them.

The refusal of the director of the gymnasium to accept checks was the first time checks have been refused by University authorities during this college generation, as far as our limited knowledge goes.

Dr. Lawson said he was afraid he would lose the checks if he took them. Just why he should lose them more than money is not plain to us. If he lost a check, he could get another one, if he lost money, it would be gone for good and all. If the checks were not good the University treasury would bear the loss and not the pocket book of the doctor.

As we said before, we do not understand why he refused the checks. And we do not understand why the University authorities should let this continue.

This is mighty plain talking for a University publication, but we wonder how much the state of North Carolina would have to pay Dr. Lawson to buy the gymnasium back from him.

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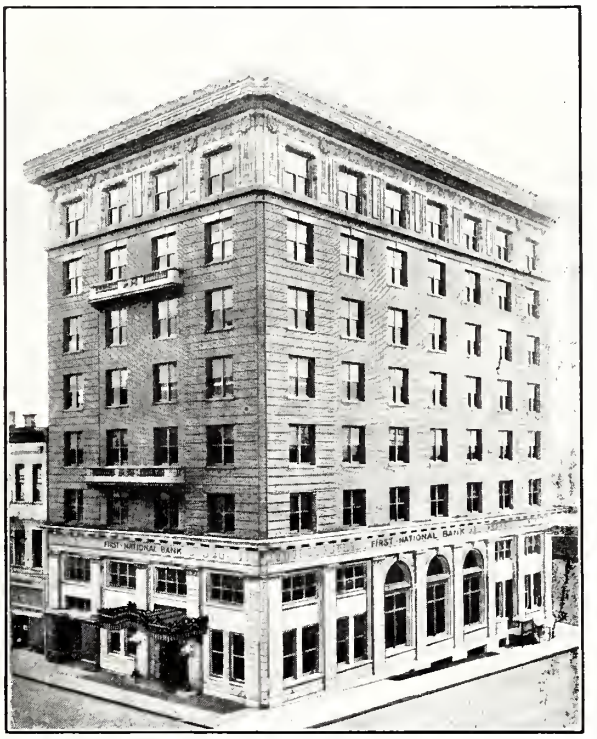

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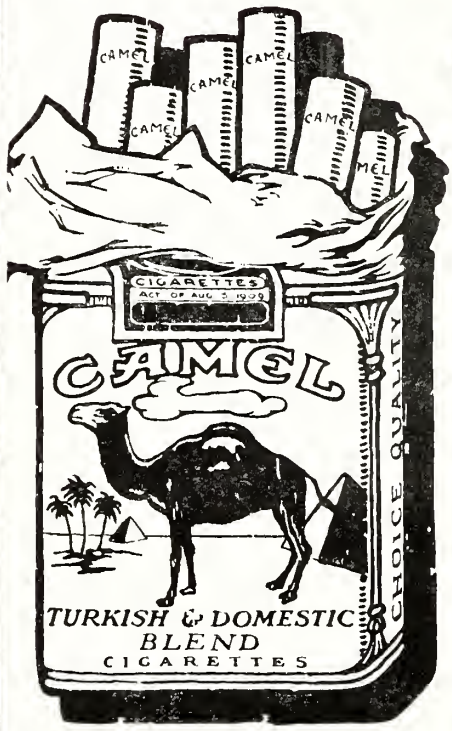

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The Carolina Magazine

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TO OUR PATRONS

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[*EDITORIAL*]

The High Cost of Eats

It seems to us that University officials are determined to make students at this institution pay high prices for board. This year the price for Swain Hall rations has been set at $22.50 each month. The University has tried with a lot of mighty fine words about service and health conditions to smooth over the fact that there is liable to be trouble from the student body over this price for board. The University does not tell why board will be as high this fall as last year—it simply says that it is. Every student was in hope the price of board would fall, and declining prices seemed to point towards this fact.

Last fall board was put at $25 a month. The University officials made a statement and said this high price was not due to the inefficiency of the business manager, as several people had had an idea it was, but was due to the fact a state purchasing agent had bought supplies for a period of months on the high price level. It was said that when this supply was consumed board would be lowered.

Following an insistent demand by students, the price of board was lowered. The state legislature abolished the office of state purchasing agent, as far as food supplies for the University is considered, and authorized the business manager to make purchases. It has been nearly a year since the time the excuse was made that a supply of food was on hand that was purchased at high prices and which had to be consumed before the board price could be reduced. This supply should be used up by now as no other supply has been bought.

So we wonder what the University officials will say is the matter this time. Here is what the business manager said in a printed circular sent out to students last summer. Read it (it contains a lot of fine language). Here you go:

"The University will operate at Swain Hall a dining-room service that will have the most careful supervision in every way. The University Health Officer will inspect regularly the entire plant and examine milk, water, meat and other supplies. The meals will be planned by a graduate dietitian of wide experience, who will supervise the preparation of all meals. With its own cold storage, bakery, butcher shop, steam cooking and dishwashing equipment, this dining hall is prepared to give the very best service.

"The cost of board will be kept as low throughout the year as the market will permit.

"The rate for the fall quarter is $22.50 per month.

"As the dining hall is not subsidized by the University, but must pay its own way, it is necessary that board be collected in advance each month."

Fine, isn't it? But it does not tell why board is not lower than it was last spring. We would like to know. If there is any real reason, we will accept it. If there is not a reason, we want the price of board reduced. We invite University officials—the business manager in particular—to make a statement to the Carolina student body through the MAGAZINE as to why board is not lower this year than last.

We do not want to be unfair. We believe the matter should be thoroughly aired out, as many students are of the opinion board prices are too high. A truthful statement or a lowering of the board price would set the entire matter straight.

For a long time we have looked for an article that would tell something of the scenic wonders of North Carolina—both the western and the eastern parts. At last, the article came. It was written so it could be easiy divided into two sections: the first dealing with western North Carolina, the second with eastern North Carolina.

In this issue, we are giving you the first section—a description of western North Carolina as the mecca of tourists—put in such interesting language that it reads almost like a short story. You do not know what we have in the western part of our state in the way of drawing cards for tourists, but it will be easy to learn by reading Mr. Bardin's article. Section 2 will be printed in the following issue.

North Carolina---The Mecca of Tourists

By B. H. BARDIN

(First Section)

THERE is a feeling of wonder and delight in the ability to step on board a passenger train or steamship on a raw day in northern mid-winter and a few hours later to meet the warm breath of the southland.

Probably the first stop of the tourist in the south will be at Old Point Comfort on Hampton Roads, the American naval base, or at Virginia Hot Springs. He may even desire to pay a visit to White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia. But soon he will leave, via the Southern Railway, for the mountain region of western North Carolina, "The Land of the Sky." The next stop will be at Pinehurst, where the traveler will partake of the hospitality and enjoy the physical comforts of the famous hostelries of that little village, the embodiment of the ideal of southern winter life. Reluctantly leaving North Carolina, the tourist will depart for Aiken and other interesting points in South Carolina and Georgia, finally reaching Florida, the land of perpetual summer. There he will surely visit quaint St. Augustine and Palm Beach, "The Newport of the South."

In Cuba, "The Pearl of the Antilles," the Bahamas and Bermuda, the traveler will find all the exciting things lacking at American resorts. Embarking for South America, the tourist will next toss anchor in the beautiful Bay of Guanabara and view Rio de Janeiro, the wonder city of that continent. Stopping in Argentina he will visit the fashionable Mar del Plata, popularly called "The Newport of South America." Journeying up the west coast he will touch Peru, the home of the Incas, and Chile, with its rugged mountain ranges, finally arriving in California, "The Golden State."

While in that state he will surely pay a visit to Riverside, in the heart of the orange grove country, San Diego, with its exposition buildings and Spanish-Colonial architecture; Pasadena, the center of motor highways to cañyons, peak and the neighboring San Gabriel Mission, the beaches at Santa Monica, Long Beach and Venice, Santa Barbara, sometimes called "The American Riviera," and Los Angeles, the city beautiful. February and winter time will lure the tourist to Hawaii, the "Paradise of the Pacific," to Honolulu with its cosmopolitan population, and to the beach at Waikiki, when the tourist season will be in full swing in our island possessions. Springtime will beckon the traveler to Japan, the "Land of Cherry Blossoms," where he will see the effects of Occidental civilization transplanted in the Orient. Returning by way of Canada he will view the scenic wonders of the Canadian Rockies and the historic fortress of old Quebec, where English and French civilizations have both left their imprint.

A few months later, the tourist, having become thoroughly stricken with the wanderlust, a malady which everyone probably once becomes a victim of, embarks on a trans-Atlantic liner for Europe. Touching the shores of old England he will proceed up that country, delaying at historic points of interest along the route, far into the mountain recesses of bonnie Scotland, where, if he is a golfer, he will surely visit the links of old St. Andrew. The scenic grandeur of the fjords and mountains of Norway and Sweden, the ideal places for winter sports, will next beckon the tourist. Leaving behind him the Scandinavian countries the traveler will take in the sights of gay Paris and view the havoc of destruction wrought by German troops in Belgium and northern France. The beautiful lakes and snow-dotted Alps of Switzerland will lure him to a country profuse in picturesque beauty. Other interesting spots in Central Europe and trips to Monte Carlo, the Italian Riviera, Venice, Rome and Constantinople will complete his tour of Europe. Having read all his life of fascinating travels through the jungles of Africa and desiring the experience, our traveler journeys through the country of the Nile far into the fastnesses of darkest Africa. If all is well, the next time we see our traveler, he is busily absorbed in an article on the front page of a metropolitan newspaper, the head-line of which is as follows: "*William Smith returns from the Jungles of Africa, Completing an exciting two years tour of the World.*

Several months later, lounging in the lobby of his New York club, our tourist decides, as is often the case, to make a tour of his own country, having remotely heard, and not through any effort of his own, that America possesses attractions worth seeing. And after viewing the scenic wonders of Niagara Falls, French Lick Springs, the Yellowstone National Park, western North Carolina, California, the Grand Cañyon, the lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Maine, the

Adirondacks and other places of scenic beauty and historical interest too numerous to mention, he comes to appreciate his own country as the most beautiful in the world. At the close of his travels to what locality, to what country will the tourist point as the most beautiful, the most healthful and the most hospitable, the memory of which will never fade, the mecca of tourists, the one spot most worthy of being called the

GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN

world's playground? To no other than the Old North State; for what commonwealth, what country can boast of an Asheville, a Pinehurst, a Blue Ridge, a Southern Pines, of the scenic beauties and splendid climate of western North Carolina, or of a whole state abounding in picturesque scenery, an invigorating climate and innumerable points of historical importance?

Asheville, the metropolis of western North Carolina, in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains, situated at the confluence of the Swannanoa and French Broad rivers, and among the foothills of the Black Mountain range, 24 peaks of which pierce the clouds at an altitude above that of Mt. Washington, is ideally a resort intended by nature for the tourist and the invalid. The lowest point of this vast plateau is more than 2,000 feet above sea level, while within 30,000 square miles are 80 mountain peaks higher than 5,000 feet and 64 peaks higher than 6,000 feet. Mt. Mitchell, 6,711 feet high, is the loftiest peak east of the Rockies and is justly called "The Top of Eastern America." Expansive forests, shimmering lakes and streams are found in profusion.

Asheville, at an elevation of 2,250 feet above the sea, with its invigorating climate, high altitude and hospitable tourist hotels, has always been a favorite tourist resort. No resort in the country possesses as many attractions. Among the excellent hotels in that city is the Grove Park Inn, reputed to be the finest resort hotel in America. More hostelries are badly needed to accommodate the ever-increasing multitude of visitors. In Asheville there are four public parks, municipal swimming pools, tennis courts and golf links and driveways—sufficient to accommodate any number of recreationists. Disciples of Isaac Walton can fish to their hearts' content in the many rivers and streams nearby. The tourist will luxuriate in a climate, which, for healthfulness, compares favorably with that of southern Europe. The average mean temperature is 55 degrees, while it possesses a winter temperature several degrees warmer than that of Geneva, Switzerland, and Davos, in the Swiss Alps, where thousands of patients are sent every winter by European specialists for the beneficial effects of its mountain air. Yet in spite of the many advantages of Asheville as a resort for invalids a very small percentage of visitors come for health purposes. According to a recent estimate by the Asheville board of trade, around 250,000 people visit Asheville annually, about 75% of whom come as tourists to spend vacations, etc. It is also estimated that the annual income derived from tourists, vacationists and recreationists is around $50,000,000.00.

Considering a mountainous section, the roads in the vicinity of Asheville are excellent. Driveways, picturesque and beautiful, extend for miles up and down the banks of the Swannanoa and French Broad. The city has four motor highway connections with the National Highway, north and east, and is on the Dixie and Southern National Highways, west and south. There are 164 miles of paved highway, sand-clay and top-soil roads throughout the mountain section. The city itself is a convenient starting point for a variety of trips through the mountains, trips which are unsurpassed in beauty and scenic grandeur by those in any section of eastern America, not excepting those through the Adirondacks and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The Pisgah National Forest and Game Preserve, with herds of elk and buffalo, is only an hour's run by motor from the city.

The city water, which probably is as pure as that anywhere, is obtained from the slopes of Mt. Mitchell, a 17,000 acre water-shed owned by the municipality. These attractions, together with the absolute absence of mosquitoes, black flies, and pests of every description, assuredly have made Asheville an earthly paradise and one of the greatest tourist resorts in the world.

In Buncombe county, a few miles from Asheville, is Hickory Nut Gap, one of the most delightful mountain passages in the south. It is nine miles in length, and is surrounded on both sides by immense cliffs, rising in some places perpendicularly to a height of from 100 to 1,500 feet above the roadway. Black

A MOUNTAIN SCENE

Mountain, equally picturesque and attractive, is nearby. It is a semi-circular mass of land, about 20 miles in length, and derives its name from the dark green foliage of the balsam fir trees which dot its sides. The Swannanoa Gap is a magnificent mountain pass be-

tween Asheville and Morganton. Nearby are the beautiful falls of the Catawba.

In the valley of the French Broad there is a mountain called Whiteside, which is about 1,300 feet in height and which contains a cave accessible only from the summit. Thirty miles from Asheville are the Painted Rocks, a perpendicular cliff 300 feet in height, on which are traces of figures supposed to have been made by the Indians. In close proximity to these Rocks, along the banks of the French Broad, are the Chimneys, a group of precipitous crags bearing the likeness of giant chimneys. In this region also, on the banks of the same river, are located the celebrated Warm Springs of North Carolina. These waters are said to be a cure for neuralgia and rheumatic diseases. Near Asheville is Mt. Mitchell, the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains, which is 6,711 feet above the level of the sea, and affords one of the finest and most extensive views in America. The whole course of the French Broad, from Asheville to the Tennessee State line, is replete with scenic grandeur.

Hendersonville, Hot Springs, Brevard and Waynesville are all noted for their beautiful mountain scenery and healthful climate. The people of these towns take great pride in their beautiful driveways. In this section are located many summer camps for boys, men and women, which are more or less frequented by people from east of the Mississippi. A government hospital is situated at Oteen, a few miles from Asheville.

In Burke county are several picturesque mountain peaks and streams. Table Rock rises, shaped as a cone, some 2,500 feet above the valley of the Catawba river, while Hawk's Bill is a huge cliff about 1,500 feet high, overhanging a rapidly running stream. These with Ginger Cake Rock are places of local resort.

Pilot Mountain, near Winston-Salem, standing like a sentinel alone among the hills and rising like a pyramid some 3,000 feet above sea level, attracts many visitors. This mountain in olden times was a landmark of the Indians in their forest wanderings.

Many mineral springs are located in the country around Salisbury, several enjoying the reputation of having medical qualities.

Caesar's Head and Grandfather Mountain are two places in the western section which are intensely interesting. Geologically the mountains of western North Carolina are the oldest in the world. The name of Grandfather Mountain was derived from the fact that its rocks are of the Archæan age.

The western part of the state is a great convention center, Asheville being termed "The Convention City of the South," while many conventions are held annually in the towns and villages of that region, Blue Ridge entertaining quite a large number of visitors attending the annual Blue Ridge church conferences and "Y" conferences.

Beautiful in picturesque loveliness, with mountains of majestic beauty, streams of sparkling water, gorges echoing with the roar of the torrent and lofty peaks towering above the clouds, western North Carolina, "The Land of the Sky," will always be a fascinating lure to the tourist.

[*EDITORIAL*]

GRATITUDE

Advertising pays—that is one of the newer rules of business. But it is nevertheless true. And advertising for the CAROLINA MAGAZINE pays just as it does for the clothing store which advertises in the publication.

So some time back when we were told that Professor Green, of the Spanish department, was proceeding to rake the MAGAZINE up one side and down the other, we were overjoyed. We were not cast down as some seemed to think we would be.

We will venture that what the good professor had to say caused more people to read the MAGAZINE than the campaign for subscribers did. He was an asset to the MAGAZINE at the first of the year, and for being that we thank him.

In fact, we feel he would be justified in submitting a bill for advertising expenses; and we almost feel we would take great pleasure in paying it.

Thank you very much, professor.

CRITICISM

CAROLINA MAGAZINE invites criticism—whether unfavorable or otherwise. Of course we want it to be favorable, for we want to put out a publication that will please everybody. But those we do not please will have something to say that should be published. The publishing of the criticisms will give us ideas as how to make the publication better, and it will give the student body an opportunity to hear what one of its members thinks of the MAGAZINE.

So we invite criticism. We will print any criticism turned in, provided it is written in decent English. The "Tar Heel" will do likewise with criticisms of the MAGAZINE. We challenge you to write your criticism and turn it in to either of the two publications. You owe it to yourself to express your opinion, you owe it to the MAGAZINE for it may help make it better, and you owe it to the student body to let it know what you think of the publication.

We are ready. Fire in—let us have that criticism, or let the "Tar Heel" have it.

Pent-Up Emotions

By M. C. GORHAM

Here is a story of which we are confident you can read four-fifths and still be absolutely unable to foretell how the author will have it end. Don't turn to the last paragraph—read the story and watch and see where you get an inkling of how the tale will end.

IT WAS hot that evening and the closeness of the little house made the heat even more oppressive. The season was late August and the sickening odors and the dryness which prevailed were, if possible, even worse than the heat. Prudence Lane, bent over her washing, was sick of it all. What a spectacle she now presented, she who had once been the winsomest lass in the country. Once she had been a vivacious, plump, attractive little rustic damsel, but the years had wrought a change in Prudence. She was but thirty and yet all her grace and charm were gone and on her face was printed the ineraseable mark of an old-young woman. Her hair was faded, lustreless and tangled always, her hands worn and hardened, her shoulders stooped from excessive labor and her eyes but lifeless sparks of a once glowing fire. The innumerable chores of a farmer's wife and four children had made a wreck of Prudence.

Yet Prudence dreamed—was dreaming even then. As she leaned over the wash tub, scrubbing, scrubbing, scrubbing, she felt herself reminiscent a bit, looking back at her vale of joy, childhood, her little span of happiness. She was looking forward, too, into a future of unceasing toil, into years of bleak despair.

When John Lane had married Prudence all the village oracles had spoken highly of the match and much had they prophesied. John was thrifty, reasonably frugal, and a shrewd bargainer. Prudence was a bright smart girl and would make a good wife for anyone, they conjectured. And so the village gossips had promised great things for the newly married Lanes.

* * * * * * * * *

Hardly a sound was heard save the boisterous youngsters and the disconsolate buzzing of myriad insects. These pests would buzz around a bit, then light on the busy woman's hand or face. For a time she bore the molestation patiently and then incensed by repetition, struck at her tormentors, only to aggravate the situation. They fretted her, but insects, you say are such little things.

Prudence could see her whole past that day as she leaned over her work,—the marriage of such glorious portent, the happy start on their little farm and their first few months of joy together. How she and John had revelled in each other's society. They had needed no ball-room, no mansion, no club, but had found life and life's fullest joy simply in themselves. She could almost see him now coming up the old lane and calling to her in that cheerful tone:

"A good days work behind me, Prudence dear."

And she would hasten down to meet him and would lose herself in his warm embrace and snuggling her head up in his arms would whisper:

"And you still love me, John, darling?"

"Always Prudence, always I shall love you."

Then he would kiss her and hand in hand they would go slowly up to the old vine-shaded porch together. Sometimes he would help her prepare the evening meal. "Our cooking partnership" she gaily termed it. How happy those days had been, just one another and one another's work and the joy of one another's devotion.

But one winter John began to get interested in tobacco on a large scale; began renting land and making larger crops and larger profits. And one day, too, the stork fetched around a youngster named Lane, and he became John, Jr. Somehow after the arrival of John, Jr., and John's entrance into the tobacco business on such a large scale, things never seemed the same around the old house again. Prudence had one interest and John had others. Her whole life was embodied in the little lace covered bit of vitality which had come to her and John had almost reached a stage where his was embodied in tobacco. He gave all his time and energies to the production of tobacco and learned, too, to lounge around the village and talk crops, a thing which he would never have dreamed of back in the old days. At first Prudence remonstrated.

"John, you ain't going out again tonight? You don't never stay home now."

"I've got to go, Prudence, on some business," he would answer.

About this time, too, the kisses had ceased and at first she was too proud, later too sad, to remind him of the office. She knew that she was no longer the biggest thing in her husband's life; knew that she had become only an incident.

John was always out supervising his crop, putting it in the barn, or with the season concluded, off with some friends. His wife saw little of him and even less of his motors, though he bought a new one each year or two. She was busy with the family duties and only once or twice a month did John see fit to take her out and then only for a brief ride on a trip to her old home where he would leave and hurry off, as he said, "on business." When he was at home he was busy with his work and had little time to waste with wife and children.

Prudence had taken one path, John another and never again would the old atmosphere prevail. There was but one natural outlet and Prudence saw it. Forced to do the housework and the numberless chores, deprived of her husband's former affection, unappre-

ciated, relegated to a position little better than servitude she became a morbid creature and a far from perfect mother when it had seemed she would develop into such a wonderful one. She seldom spoke and when she did it was in that plaintive, nagging tone which is characteristic of the woman whose drudgery and sacrifice are taken as matters of course, whose warm nature is chilled by those little things which older men term trivial.

This soon made an unattractive place of the Lane home. The children were not properly cared for and in consequence ran riot; laxity became evident in everything about Prudence, and her pots and pans, once so shining, took on a grimy hue. Carelessness reigned over the house and the finding of frying pans on the bed and pillow slips on the kitchen table became common incidents. The home became a bedlam, a place of dirty upheaval and the raucous cry of the children might be heard along with the rooting of pigs on the porch. And John Lane stayed away all the more.

John Lane had preferred the accumulating of money and so-called pleasures to the living of life for the finest that is in life. He had found pleasure outside his home and had seldom seen fit to bring home any pleasure for his family. The family had been but an element. In the accumulating of property and pleasure he had held pleasures as something to be gained entirely outside the home in wild debaucheries and escapades.

* * * * * * * * *

While Prudence worked on the washing, John was driving home from the village. He came by Prudence's former home and some unknown impulse caused him to get out and walk toward the old orchard where as a youngster he had spent so many happy hours with her. The faded, weather-wounded old gate, swinging still upon its rusty hinges, the gnarled oak of mossy hue which stood like some ancient guardian, the violets, row on row, lifting up their sad, sweet faces to the sunshine and the dew—everything carried John Lane back to another day. How charming she had been, how winning, how alluring. The old picture came back again—Prudence standing by the great, green oak with face upturned and witching eyes, singing their favorite song, a song breathing of birds and bees and love. He could see, too, the look which had appeared when he had told of his devotion.

"Here it was," he murmured, "I first saw in her eyes the sparkle that bade me fight for her. It was there by the old well I asked for her hand and I can see even now her face as she said yes. How we have gone apart since those days. Then we were like one but now I hardly know her. I have spent my money and myself in vain.

The stillness of the old orchard seemed to catch up the cry rising from the soul of the tortured creature and to carry it higher and higher until John Lane saw face to face, saw with the eyes of a child. The birds came forth and sang, the flowers opened up and smiled at him, and all the world seemed to brighten up.

Again the tortured man spoke, his body shaking with sobs, his voice hoarse and broken.

"I see now what a rascal I've been. I see now how I've neglected her and thrown away myself and my money on worthless things and worthless fellows; how I've made her life a drudgery when I once wanted to make it heavenly. I must see her. I must see her at once." And so John Lane started home.

Prudence we left bending over her work and oppressed by the bareness and the heat. The shrill cries of the children still greeted her ears and the excessive heat, the buzzing insects, the bareness of the life tortured the woman almost beyond endurance. Yet what could she do? She must even now stop her reminiscing, finish her wash and hang out the garments; then cook supper, for soon John would be home and he brooked no delay. Half repressing a groan she started again and scrubbed on and on. What a sorry thing this life was after all, she thought. What a thing to be so lauded and desired. Why should one cling so tenaciously to an existence which held forth nothing save sordid labor and endless repetition? Could any creature all good and all wise bear to see such a life as she had led? Could he look down on her, old, broken, miserable at thirty and still lay claim to mercy unlimited? No, it seemed to Prudence that this could not be. No just God could bear to see her condemned to toil forever, see her forever misused, forever unappreciated. John Lane was not grateful. He took it as a matter of course that she should always labor and never have pretty clothes or pleasures. No, it was wrong and the God idea was all a horrid joke, a ridiculous farce. . . . Such were the thoughts which came to Prudence as she finished her work and walked slowly to the house in search of clothes pins.

The pole on which the clothes line was suspended, had been torn down by John's car that morning—he was in a hurry and the thing was in his way. So she picked up the axe and started out to fix it. She had finished the job and was hanging up the last garment when a car ran up behind her and turning, she saw John get out. There was an unusual look on his face, a look which recalled something to Prudence's mind—something, she could not think just what.

"He's drunk, I guess," she muttered.

"A good day's work Prudence, dear," came the response. "And darling I've just realized what a scoundrel I've been. Please dear forgive and kiss me."

A fierce passion welled up in the breast of Prudence Lane. So the scoundrel, not satisfied with misusing and maltreating her, was coming home drunk and ridiculing her; was making light of one who had toiled like a galley-slave for him. Ah, the ingratitude of it! A light came into her eyes and a stranger cry from her lips.

"Enough, John Lane. You are funny, ha, ha. Kiss me—my darling—you are indeed funny. Oh you scoundrel, I'll kill you."

Screaming again with ghastly, high-pitched voice, the woman seized the axe she had just used and knocked aside her husband's upturned hand. Then with swift, sure strokes she brought it down time after time on John Lane's head and finally, drooping slowly, whining weakly, the crushed form fell down and a cry of victory broke from Prudence's lips. But she was not yet satisfied, for retaining her axe she hurried to the house and as the crying children fled from

the maddened woman, one after one she overtook them and cut and hacked and killed. And then the last of the limp and mottle forms grew quiet and the woman threw aside her axe and from her lips there came a song. It was a song of birds and bees and love and it had been sung before by a blushing young girl to her lover in a smiling orchard 'neath the limbs of a sheltering old oak tree.

Homemade Prayers

By WILLIAM D. MOSS

THE COP

O GOD, we thank Thee for the cop. Grant us to honor and cherish and pay him as pastor of our pavements, the keeper of the fold, the watchful guardian alike of the good sheep that know and love his voice and obey, and the headstrong that elect to be fools and to stray and get lost.

We thank Thee for his pastoral care, his quiet but impressive going forth upon our streets, and that in him our citizenry—even when unaware of it—is helped to go about its lawful business.

Grant us to think of him not as a hireling and boss but as a shepherd, and the living, kindly embodiment of the law that like a school-master is bringing the people to liberty. More and more may his flock abide peacefully within the fold, so that for one that goes astray ninety and nine shall uphold his authority. Grant him a high sense of his calling, the conviction and joy of service, an increasing salary, a happy devotion to duty, and may he encourage the people to rule and love to rule themselves.

Thus as he walks his beat may he be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, upholding the law in the spirit rather than the letter, and preferring to err on the side of leniency than to be known as a champion of force. Grant him to know that everyone taken into custody immediately bears the marks of a criminal and so may he never make arrests without just cause. Especially do we pray, oh God, that he may not molest to his hurt the small boy who, having wandered in without guardian from the country, is lost in wonder but not in soul upon the streets. So may he illustrate the scripture for policemen: "Except the Lord watch the city the watchman waketh but in vain." Amen.

THE SNOB

Oh God, I acknowledge I've been a snob. Thou hast graciously allowed me to come to myself and with feeling of torture I remember my foolish and wicked self-appraisement and self-hurt.

I have given myself the airs of a Brahmin and looked on the less fortunate man as a coolie.

Blooming, as I thought, like the lily, I despised the common vegetable variety. I made a home run in the game of social advancement and prestige by cutting the social bases of old acquaintances and friends. With the advantage of culture I became no better than a high-brow of intelligence. Monarch in my chateau of achievement and power I patronized the people at my gates with the title of the third estate. With an abnormal passion of ancestry upon me I turned contemptuously from the man who forgot the name of his grandfather. In my pride of Anglo-Saxondom I scorned intercourse with the man of foreign blood. Worshipping God a la mode I failed to appreciate the uses of the shirt sleeve dialect of religion. Like a Bourbon I swore by my party and frowned on the man who dared to split his vote.

Grant me, oh God, to make the return trip to my Father's house in peace; and may I be spared forever from the vice and the merited contempt of the swelled head. Amen.

[*EDITORIAL*]

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

College activities are not merely a place where one can achieve honor. There is a more material side to them. They were formed in some degree at least to enable men to decide what kind of work they are best fitted for in the world. Are you still undecided what you will make your life work? If you are, go out for literary society work. Try for the debates and oratorical contests. Try to make the TAR HEEL and MAGAZINE boards. Try to become manager of some publication. Try to make a great baseball player of yourself. Try to make the Glee Club, and be a noted and famous singer.

Then, the one in which you succeed most will be the one you like best and are best fitted for. If you become a good debater, it is reasonably certain that you should be a lawyer. If you are the best manager the TAR HEEL has had in some time, you must be cut out for a business man and so it goes.

College activities were not formed for pleasure and fame alone. There was a deep reason underneath—there was utility in them to those who took part in them. They have served others, why not let them do the same for you?

Shakespeare's Intimacy With the Bible

By THOMAS L. WARREN

ASIDE from the characters of Shakespeare, the thing which has struck me most forcibly is his intimacy with the Bible. His characters stand out so clearly to all that we are prone to see only his familiarity with human nature and his skill in delineating characters found in our everyday life. But Shakespeare had a knowledge of other things. He was familiar with the Scriptures.

Some passages taken from *Henry the Fourth* and *Hamlet* show very clearly the frequent use the great poet made of thoughts and stories found in the Bible. Out of the passages I have gleaned from his plays, not one is quoted literally. Had I found them to be literal, I could not believe that Shakespeare purposely quoted. He was too original for that—to great a genius. But these references he has made do show, beyond the shadow of doubt, that the mind of the great dramatist was full of the thoughts and lessons of the Bible.

Although the passages are not literal, they are striking parallels to passages found in the Bible. Let us examine these passages. We will take up the plays in order, beginning with *Henry the Fourth*.

The first passage is to be found in act two and scene four: "If the tree be known by the fruit as the fruit by the tree." For the parallel to this we turn to Matthew twelve and read in the thirty-third verse that "The tree is known by his fruit." In act one and scene two we find Shakespeare saying that "Wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it." Turn to the first chapter of Proverbs and in the twentieth verse read that "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets." In act three and scene three Shakespeare says: "Dives that lived in purple," and undoubtedly this has reference to the sixteenth chapter of Luke and the nineteenth verse where it says: "There was a certain rich man which was clothed in purple." Again, in the second scene of the fourth act of *Henry the Fourth*, we find this passage: "As ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores." And in the same chapter of Luke we read in the twentieth and twenty-first verses: "And there was a beggar named Lazarus—moreover the dogs came and licked his sores." Lastly, in the third act and third scene of *Henry* we read that "in the State of innocency Adam fell." In the third chapter of Genesis we read in the twenty-third verse: "The Lord God sent him (Adam) forth from the garden to till the ground."

It is not enough to look at one play. Let us go through *Hamlet*, his masterpiece, and see just how many times he makes reference to the Scriptures there. In act one and scene one we read: "And the grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead did squeal and gibber in the Roman streets." We find the Biblical parallel to this in Matthew, twenty-seventh chapter and fifty-second verse: "And the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of their graves. "In the second act, scene two, of *Hamlet* we read: "What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel." The parallels to this are found in the eighth Psalm and the fourth verse, and also Hebrews, second chapter and sixth verse: "What is man that thou are mindful of him—thou hast made him a little lower than the angels." In the same act and same scene we read: "For murder though it have no tongue will speak—with most miraculous organ." The parallel to this is found in Numbers, twenty-eighth chapter and twenty-third verse: "Be sure your sins will find you out." And again in the same act and scene we find Shakespeare saying: "The devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape." For the parallel to this we turn to second Corinthians, eleventh chapter and fourteenth verse, which reads: "For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light." In the third act and first scene, Hamlet says: "The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." In Job, tenth chapter and twenty-first verse, we read: "I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death." Again in act three, scene three, Hamlet says: "What if this cursed hand were thicker than itself with brother's blood? Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens to wash it white as snow?" The parallel to this is found in Isaiah, first chapter and eighteenth verse: "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow." Once more in the same act and scene we read: "O my offense is rank, smells to heaven, it hath the primal eldest curse upon't, a brother's murder." Turning to Genesis, fourth chapter and tenth verse, we find: "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." In turning to act five, scene one, we read: "A ministering angel shall my sister be." And in Hebrews, first chapter and fourteenth verse, it is written: "Are they not all ministering spirits?" Two other references are made in this same act and scene: "The scripture says Adam digged." Also, "How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone that did the first murder." The two corresponding Biblical parallels to these are found in Genesis, third chapter and twenty-third verse, and Genesis, fourth chapter and eighth verse, as follows: "And the Lord God sent him forth from the garden to till the ground," and "Cain rose up against Abel his brother and slew him." Finally, in act five and scene two, Shakespeare says: "There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow." And the Bible reads in Luke, twelfth chapter and sixth verse, and in Matthew, tenth chapter and twenty-ninth verse, that: "Not one of them (sparrows) is forgotten before God."

Thus we see that Shakespeare has made frequent and varied references to the Bible. He has made no less than fourteen references here in these two plays, *Henry the Fourth* and *Hamlet*... This frequency of Shakespeare in borrowing the thoughts and lessons from the Bible—adapting them, too, to the incidents

and characters of his plays—not only illustrates his subject or reveals his moral but it throws a new light on the Scriptural passages. It seems to me that his passages are better than their Biblical parallels. They are so soaked into Shakespeare's mind that they have become entirely Shakespearian. He has given a new interpretation and a new application to the literature we call divine. This new interpretation he has read out of the Bible and written into the lives and experiences of men everywhere. Surely these parallels assist us in understanding both Shakespeare and the Bible. They are parts of our common, everyday language. When we read the Bible we read Shakespeare and when we read Shakespeare we are reading the Bible.

These parallels very forcefully illustrate another fact. It has been said that Shakespeare was not a good author to read because his writings are not ennobling. Do not accept the criticism. It is the product of a little mind looking for the worst there is in life. These parallels certainly do not show that his mind was filled with evil stories. If the stories of the Bible are evil, then Shakepeare's mind was full of them. We know so little about his early life that we catch ourselves wondering where he learned his Bible. Perhaps his mother kindled in his young heart the desire to know and learn the stories of the Bible and he never lost interest after her death.

It appears, then, that we owe a great debt to the Bible. What lies between Alpha and Omega has helped to make Shakespeare the greatest of the great. Shakespeare has paid his share of this debt. He has immortalized the Bible in his immortal plays.

A Game of Indian Ball

An account of the native sport of the Indians as played every year by Cherokees in western North Carolina

By J. J. WADE

NEAR a little place called Cherokee, located on the Cherokee Indian reservation, in the western part of North Carolina, there occurs an annual event, so novel and unusual in character, that I feel my attendance at the last one is well-worth relating. The event is what is known as the annual game of Indian ball, played by the native Indians living in that territory, and it is one of the biggest and grandest occasions of the year for the Cherokee Indians. Everyone living in the reserve territory gathers together and bets on this big game, and cheers their tribes to victory.

Four of us were returning from a two weeks' hike and fishing trip in the Smoky mountains, which lie about eighty miles northwest of Asheville. We had enjoyed a most interesting trip, and our luck had been good and up to expectations. We came into Raven's Fork, a big lumber camp, and found to our surprise that the mill had closed down for the day and the mountaineers had abandoned all work. Upon inquiring for the reasons for this cessation of work, one of the fellows answered:

"Ain't yer heard nuthin' uv th' big game terday? The redskins are gwine ter hev their big game terday up the stream."

Having never heard of the Indians playing football or baseball, we were unable at first to conjecture just what the mountaineer meant.

"Big game of what?" we asked.

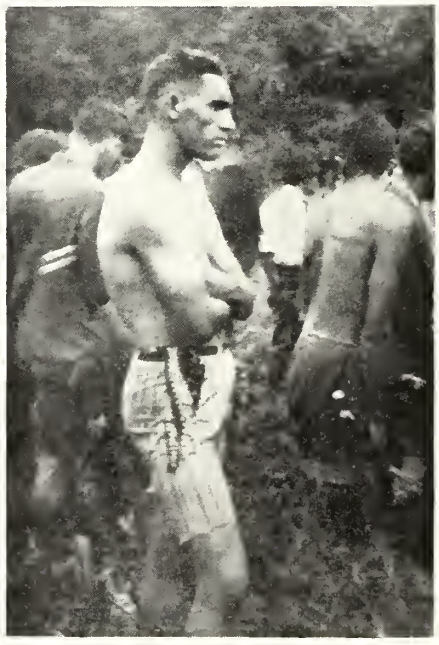
"Indian ball," he replied. "That there is th' big thing, in this here section. Them Indians will bet their las' penny on their ball teams."

Being thoroughly tired out and anxious for recreation of any description we were glad enough to have the chance of witnessing this novel exhibition, of the character of which we were totally ignorant, none of us having ever heard of this ancient sport of Indians.

"Just where is the game to be?" one of our party inquired.

"Up th' stream, not fur frum the Cherokee post-office. But there ain't no need ter hike it. This here loggin' train is runnin' special terday for the big game."

So we loafed around the camp till the little logging train filled up and commenced its run to the Indian



CLOSE-UP VIEW OF SEVERAL OF THE PLAYERS. NOTICE THE STICKS

ball game. The train was crowded with the lumbermen and other dwellers in that neighborhood, all off to see the contest. There were a few of the Cherokees on board, and they were all eagerly talking in their native tongue, as if they could hardly wait for the arrival of the logging train at Cherokee. We had come in contact with some of these fellows before on our trip, but we had avoided close contact with them, a matter which had been very easy. They seemed to

have a tendency to fight shy of strange white men, and they said little while around us.

Drawing up to the stopping point we noticed groups of Indians walking in toward the field of combat, and what attracted our interest most was the fact that all were carrying bundles of one kind or another under their arms and across the shoulders. Out of great

THE BALL IS JUST BEING TOSSED UP

curiosity we began to ask about these strange bundles that the Indians were carrying.

"Why that there is what they're fetchin' ter bet. All of 'em bet. They've got sportin' blood—these reds have."

"But don't they bet money? What are the articles?" I asked the man who had just informed me.

"Oh yeh," he replied, "they bet money. They bet everything they got. Them are baby clothes and calicos and jest about everything they can scrape together to put up."

When we reached the playing field later we found that the man was right, and the process that these wagers went through was one of the most interesting things about the whole affair.

There were Indians everywhere now. We fell in line and followed the crowd out into the edge of that very small settlement, till we reached the fairly level spot that had been prepared for a playing ground. The grass on the field was cut extremely low, and it afforded a very good place for the staging of the game. We watched with great interest the big gathering of red skins all around us. There were the squaws, some with the traditional papooses strung across their backs, the very old Indians who walked with home-carved canes, and the younger Indians, big husky strapping fellows, very dark and hard looking.

We were informed that the contest was between the Birdtown and Big Cove tribes, and we noticed that the members of each of these two old tribes had now formed crowds opposite each other. Everybody was stirring around and the Indians were talking a lot among themselves. Their speech was abrupt and jerky, but we received not a little enjoyment listening to the jabbering crowd, and trying to catch bits of its conversation. The main thing that seemed to be engaging its attention was the preparation of bets. We stood with the other white people, many of whom had attended these games before. To our surprise, many of these began to put up wagers among themselves, and they displayed acquaintanceship with the tribes and the probability of the merits of the two teams.

Speaking of the Indians one of the men told me:

"Them fellers have been scraping tergether money fur months to bet terday, and they're mighty loyal to their teams."

Some of the mountaineers came up and tried to make us bet on the game, and they seemed to think we were slackers to the cause when we showed no inclination to speculate.

"The' odds are on Birdtown today," one fellow told us. "They have broken away frum sum of the old Indian customs, and don't go through all them old stunts. You can see they aren't all scratched up like the other bunch." He indicated with his finger the Birdtown tribe. "The other crowd celebrated over here las' night, and stayed up all night long, singing, eating, and raising the devil, gittin' ready for the game, and they ain't in as good condition ter play as the Birdtown bunch."

We then took a look at the Big Cove tribe, and surely enough their bodies were all scratched up, blood red.

"Why are their bodies cut up?" I asked.

"They cut themselves up last night, and think they are conjured now, and can't come to any injury."

"How did they do it?"

"They pretend to use a rattle-snake's tooth, but they really use old knives and forks."

The players looked queer enough to us. They wore short trunks, no other clothing at all. The trunks of one team were of flashy colors, and fairly sparkled in the sunlight. here were fifteen players on each team, and there was blood in their eyes as they stood there in a group waiting to be called to the field where the battle would begin.

The thousands of Indians lined up around the playing field were a strange sight, too. The squaws wore brilliantly colored shawls, and their hair was plaited

PART OF THE BIRDTOWN TRIBE'S TEAM

down their backs. They were yelling for their tribes long before the game started, and just before the game the players gave a true exhibition of yelling.

The players lined up opposite each other at either end of the field. Preceded by a leader they began to march down the field toward each other, and with the leaders directing they let out the most weird and penetrating yells we had ever heard.

"Them are the tribe yells," the mountaineer at my side explained.

And a strange sight it was. These big husky Indians, one team with bodies covered with blood, stiff, coal black hair, marching down the field and singing out with that piercing, musical voice, so characteristic of the Indians. Behind the players the squaws walked, and they carried the bundles and the stakes that they were going to bet on the game. When the two tribes met in the center of the field the wagering began.

There was considerable arguing and arranging. After a few minute's conversation pairs of the men would come to an agreement, and they would tie up together the things they were betting and throw them in a big pile which contained all the stakes. Some were holding up watches and knives and beads, challenging for bets. And some were waving paper bills and clothes and shawls and calicos around in the air. Finally all the bets were put up and thrown in the stake pile, and the game was ready to begin.

The chiefs of each tribe acted as referees. It was the duty of one to toss up the ball in the center of the field, and to watch out for any illegal playing, if indeed anything illegal could be done. It was the duty of the other to assist in this latter, and to render any other such umpiring. Both were given the privilege to shriek to the players of their tribe in what direction the ball was in, and this they did regularly during the course of the game. They were allowed to give other such aid to their teams.

The ball used was made of rubber, about the size of a golf ball. It was just about the right size to fit in the *rackets* that each of the players were equipped with. These *rackets* were hickory sticks, about three feet long, with dippers at each end made of strips of leather tacked across bended strips of hickory. Each player had two of these sticks, carrying one in each hand.

The object of the game, as some of the mountaineers explained to us before the actual beginning of the contest, was to get the ball out of the air or off the ground with these *rackets* and then place it on any part of the body and rush for the goal. There were two goals, one at either end of the field, as in basketball and football. Each goal counted one point and twelve points were required to win the game.

One of the referees tossed the ball up in the center. The players rushed in, and immediately there was a mighty scramble, a clashing of sticks, a piling up of bodies. One of the Indians pulled the ball out of mid air and put it in his mouth, and started down the field. To our astonishment the sticks were hurled at him, and he was battered on every side till he was finally brought to the ground and the ball taken from him. Then there followed a rush up toward the other end of the field, another tackle and fight, and the little rubber ball again went in its original direction. And so the game went.

We had never witnessed such fighting before. But these husky reds were in there to win and they fought like college football heroes. The roughness of the game was what impressed us most.

One amusing incident that took place during the course of the game was a personal fist fight between two of the younger players that continued throughout while the other players were chasing the ball.

It was after the first clash. One of the Indians thought he had been dealt with a little too roughly in the play, and he drove his hard fist in the eye of his opponent after they had gotten on their feet. The other murmured something, and after feeling his closed eye with one hand, promptly returned an even healthier blow that sat the first on the offense completely on his back. They fought fiercely and completely forgot about the bigger fight taking place in the center of the field.

At times during the game completely disabled players were dragged off to the sidelines and new players substituted. There seemed to be a scarcity of warriors toward the end of the combat, so many of the men having become hurt. The referees called for volunteers and even happened to come up and address us, asking if we would like to get in the fray. Members of our party declined the invitation with thanks.

It took two hours of this slaughter before one of the teams finally amassed the twelve points, the other getting seven of the coveted scores. As the mountaineer had predicted, the Birdtown tribe was the winner.

After the game there was a rush for the stakes. And then occurred a battle almost as hotly contested as the game itself. The winning tribe dived in the spoils, and began to gather up what they had won. There was arguments over what belonged to each, and some hot words were exchanged between the men. After a long time of scrapping and talking the stakes were straightened out, and the Indians began to pack up their belongings and leave for their homes in the mountains.

Twilight

The sun, a crimson disk, slips slowly down
Behind the shadowy hills. The western sky
Is veiled with gossamer mists of mauve and gold
And opal, shot with saffron flame. Clear-cut
Against the burnished lights, an aspen slim
Is thrown in silhouette, and from its topmost twig
A lark, that divine minstrel of the sky,
Pours forth its vesper song.
The daylight wanes;
Dusk deepens, as a mist that softly drifts
Across a meadow-land, and night lets fall
Her dusky hair, scattering the diamond pins
O'er the canopy of Heaven.

—S. J. PARHAM, JR.

[EDITORIAL]

THE NON-FRATERNITY PROBLEM

Despite what many students of the University are saying today, there is a fraternity problem at the University. Or rather it is a non-fraternity problem, since it concerns the non-fraternity man more than the fraternity man. As we see it, the problem is this: How may we so arrange matters that the non-fraternity man may get as much out of college life as the fraternity man?

In a past issue of the MAGAZINE, we were pleased to refer to fraternity men as being supercilious. That description still holds good. All fraternity men are not supercilious—but we believe that all those whose minds and souls do not embrace the word democracy as applied to campus rights and privileges do fall under this grouping.

Why are fraternity men supercilious? We believe it is because they have more polish, and in external ways at least, are just a little better than the average non-fraternity man on the campus. We do not say fraternity men should not have every privilege they do have; what we do say is that the non-fraternity men should have just as many privileges and rights as the fraternity men. The problem becomes then: what method shall we take to build up the non-fraternity man so that he may have as much social polish, and as much of the exterior qualities of an educated and cultured man, as does the fraternity man?

Frankly we cannot answer the question fully, but anyone, with a reasonable exercise of the intelligence, can see that such a problem does exist.

One man—the president of the student body—has suggested that more fraternities would help solve the problem. It might. There are certainly many men here now who are not in fraternities and should be there. These men are denied some of the privileges—we mean by privileges those social privileges which automatically open to a man when he joins a good fraternity—which other men get. Mr. Porter has said that he would recommend, as president of the student body, that any local fraternities formed here this year be admitted to the national organizations they petitioned. We hope that new fraternities will be formed here this year, in order that every man who is not in a fraternity and wants to be in one, may join and thus avail himself of opportunities which at present are not open to him.

But this will still leave the great majority of Carolina men outside the pale of fraternities, and thus out of the social swim. If Edward Kidder Graham's wish for a student body with but one soul and with a common brotherhood is to prevail, some means must be found for raising the exterior level of the great mass of Carolina men. For at present, there are some here who get more out of college life than others. In a democracy like ours, this should not be the case. Here, of all places, in the formative stage of our life, we should not be made to think that there are those who are higher or lower in the social plane than we.

But how to accomplish this? How to raise the level—for we repeat, we do not wish to lower the level of those who have the advantages at present. This question must be answered.

Form as many new fraternities as are needed. That will help some. Then, turn the Y. M. C. A. into a true social recreation center for those who have not fraternity halls to go to. Have the University give optional lessons in dancing; some colleges even go so far as to have courses in etiquette. These will be starters; the way will open up before us as we tread it.

The problem is there; it is a challenge to the president, the dean of students, every professor, and every student—whether fraternity man or not. If we will quit saying there is no such problem, and honestly try to solve it, the solution is bound to come.

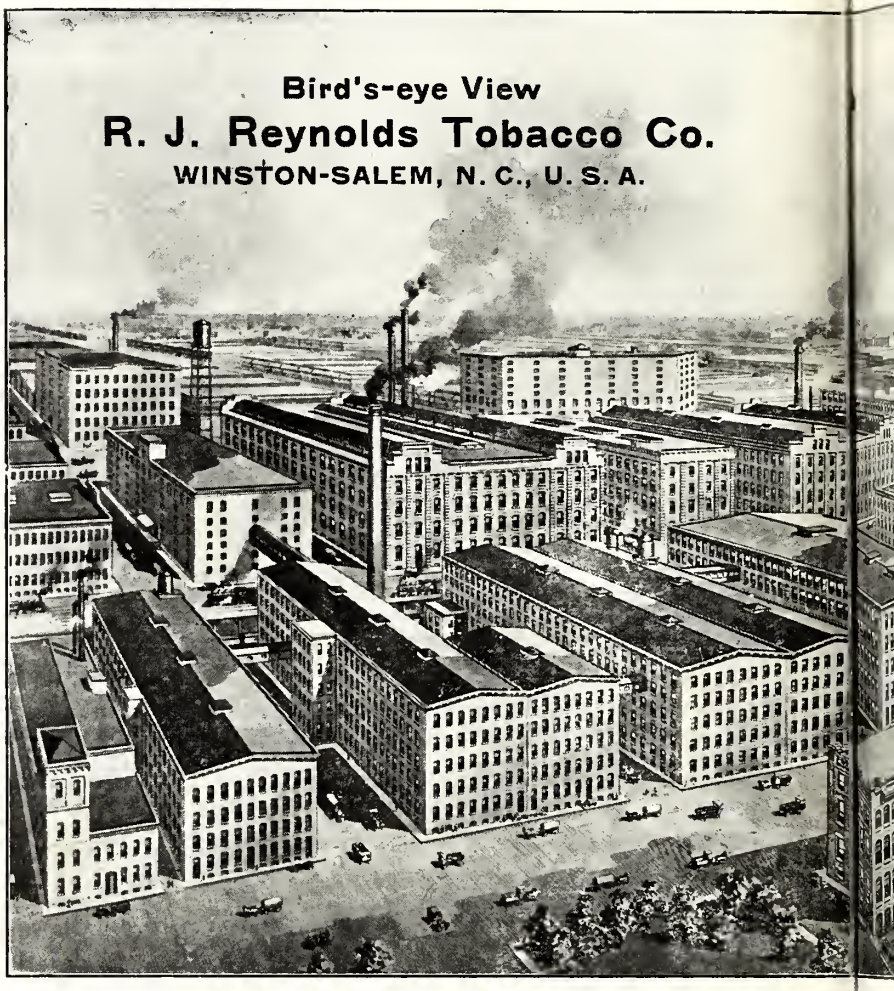
The R. J. Reynolds T

Another of the industries of our state is here laid before your view. This tobacco compan the lar ing center in the world. It pays the federal government approximately a quarter of a millio in taxes

WINSTON-SALEM, the la gest city in North Carolina, is unique among places of 50,000 population. It has been winning world-wide distinction on the strength of its achievements while other and more populous cities were being mentioned chiefly in time tables.

The bounties of nature and the energies of men are joint contributors in building for Winston-Salem an international reputation. A location in the heart of the Piedmont tobacco region coupled with the organizing, technical and merchandizing genius of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company have made it the greatest tobacco manufacturing center in the world, and have placed its name in that select list of cities which do things in a superlative way.

Beginning with a single three-story building in 1875, the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, by the simple formula of confidence in its products, fair trading and unremitting industry, has risen to be the greatest enterprise in the tobacco manufacturing world. Physically the company comprises more than two dozen major buildings in Winston-Salem and more than twice that many re-drying plants and warehouses in other tobacco growing centers. It employs about 15,000 people.



From obscure beginnings the company has advanced to recognition the world over. In addition to the thousands of plant employees, it has hundreds of traveling representatives. In San Francisco a large distributing organization is maintained with warehouses and other facilities to care for the selling and distributing business of the Pacific coast.

In the buying of the tobacco for Reynolds' products, everything possible is done to secure leaf of the highest possible quality. Growers drive in from all over the wide Carolina plateau, bringing their picturesque loads of fragrant, golden leaves in vehicles that range from prairie schooners to light trucks. Throughout the fall and winter months, the carefully nurtured crops come in.

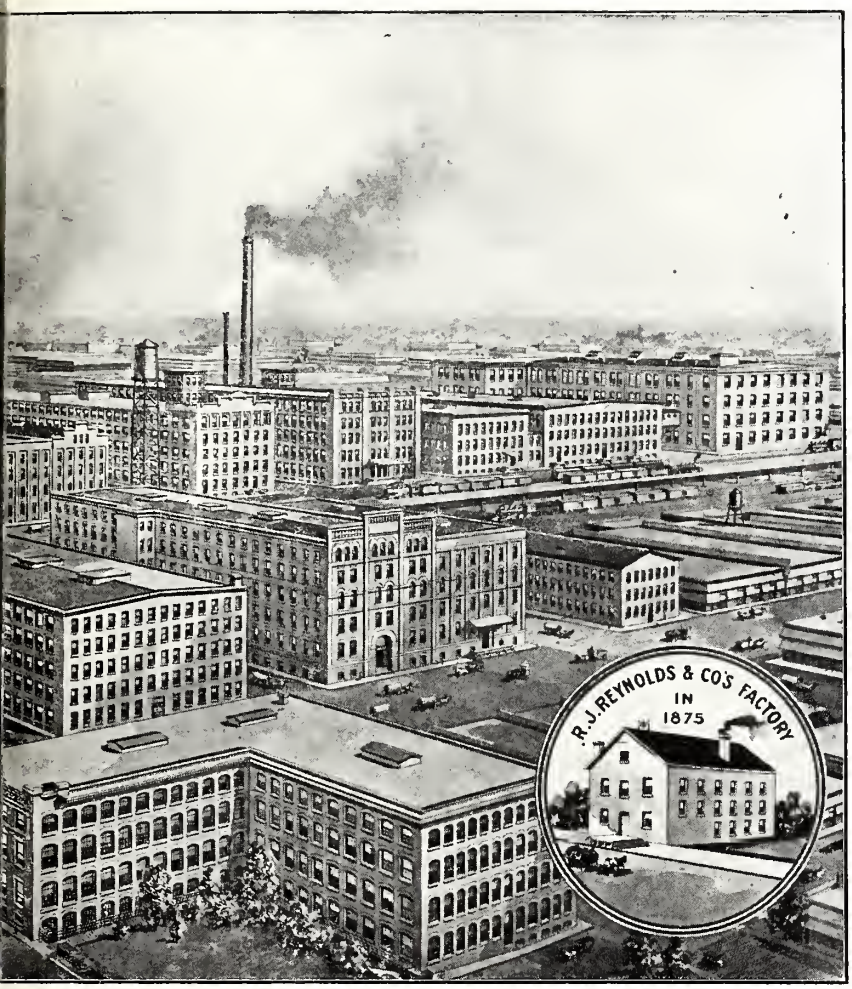
Purchase is by auction. The tobacco is stored in large baskets in warehouses the night before the sale, and it is the aim of each warehouse to sell its entire stock each day. The transaction is in cash, and since the curing of tobacco leaf requires many months, the manufacturer has at all times millions of dollars tied up in aging stock. The auction plan is followed in the tobacco centers of this country and those in Turkey.

The R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company has a large corps of expert leaf buyers who represent the company wherever tobacco is being sold. They select every year millions and millions of pounds of tobacco for Camel cigarettes. Their knowledge of leaf tobacco is amazing. They have lived with tobacco from boyhood. They have studied it. They know all the various grades by sight, and can pick out a half dozen different shades from a pile of golden leaves where the ordinary eye could see no difference. In every important tobacco market, including those of Turkey, a Reynolds leaf expert is present buying the best for Camels.

As the tobacco is bought, it is shipped to a receiving plant where it is unloaded, carefully re-graded as to quality, and then distributed on a moving rack which carries it slowly through a hot air dryer. This process requires forty-five minutes and is used by all tobacco manufacturers to rid the leaves of moisture which would ruin them if allowed to remain during storage. After drying, the leaf is put through a steam-room where it is moistened just enough to prevent

Tobacco Company

the largest in the world, and is located in Winston-Salem, the largest tobacco manufactur-
taxes each day—enough to pay for about five post-offices like the one in Chapel Hill each day.



breaking up, and then packed in hogsheads containing about 1,000 pounds each. It is stored in warehouses to be aged and cured. This process of curing takes a year or more.

When the tobacco is finally ready for manufacture into Camel cigarettes the blend becomes the important thing. Just as there may be a wide variation in the quality of edibles made by different cooks using the same ingredients, but different recipes, so may one cigarette vary vastly from others made largely from the same tobaccos. The blend is the recipe. Combined with a high quality of material, it is responsible for Camel quality. It is the blend and quality of the tobacco that keeps Camels from leaving any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste. The various grades and amounts of tobacco entering the manufacture of Camels are specified by the Reynolds leaf experts—men who have grown up with the tobacco business and are past-masters at their work.

After the tobacco has been stemmed, and blended, it is passed through a sifter which removes all extraneous particles, sent through grinders and sifted again. The thoroughness of these processes makes the presence of foreign substances impossible.

The machines which roll Camel cigarettes are marvels of the inventor's genius. Each machine, of which there are 353 in one factory, can produce 450 cigarettes a minute. They roll a long continuous cigarette, secure the edges of the paper, cut the cigarettes into proper length and deposit them in layers in long, narrow boxes.

After inspection, the cigarettes pass to another machine where they are automatically counted, wrapped in tin foil, slipped into packages, sealed and stamped with the government stamp. In connection with the size of the Reynolds organization, it is interesting to note that on Camel cigarettes alone the company pays the federal government approximately a quarter of a million dollars a day.

After the Camel packages have been stamped, they are put in cartons which are sealed by machines and put in fibre containers, each of which is weighed carefully and sent to the shipping room. From beginning to end, there is not a delay in the whole process. It is a continuous operation, even the conveying from one machine to another being done by belts.

In the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, as in all successful institutions and individuals, there are notable characteristics. One of the most outstanding of them is the morale which pervades its organization. Every officer and employee, from the greatest to the least, believes in the excellence of the products he is helping to create. The utmost of his thought and effort goes constantly to sustain the high standards the company has set. Where such a spirit of endeavor exists, the atmosphere of cooperation, team-work, friendly help, and counsel comes without conscious effort.

The company is also distinguished by the friendly relations existing between employer and employee. A large proportion of the employees are stockholders in the company. The officers of the firm have been in its employ for years, living and working in their own factory town. The chance for the misunderstandings that arise from lack of contact is reduced to a minimum in the Reynolds organization. The interest of the firm in its employees is evidenced by a comprehensive welfare program, an important phase of which is the system of factory lunch-rooms where nutritious and attractive meals are served at cost. (See Next Page.)

And finally, the Reynolds organization is ever mindful of the modern adage, "The public be pleased!" For the protection of its customers, it stipulates that every man and woman admitted to the organization must pass a physical examination. Two former U. S. army surgeons, assisted by a staff of trained nurses, safeguard the highest standards of industrial hygiene. No one, unless in perfect health, can obtain employment or continue in the employment of the company.

Both Camel cigarettes and Prince Albert smoking tobacco have entered the market within recent years. The trade leadership which has come so swiftly to them might be hard to understand if viewed in any light but that of Reynolds efficiency, industry and whole-hearted enthusiasm, combined with an effective sales program, including aggressive and consistent advertising.

Dollars and Sense

By DAN BYRD

"I WORKED like blue blazes when I was a kid," is quoted from Cecil F. Haines in a feature article written by Thane Wilson and published recently in the *American Magazine*. "And I've never found time to break off the habit" is the remainder of the quotation. Haines is a successful man in the business world today. Brains or hard work, which? The successful business man of today, in nearly every case, attribute what they are to hard work. "Hard work wins," they say, but incidently, they do not like to say "I have brains, and that's the reason of my success." It is remarkable to some of us, that the men "who have got there" speak thus.

Dollars and cents all of us like to possess. But dollars and "sense," (must we say it?) many of us do not possess. Maybe, the "sense" is what we lack. Well, then, how can we expect to get the dollars? "Brains will win," we have always heard, but still the really successful men like to tell us "work hard."

The solution to the problem, probably, lies in the cooperation of the dollars and the "sense." The ability to use rightly what we have means everything to us. Mr. Haines says: "To me, success does not mean wealth. Wealth often goes hand in hand with it—but that is incidental. Success is accomplishment—constructive production, productive construction, put it which way you will. It comes from creating something, whether an ocean liner, or a book, or a mousetrap. It adds to the general happiness or comfort or understanding."

Can you create something? Can you make a mousetrap better than the other man has made? Yes? Then you have the prerequisites for success, for the business men tell us that to succeed means to do something *better*. You certainly have the "sense" and with a little grit (which, by the way, the man without the "sense" does not have usually), you can get the dollars. With the "sense," you can do something better. With the dollars, you can show what you have done to the world, and the race brands you a "success."

"But," you say, "people are not always what they seem." True enough. But seem what you are, provided you can do something better. From the old proverb, which has become the business law of man, let us remember, that if we are farmers, we should think farmer, while we are awake, and dream it while we sleep.

"Luck never did anything really great," one business man has said. He, too, was probably thinking of the same old two words, "hard work," when he said it. The remarkably strange thing to us is why none of the big business men ever confess that the secret of their success has been largely due to their business ability. Of course they have the ability to make and to save. But the final secret is, they have business ability. Now, this is not intended to discourage anyone who is afraid he has not the business ability. In the first place, he ought not to be afraid of himself. Henry Ford says that "you can't get anywhere if you don't have faith." Faith in yourself, he means. Some one has aptly said that to encourage, instead of discourage, ought to be the object of all. All have ability. All can succeed. But all are in too great a hurry to get the dollars. Mr. Ford says produce something and the dollars will surely come. "You take the men," he says "that start out in life to make a lot of money. They never make very much, ever notice that? But you start out with faith that folks will respond if you give them something they want; you make that something a little better and cheaper than it was ever made before," and he says, "the money will roll in to you."

Again we are faced with the problem of dollars and "sense." We can, we say, get the dollars if we have the sense. But how do we get the sense, the ability to do or to make something better? We already have it. All we have to do is to centralize the mental powers which we do have in doing some one thing well, "better," as Mr. Haines or Mr. Ford would say "than the other man has done it."

APPOINTMENT

To fill the position of Assistant Editor, Artus M. Moser, member of the junior class and the Dialectic Society, has been appointed. Mr. Moser's work for the publication has been so consistent that he far outranked any other member of the junior class on the board.

"T. J."—Thomas J. Wilson

One of the most remarkable men in the University faculty is Thomas J. Wilson. He is well known for his memory. The sketch deals with the man, and with his ability to remember facts, faces, and things

By THOMAS MOORE O'HALLIGAN

"HOW many 'x's' this month, Dr. Wilson?" (An "x" is the sign of an unsatisfactory mark for half quarter.) This remark came from one of 1,500 students at the University of North Carolina, to Dr. Thomas J. Wilson, alias "T. J.," Registrar.

"No 'x's,' Mr. Jones," was his reply.

"T. J." answered this question without so much as a glance in his records for Mr. Jones' marks. If the student had wished to look them up he would have found that the Registrar was correct "T. J." remembered that this Mr. Jones did not receive an 'x' when the records of Mr. Jones were being made out. If Mr. Smith, Brown, or Thomas had asked the Registrar the same question he would have given the correct marks without reference to records. "T. J." has the grades in his head all ready for them when the request is made.

A man working over the records of students in a large college for fifteen years acquires a good memory. "T. J." has acquired an extraordinary memory for faces, and never forgets facts when he has once learned them. Recording the grades of over 1,500 students each quarter has a tendency to develop memory and "T. J." has acquired that excellent habit of remembering the faces, characteristics, and grades of the students at the college.

"How does 'T. J.' remember so well?" a student asked me.

"I would say," I told him, "that it must come from his continuous work on the records of the students and from keen observations, also because he has so many things concerning students with which to deal. It may be, however, that he makes it a point to remember all the facts concerning a student so he will not have to get up and refer to his records when the different students request their grades. Maybe it can be blamed on physical laziness for 'T. J.' is none too active."

My first contact with "T. J." came when I registered as a freshman. I beheld a tall, slim, clean-shaven man about forty years of age, wearing large tortoise-rimmed glasses, and with a pencil sticking over one ear. He asked my name and I told him O'Halligan.

"Thomas Moore O'Halligan of Riverside?"

"Yes, sir," I returned in great amazement. I was astonished because I was sure that I had never seen the man before and I was also of the opinion that he had never seen me before. I wondered, then, how in the world he knew that my name was Thomas Moore O'Halligan. It wasn't long, however, before I knew all about his wonderful ability to remember, not only names and places, but also each student's individual record.

T. J. WILSON

"You are conditioned on French, aren't you, Mr. O'Halligan?"

"Yes, sir, I have never taken any French, and I suppose I am conditioned in it," I replied.

The more I looked at this man behind the partition, the more remarkable I thought him to be because of the way he remembered these minor points about me. I knew that it had been over a month since my application blank had been sent to the college. He had the facts all recorded in his brain and nine times out of ten, I suppose, he was correct when he recalled any particular point.

"Take this slip to the treasurer and then come back," he said, as he handed me a slip of paper. A smile came over his face, and I wondered if he could have known what I was thinking. I expect he did because of the amazed expression that was on my face. "Does he know all the freshmen as well as he knows me?" I though, as I passed through the door.

I met a student, George Beel, coming through the hall in the Alumni Building one afternoon just after he had left Tommie "J.'s" office. George said to me:

"Do you know that clerk in there called me by my first name, and I swear he has never talked to me but once, and that was when I was registering."

I knew that he was talking about Tommie "J."

"Yes, I think he knows us all, I suppose all freshmen look alike to him," I returned.

Tommie "J." is an enthusiastic athletic fan. You will be sure to find him at nearly all the games at Emerson Field whether football or baseball. At a football game there is not a play executed that he doesn't take note of and remember, and after the game he can tell you the good as well as the bad plays that took place on either side. He understands and loves the game. This is perhaps the reason he takes such interest in the many different plays that are run during the game.

"The boys gave it to them today, Doctor," I said to him after the Wake Forest-Carolina game.

"Yes, it was a pretty good game, but Abernathy failed to make the right play in that last quarter. He was called through tackle because the interference went there, but he dashed around end and was downed behind the line of scrimmage."

His keen observation of the game caused him to remember play after play. He told me several misplays. To tell how he remembered them so well is only to say that he has talent acquired by interest in the object. Such points as these are the ones he notices and he will give you a clear cut answer as to whether they are good or bad.

I was sitting beside him at a baseball game last spring. It was the sixth inning with a man on third and one down. Tommie "J." was as still as a mouse while the stands were howling for a run. Tommie "J." had caught the signal for a squeeze play and he had the appearance of a statue. His eyes and minds were centered on the play. McLean placed a bunt and McDonald scored. Tommie "J." sat back with as big a smile on his face as any kid in the stands.

It was Monday while I was in his office that I asked him about the game. "That sixth inning was a thriller," he said, and as he said it, those brown eyes glittered with joy and pleasure at recalling the squeeze play.

"The bunt that McLean placed, won the game," he continued, "he placed it just where the pitcher couldn't get it in time."

How many spectators at that game remembered where the bunt was placed? Of course they knew it was a bunt and the runner scored, but did they remember the place the ball rolled? Tommie "J." did.

Although he is a loyal and patriotic fan. 'T. J.' will stick to the rules of the game concerning the athlete. There is a rule that if an athlete does not get off a required number of courses each quarter he will not be permitted to play on any of the teams. About the time the varsity is ready to be chosen, you will see him come on the field and read the "black list," those who have failed and are not eligible to play. No matter how good an athlete a fellow may be, if he fails, "T. J." has the goods on him. He plays the game square with every fellow. "No work, no play," is his motto.

"T. J." does not forget to be reasonable. He remembers when you are attempting to make the teams and he gives you an opportunity to make good in your studies. If you fail to pass them, then he will "black list" you. He remembers when Allen or Davis have conditions to be removed and he informs them in time to get the conditions removed. Then he is through. Don't think, now, that he is going to forget; he will not.

Early every day about noon you can can see him, his black derby hat covering his head, a "roll your own" cigarette drooping from one corner of his mouth, going, with a long stride, to the postoffice to get his morning paper. To notice the cigarette is to notice the individuality of "T. J.'s" smoking. He rolls his own cigarettes, not from any one brand of tobacco but from several brands mixed.

"Have you a cigarette, Doctor," I asked him one afternoon.

"I haven't, Mr. O'Halligan, but I have some of the best tobacco that you have ever smoked."

He gave me a pipe of his "individual brand" and I thoroughly agree with him about the best. He stated that he mixed several grades of different tobaccos together which gave a certain blend to his smoke.

To get an excuse to leave the Hill or classes, you have to go before "T.J.'s" court. It is not such an easy court either. If you have a legitimate excuse things will go all right, but the moment he sees that you are trying to play false with him, then you are lost. "T. J." is firm and just. He gives you plenty of room for defense but if you are wrong he knows it the moment you begin. Just before Easter I went in to try to get a leave for several days. After a short cross-examination he found out that I wanted to go to see my girl in New York.

"Yes, sir, Doctor, she is sick and I would like to go see and talk to her."

"Well Mr. O'Halligan, if you have to talk to her the only way I see you can do that is to talk to her over the telephone. You know we are not giving excuses this Easter."

Tommie will do what is just, but the interests of the student and the morale of the college comes first with him. There is one thing that you cannot do, and that is to play false with him. He understands the ways and means a student attempts to use for arguments. If you are guilty, when he peers at you through those large-rimmed glasses, and those dark brown eyes looking holes through you, you are doomed. He gives you an equal chance to prove your point, but my advice is when you go before Tommie "J." always have this in mind: he knows when you had an excuse last and if you did not come back to college on time, he knows it; he remembers if you cut classes on this day or that. My advice to you is don't try to play false with him.

Tommie "J.," as soon as he closes his office door, is an easy going man without a worry. Always wearing a pleasant smile and meeting every student on passing with a pleasant "howdy," he goes about his duties, never too busy to enjoy a joke and never too full of pleasure to perform work. When you are conversing with him you notice a certain little twist of the lips and a certain light in his eyes. I don't think that I have ever seen him grouchy, although some stu-

dents think him so at times, because he will not comply with their wishes. It is because he thinks he is doing right when he refuses to grant them leaves. He is impartial to all, just to all, and gives all the same treatment.

An incident took place last commencement that I will always remember. Nathan Stanley was before the faculty committee. He lacked one-half of a course to graduate, because he failed to take an examination on a "five" that was marked against him. Nat thought that his slate was clean and so did Tommie, but at a late hour it was found. Tommie "J." fought the whole committee single handed, taking the blame for Nat's mistake. At the end of the discussion Tommie arose and said:

"Mr. Chairman, I move that Mr. Stanley be given credit for the course." Mr. Stanley received his diploma along with the other graduates.

Tommie "J." is a man worth knowing. Coming in contact with his cultured bearing, endowed as he is with the qualities of good humor, pleasant smiles, and a sterling character is an excellent start for the freshman just entering college.

"The Bravest of These—"

By G. B. PORTER

("And the bravest of these are the Belgians"—Caesar's Gallic War.) Although a bit old, you'll like this one. A similar instance in a modified form could happen anywhere today. It will furnish food for thought.

THE excitement of German occupation was already rife in that peace-loving country upon which cruel war had so savagely descended. The disconsolate inhabitants, of whom few were to be seen, spoke in suppressed tones: whispers scarcely audible lest some dreaded Prussian overhear.

An old man, whose attire bespoke his war-born want, moved dejectedly along a street in the outskirts of the town. His ancient shoulders sagged, his footsteps lagged, as if his timeworn and careworn body had barely strength enough for locomotion. He turned in automatically before a small structure over which the gloom was a little more remarkable than its neighbors. Even the tulips in the little flower garden in a corner of the lot seemed to droop as if awaiting a part in approaching obsequies. As he faltered along the walk, the crunch of the gravels beneath his feet was an acute wail. He pushed open the door and dispiritedly entered the house.

Seated near the center of the room was a woman of perhaps forty, but on whose face the last few months had placed the lines that sometimes come at sixty. In her arms she held a small child, whose scarcely audible breathing was marked at intervals by a sharper intake of breath. At each trembling snuffle the mother would hold the babe a bit closer. She did not move when her father entered the room, but turned toward him her sorrowing face. And such a face! And on it was a pleading expectancy.

"They will not grant my plea," announced the old man, as if in answer to her.

"Oh, my Arentge, my daughter, why must I lose you? O, God, why?" She gave way to a fitful burst of tears, but it lasted for only a minute. She looked up with a hopeless anguish and spoke no more.

The old man looked around the room searchingly. At length his peering gaze rested upon a figure seated at one of the only two windows of the room. He started forward as if urged by some powerful impulse, but stopped. He faced about and looked through the door in the direction whence he had come; he clinched his emaciated fists and drew himself to a rigid height and cursed—dreadful sentences of malediction.

"Damn the German beasts. The curse of Lucifer upon their black souls; may the—" but he could not finish: a sudden tremor shook his weak old frame and he sank palsied into a chair.

The figure beside the window turned toward him. She was young, scarcely more than a girl, and lovely, and with her sweetness was mingled the sadness that overcast the room. Until now she had looked out upon the desolate nightfall, but seeing the old man sink into the chair, she sprang impulsively to him.

"Oh, Grandpa," she cried in her native tongue, "what is it, oh, your face is bleeding!"

"The bruise is nothing, my dear child. They can only strike and curse me. Many times worse would I gladly stand if by it I might save you from them; but they have laughed at my pleas, have scoffed at my prayers. They are going to send you away in the morning. You are going into their hated country to be worked at the hardest of labor at best—they are stealing you and I am unable to hinder them. What will my brave Andre say when he learns that I have let them take his little Arentge?"

"Oh, my dear Grandpa, don't say that! He will know that you did all in your power to hinder them."

Yet she broke down at mention of her father's name. The thought that she might never again see him, her brave loving father, who was somewhere fighting the invader, fighting under his beloved leader, Belguim's Fighting King; doing all that he could that this very thing now happening within his own home might be crushed from the earth. She knelt beside her grandfather's chair and laid her head upon his hand. A half-muffled sob rose through her mass of fallen hair; and it was not a self-pity that vibrated in it.

The beaten old man merely stared across the room at his own daughter. She seemed entirely devoid of all power of speech now; a dumb misery enveloped her. The woman flinched as from pain as her daugh-

ter's sob joined the deep gloom of the place. The girl cried, but tears could not ease the cruel grief in her. She rose and moved to the door. . . .

The tenebrous shadows of night hung everywhere; but the girl suddenly leaned forward from the doorway. The figure which darted through the weak radius of the street light was unmistakable. She met him at the fence.

"My little Arentge," cried the man, who was wearing the uniform of a lieutenant of Belgian infantry. He did not take the few extra steps that would have carried him through the gate, but leaped over the fence and stood before her. Then she was in his arms.

"Daniel," she murmured, "Daniel, why did you come?" They are here, everywhere. They will find you, and, oh, they will kill you. Only the old who cannot fight them are spared."

"Why did I come?" All the German army could not have kept me away. I came because my little Arentge was in danger; because those beasts will take her away if they find her. They have done such things before; I know."

"But, Dan, you should not have come. You place yourself in danger that you can't likely escape. And they are so many; you are only one. What can you be expected to do against them all?" But she knew why he had come and a great wave of joy swept over her.

"I can do what every Belgian would do; what any man would do. If I had not come, I would have had no further cause of fighting."

The pride that rang in his voice was not mean or personal, but that of a race of men who die fighting for their homes. She was close to tears again and she knew it and was glad of it; before her stood certain comfort for these at least.

"You must go back; I can't let you stay. They have already found me; tomorrow I go to work in their country. You cannot beat them now. You must return to your company and fight them there. I am strong and the work may not be hard." But she knew before she started speaking what his answer would be.

"Leave now after I have come all this way to protect you, after I know certainly that they are going to take you away? Why if I left you, what would my life be worth? What victory could I look forward to? Were I to flee from the thought of personal danger, I would be as contemptuous as any one of them. If I go, you go with me."

He was becoming wild at the thoughts that harrassed him; for he feared in his heart that she would leave on the morrow despite all he could do.

"But, Daniel," she said gently, "I can't go—mother, grandpa, little Jean,—I must stay with them until I am torn away. I could not desert them, not even to escape that which cannot otherwise be avoided. I must be as steadfast as yourself, my dear Daniel, and I pray you to return and do the only thing you can do to avenge."

What changes can come to one in a short time: these words were not from the gay and saltatorial-natured girl whom he had left within the month and gone to fight the invader.

"To avenge. My brothers will avenge, dear Arentge, my place is here and I will stay. If you are in danger, what is my life worth more than the last service I can render you? But oh, the sweetness of a death for you cannot dispell the horror of what I am unable to prevent!"

And he threw his hands to his face. But he recovered himself as quickly. Only his moist forehead and the rigidity of his tall powerful figure remained as traces of the thought that had so stirred him. Many plans of escape flashed through his mind, but she would not go, this he knew. It was here that despair and a great new hatred entered his heart. . . .

As she was standing with her back toward the street light, she did not notice the figure that he saw approaching them. He laid his hand lightly on the automatic at his side; and so stood until the man came to a halt and said:

"What is this? What are you doing here? I thought that all your kind had gone where they couldn't return."

They looked at him: she startled, he ever watchful for any move. She placed a restraining hand on the Belgian's arm. Possibly she did this fearing that he would assail the German; possibly she instinctively sought protection; for the man was a German officer and she recognized him as the one who had told her that she was going into the interior of Germany to work.

"Ah, watch my beauty; she goes to her Belgian dog now, but tomorrow she will go with me," he leered.

Daniel leaped the fence as lightly as before. The German reached for his gun, but with one blow Daniel felled him as if he had been a child. He stared down at him a moment, then without a word entered the yard; but this time by the gate. With one arm supporting the girl, he walked steadily toward the house.

"Daniel!" It was the welcome he had received from the girl, but this time from the mother. The appearance of Daniel and the sound of her own voice seemed to reclaim her from the terrible silence into which she had fallen.

"Yes, it is Daniel," said the old man, looking up. "At least she will have the protection of a good man."

"That she will," declared he stoutly; but his heart sank within him, for he knew what his protection must surely be.

He didn't see the German rise from the sidewalk, look around dazedly, and go back the way whence he had come. However, as would be suspected, a detachment of men came into the little yard in due time. This he did see. In an instant he had shoved the heavy table before the doorway and stood back to wait the action of his foes. He had left the door open and nothing barred the entrance save the table. What a poor barrier against such foes! Arentge stood by his side; but he motioned her toward where her mother sat still holding the infant Jean.

"Ha, my Belgian dog," cried the officer, who was the same Daniel had left on the sidewalk. "What is this afoot that causes you to be in the country occupied by the Kaiser's troops? Don't you know the punishment which is given all your kind when taken as you are about to be taken?"

"What I know about myself is nothing for you to seek into, Herman von Kietz; but what I know about you, what I am now about, I shall tell you. I am here to see that one of your foul crimes shall not go through. You shall not take this girl as you have planned. I have heard of your designs as I have heard of many others of similar nature," he answered in German.

"Then you defy me do you? I'll do you as I have done other Belgian dogs." Then turning to his men: "Take the swine alive that I may have him lick the dust from my boots."

But he never lived to have his order carried out.

"I have done you an honor once this day by knocking you down; I am about to do the world a service by killing you."

And he drew his automatic and fired straight into the face of the German. Von Kietz spun half way round and pitched headlong with a single convulsion.

The men threw themselves against the table; but characteristically showed little reason. Some clamored to climb over it, while others sought to dislodge it and pass around. One of their number, swearing and red in the face, pushed through the jam and mounted the table. Daniel shot him with his gun a foot from the red, repulsive, face. Again and again he fired into the crowd and each shot reduced his enemies by one. His face now wore the cast of one demented; but it was the terrible hatred which he held for these foes whose force was threatening his very race.

Action had followed so quickly upon Daniel's first shot that his enemies had not for the moment noticed the death of their officer. When they did notice it however, they fell back from their efforts to dislodge the table, no longer caring to take the Belgian alive, and slung their rifles. At the first fusilage of shots that tore the small cottage, the old man sank with a moan, his hands clutching at his breast. A single bullet passed through the bodies of the mother and her baby; both expired without a sound. Daniel drew back untouched. He had counted his shots and knew that only one cartridge remained in his gun. He looked around and perceived that only Arentge and he were left unhurt.

The men were again at the door, led by a tall sputtering soldier. He pushed the table back enough to allow the passage of his body between it and the wall. Daniel hit him straight on the jaw and sent him spinning back into the passage he had cleared. He turned and took the girl in his arms, entirely oblivious to the nearness of hands which were seeking to tear her from him. She looked up into his eyes and divined his desperate purpose. Smiling bravely, she said:

"Yes, dear Dan, I know you are right and love you more for it. They can't take me from you, my brave soldier." And as she gave her lips up to his, he prayed fervently that God would forgive him for what he must now do.

He held the pistol from her that the powder might not burn her pure breast. As the merciful bullet entered her young heart, she sank into his arms; but the trustful smile still rested on her lips. Such was her tribute to love and honor.

As he laid her reverently on the bed, a German bayonet entered his body between the shoulder blades and pushed out through the chest. He clutched it spasmodically with both hands and fell across her body. He, too, had paid his tribute. . . .

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE PRESIDENT

Have you forgot about the matter of the election of the president of the student body? You'll remember we gave it as our opinion in the first issue that there should be no qualifications as to length of residence at the University connected with his election. Under the present law, there is—he must have been at the University at least three years prior to his election and must be a rising senior.

Neither of these should obtain. The senior class does not necessarily hold the man who will make the best president of the student body. Besides this, the question of right enters. Right says the man must come from any class in the University and not from any certain class. To say that he must come from the senior class is the same as to say that the president of the United States MUST come from the state of North Carolina. We would like to see him come from North Carolina every time, but it would not be right, as anyone can see.

This matter will be brought to the attention of the student body in the regular way some time in the future. Be thinking of the matter. The opinion you express on your ballot should be your own, and not that of some campus politician.

The entire matter can, we think, be summed up in the words that if the students want a senior to be president, he should be; but that if a freshman is wanted, he should be duly installed into the office. If there are more Democrats in North Carolina—however regrettable the fact may be—why should not the office holders be Democrats?

Whether you believe in this now or not, we invite you to give the matter your serious thought, for you will be called upon to pass on the question.

William Myrick Davies

Carolina and the Magazine give greetings to Professor Davies, termed "The Father of Law" in Asheville

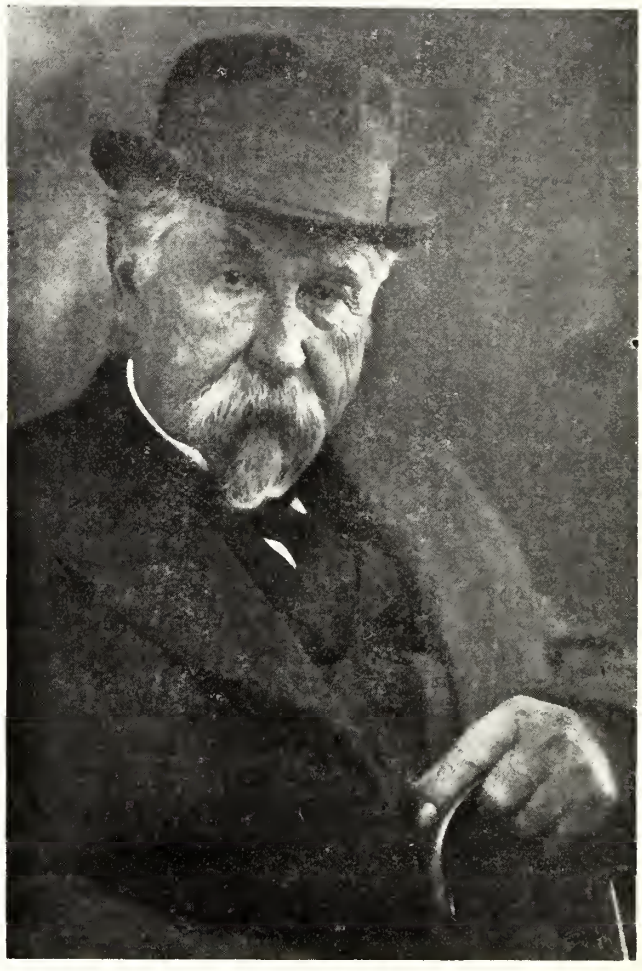
By GEORGE W. McCOY

SUCCESS in America is too often based on the acquisition of riches, in the acquirement of public office or on professional fame. But cannot success also be measured by the esteem in which one is held by people? What should be the criterion of success? Should it be money? Should it be high office? Should it be fame? Or should it be measured by the good one has done in the world and by the number of friends one has?

Professor William Myrick Davies of Asheville, N. C., known to his friends as "Judge" Davies, has been highly successful in obtaining the good will and friendship of all who know him, but he has never attained success, if we measure success by riches or the plaudits of the multitude. Forced by a physical infirmity to abandon the practice of law, for which he was unusually well-equipped, while a young man barely thirty he nevertheless in the years following, because of his deep knowledge of his profession, became known as the "Father of law in Asheville." For many years, until recently, he taught law in Asheville and has sent down many men to take the bar examination at Raleigh. The fact that only one man out of the many that he sent down, to take the examination, failed attests to his ability as a teacher.

Professor Davies was born at Oakland, Henderson county, North Carolina, his father's summer home, July 27, 1843. His family is of old English stock which came to America a long time before the Revolutionary War. His grandfather Davies was governor of Georgia during the Revolution. As a youth, Professor Davies attended Colonel Stephen Lee's school at Chunn's Cove near Asheville. Staying at this school only a short time he left to become a pupil of William Ernenputsch, a graduate of Heidelberg, Germany, and a distinguished educator, at Richmond Academy, Augusta, Georgia. Here he was prepared for college. He then entered the University of North Carolina with the class of 1862, leaving before graduating to become a soldier in the Confederate army, his degree being forwarded to him later. Although from the western part of North Carolina, Professor Davies entered the University from Georgia and joined the Philanthropic Society composed then as now of men from the eastern part of the state. He took much interest in society work and distinguished himself as a speaker.

The professor tells many happy reminiscences of his days at the University. He says that whisky flowed freely in those days and that high times were had. He tells of the frequent visits to Raleigh that he as well as the other boys took and of the many incidents that happened while he was a beau. He has one story he likes to tell especially in regard to a certain professor and Governor Swain, then president of the University.



WILLIAM MYRICK DAVIES

One of the members of the faculty was named Fetter and there occurred about every eighteen months an addition to his family. Governor Swain came in one day while the professor was lecturing to his class to announce that the professor was needed at home saying in the language of the blacksmith shop, "at every stroke of the professor there is a new Fetter." The professor, not to be outdone, replied—"no remarks on such a matter are needed and none are heeded from beardless Swains," the governor being famed for his lack of a beard.

As a student Professor Davies was consistent and thorough. When the call to arms was sounded he answered and became a private in Burke's Sharpshooters, 2nd Georgia Regiment, commanded by Colonel Sims, Toomb's Brigade. Within three months, because his hearing was impaired, he was discharged, but he did not stay out of the service long as he im-

mediately joined the 14th Battalion of South Carolina Cavalry, Captain Spark's company. He served so efficiently and loyally that he was offered a commission in a Louisiana regiment but as the war ended soon after, he did not receive it.

Returning home in '65 he took up the study of law under Colonel John D. Hyman, of Hendersonville, and afterwards attended the law school of Judge J. L. Bailey of Asheville. In 1867 he was admitted to the bar and then practiced law for about a year with the late D. C. Waddell in Hendersonville. He then took up the practice of law in Transylvania county. In 1871 he was an associate editor of the Raleigh *Carolinian*. After practicing law about six years his hearing became so impaired that he had to seek other means of livelihood.

After losing his hearing he made two races for the state legislature from Henderson county but as the county was so overwhelmingly Republican he falied of election both times.

In 1887 he became engrossing clerk of the state legislature.

About the year 1900 he established in Asheville a law school which attained much success and was conducted until the outbreak of the world war. As a law professor he was very successful, achieving fine results, many of his former students ranking high in their profession and holding high positions of trust and responsibility.

As a counsellor he has been in great demand. As an instance of the respect that lawyers have for his learning in the law the following is cited: a very important case was being tried in the superior court at Asheville. A delicate point of law was involved. One of the lawyers wanting to put his finger on a certain point of the law left the court-room so he could consult with Professor Davies. As soon as he was told what was wanted the professor immediately gave the desired information.

Commenting on law nowadays, the professor says: "Law is now a burlesque. There are some judges on the bench now that are no more fit to be there than I am fit to be in a pulpit."

The professor has never married, although he was a great beau in his young day. The reason he gives for never marrying is his deafness. Although he finds it hard to get about and has lost the use of his hearing his eyes are bright. He takes an unfailing interest in the doings of the day and is unusually well-informed on current topics.

The Revaluation Act and Taxes

By E. G. RAND

"I HOPE to see you all hanged before the next election." These were the words a Wake county farmer addressed to the county tax officials of that county one day last summer. And you wonder immediately why the irate gentleman expressed such a violent sentiment.

Well, it was all about the Revaluation Act which was passed by the general assembly of the state of North Carolina during the 1919 session, an act which provides for the true valuation of all property. In order to understand and pass upon this particular complaint, it might be well to look back into the history of the tax question in the state of North Carolina.

Briefly it is this: Directly after the Civil War, the state legislature passed a law providing that all real property in the state be assessed at its true and actual value by local boards of appraisers. Each county was to have its board of appraisers whose duty should be to look over the real property in their particular county and place a valuation on it.

Now as time went on, it became increasingly evident that this system was completely incapable of handling the situation. There were many weak spots which stood out predominantly in this system. First, there was the question of politics. Many of the men appointed on these boards as appraisers owed their appointments to pulls with the county officials.

Hence it happened that the second defect arose, *i. e.*, that many men found themselves entrusted with the duty and responsibility of placing true valuation on real property when they knew absolutely nothing of land values. The old system thus failed to recognize that it required men who knew land values, experts, if you will, to fill the positions as appraisers.

Abundant proof of the fact that incompetency was rife in these boards may be found upon inspection of the old books in any of the county auditors' offices. For example take land that five years ago was actually worth $100.00 an acre on the market. Go to the tax books and you will find that the land was listed from $25.00 to $50.00 an acre. One-fourth to two-thirds actual value was the scale to which the valuation ran.

So as time went on the tax rate had to be continually increased by law in order to supply the state with the revenue necessary for maintenance.

This system applied only to real property. A different method obtained for placing the value of personal property on the tax books. Each township in the county had its tax lister. This tax lister was appointed by the board of county commissioners. He was appointed upon recommendation, or qualification, or both.

The tax lister was responsible to the sheriff for the property in his township being placed upon the tax books. He advertised that between such and such dates he would hold his books open for the listing of property. On the specified days it was the duty of all property owners in the township to come up and list their property. The lister was provided with a book in which the valuations on all real property in the township are tabulated.

So when an owner came up, the lister simply looked up the real property charged to him in the book and transferred the figures to the tax-listing sheet. Under

duties as prescribed. But alas! with the personal property it was different. The owner simply "gave in" to the tax lister the personal property which he owned. The tax list contained an enumeration of all personal property from knives and forks to mortgages and money on deposit in the bank. The owner simply an- the new law the lister still exists and performs his swered "yes" or "no" as to whether he possessed any of the enumerated appendages.

If the owner answered "yes," the invariable question from the lister would be "what is it worth?" And here is where the rub came. People generally seemed to think that giving the value of property for taxes was an entirely different matter from quoting a price for sale on the market. It thus happened that good new automobiles were valued at two hundred and fifty dollars, cows from ten to twenty dollars a head and so on in proportion.

One incident stands out in my mind as illustrating the point: A farmer had just given in his cow as being worth twenty-five dollars. He was overheard by a man who been in the county only a short time, and who evidently did not know how the system worked.

He approached the farmer and asked him if he had a cow for sale. Now the farmer did not know that the man had overheard him as he gave in his property.

"Yes," he said, "I have a cow for sale."

"How much is she worth?" queried the stranger.

"A hundred dollars," replied the farmer.

Needless to say the sale was not made as the stranger evidently thought the farmer was making an attempt to profiteer on him.

It has been maintained that the people were not entirely to blame for such misrepresentations. It has been pointed out that the fault lay in the system. The people had just drifted along in the old rut and, without intending it, were defeating the purpose of the law.

Realizing the defects of the old system and believing that equity and justice should predominate in taxes, Senator Humphrey, of Wayne county, introduced a bill known as the Revaluation Act in the legislature of 1919. The purpose of the bill, as stated, was to equalize the value of property in the state, to place all property on the tax books at its true and actual value in cash on the market.

The bill also provided for a decrease in the tax rate to counterbalance the increase in valuation. Another provision was that the total amount of net revenue in the state should not be increased over 10 per cent.

The bill passed and has been in operation since. To get back to our complainant who wanted to see the gallows work. This man represented the extreme. He was just what may be called a chronic kicker. Many and many complaints are being made now, however, in regard to taxes. The point is this: Under the Revaluation Act property was placed upon the tax books at its true worth at the time. Since that time the value of property has taken a tumble along with everything else. The people say they ought not to pay the same taxes on land that they did two years before. And the people have in all probability some just complaints. These complaints will be met as the situations may demand. The most satisfactory methods for adjusting these complaints, and the one in fact that is being generally resorted to, is to place the final decision in the hands of the board of county commissioners. This plan has proved to be very satisfactory where it has been tried.

It is thus evident that the Revaluation Act has remedied a great many evils that previously existed in the old system. Still we have some defects in the system at present, which although are not so apparent to us, are quite noticeable to people who move into our state and unacquainted with our system. The state takes no responsibility in informing its newly acquired citizens as to its system of taxation, and consequently in many cases people in this class know absolutely nothing in regard to the payment of their taxes until they receive a letter from the sheriff of the county informing them that unless their taxes are paid within a certain date their property will be sold at auction.

Now this state of affairs could and possibly will be remedied. Why should the state place upon the individual the responsibility of finding out these things for himself? Why not employ some system of informing the taxpayers as to their status, without compelling them to write to the sheriff to get the information? In many cases the taxpayer, especially when he is a newcomer into the state, does not even know where to write for the information.

The present system should at least be improved in this one respect. It would certainly have the benefit of causing people to have more respect for the efficiency of the system.

[*EDITORIAL*]

RUSHING THE PICKWICK

At the time this editorial was written the Student Council had taken no action in regard to the storming of the Pickwick Theatre by students of the University the night following the V. M. I. football game. Why the Student Council has not taken this matter up is beyond our ken; it is possible that by this time the matter has been considered.

It should be considered by the Council; what is more, something should be done to stop this outrage. Last year the Pickwick was "rushed" several times. Also, the high school athletic contests on Emerson Field suffered from the same barbarism.

It is barbarism to storm the Pickwick. More than that, it tends toward a mob spirit which will sooner or later lead on to believe in that form of right. If the Student Council and others on this campus would take a determined stand against this form of Bolshevism, they would get along better than they do now.

We think that in this particular the Student Council has fallen down on its job; it has certainly fallen down on its job for not considering the matter before the time this was written.

The Confessions of a College Librarian

If you have ever taken a book out of the University library, or ever intend to do so, you will be interested in reading this. You can perhaps learn how to bear with the librarian when he has his "Go to Hell" mood with him

By AN UNFORTUNATE HERDER OF BOOKS

IF YOU have ever operated a corner peanut stand, or have slung hash in a cheap hash house, or have sold lisle hose over a department store counter, or even have sold oil stock over a mahogany desk you have had many of the experiences, thrills, and aversions that I, the college librarian, have had.

Life, to a librarian, is not by any means exciting. Rather, it is the most disgusting, the most tiresome, and the most loathesome work imaginable. After hearing this I suppose you wonder what in the world a college librarian has to confess unless at some time he has killed the janitor, cursed a co-ed, or insulted a professor. It would be an easy matter to do all these but they rarely ever happen. The professional side of the librarian does not allow them although the human side may cry out for them. But to get back to my subject, despite all of this the college librarian has something to confess.

For three years I have been a college librarian and for three years I have checked out and checked in thousands of books ranging from Homer's "Illiad" to Robert W. Chamber's "Who Goes There?" And in those three years I have studied the librarian's position closely. I have found out several things I am going to tell you.

The newsboy has three moods. At one time he will exert every ounce of his surplus energy to sell his wares. At another time he will not walk over ten steps to rid himself of the papers. And at another time he will just as soon throw his journals in the gutter and let the publishers go broke. The college librarian is the same way. He has three moods. First is his benevolent mood. Second is his mood of indifference. Third is the mood that tells the world to go to the devil.

Since the benevolent mood is the most admirable in the college librarian, I will consider it first. In this condition the librarian will chase from the top of the library to the basement in order to find a paper which contains one inch of your home-town news. If you ask him for a book and he cannot find it in the right place, he will look in all of the adjoining alcoves, among the books just returned, and if it is still out he will tell you who has it. Under this psychological condition of benevolence if you ask him for "Tom Sawyer" and if it is out he will bring you "Huckleberry Finn" and a half a dozen others which he will recommend to you as better than the former. If you enquire about a magazine that you are unable to find in the reading-room he will cover every inch in that room until he finds it. If you want to take a peep into the stack-room he will violate one of the most important "don'ts" in the library book of instructions and let you have your wishes.

In fact the college librarian will do everything for anybody, including co-eds and professors, if he is in that benevolent mood. Benevolence is supposed to be an integral part of the profession just as it is in the case of the Baptist minister.

The next mood is the mood of indifference and it is a non-essential to the librarian. He is not supposed to have it although the most of them have nothing else. The call slip is presented to him. He goes into the stacks, takes a hasty look at the place where the book ought to be, gets it or doesn't, walks back to the desk, either checks it out to the borrower and merely grunts in recognition to a word of thanks, or thrusts the call slip back to the would-be borrower and growls, "It's out," sits down, and proceeds with his nap.

Take a word of advice from me. Do not waste any of your own benevolent spirit on the librarian when he is in this condition because it will not do you one iota of good. Your sweetest smile will fall on an iceberg. The librarian would not move ten steps to help you. You may get directions in words but he will never show you anything if he has to exert any energy. So the best thing you can do is to go quietly about your business.

The other mood may be termed the "Go to hell mood." You can present your call slip. The librarian is reposing gracelessly but at the same time resting easily. He looks daggers at you. He curses so you can't hear it. He peruses the call slip and if there is anything wrong with it he will let you know about it in no gentle manner. He goes into the stack-room. He remains there a second, returns, and announces that the book is out. Nine times out of ten he doesn't even look for it. You ask him when it will be returned. He replies: "How in hell do I know?" You better beat it.

Beware of the librarian in this condition. This is the mood for which he is not paid and for which he is likely to get fired. Nevertheless, he sometimes has these moods. They are usually the result of a bad night's sleep, a boil, a headache, or some similar cause. Again take a word of advice from me. He does not stay that way long. Do not get sore at him because the next time you apply for a book his mood will be benevolent and he will make up for his past deficiency ten times over. But keep away when you see that he does not give a hang if the world caves in.

So I have given you the moods of the librarian. This is the side that you see—the side that you like and the side that you hate. You think that he is tiresome, even boresome, even hateful. But you do not think of yourselves. You are far more trying than I, the librarian, am. Maybe you do not believe me, but I will show you.

The college librarian has four types of people with whom he has to contend. These are the ordinary male student, the co-ed, the graduate student, and the professor. Do you fall in any of these categories?

The ordinary male student is not so bad. He has a habit of dropping in about once every fortnight and his mind is too weak to remember his library number. Result, more curses marked up against the librarian. If he is a freshman, he is likely to ask: "Who wrote Franklin's Autobiography?" If he is a sophomore, he drops in the night before a reading card is due and harrasses the poor librarian for several hours. If he is a junior, he demands French plays and novels. If he is a senior, he wants Plato's Republic and other such books. If he is a student in the school of commerce he becomes a library lizzard, a veritable nuisance, an aversion. The libarian learns to detest him.

Every man is a type unto himself in this category of ordinary students. One man may be a confirmed reader of novels and appear daily to enquire if "The Amateur Gentleman" has yet returned. Another may be a victim of poetry, consistently desiring Robert W. Service until he has been read through. Then he starts all over again. Still another may have ambitions to read all the back files of popular magazines. He is truly a nuisance. Then there are some who just drop in occasionally to read the newspapers. I find them all right.

So I will pass to the co-ed. She is absolutely impossible, though little can she be scored for. All of them, except the butterflies, are consistent readers. They take out at least three books each day and return them the next day. They desire to rummage over the entire library and consider themselves insulted if they are refused this privilege. They make the library their headquarters and their beautiful voices and laughter ring through it constantly. You ask what is wrong with that? I reply, nothing except that it gets monotonous. They are usually serious-minded, reading chiefly Shakespeare, histories, philosophies, and religious books. They are all right—out of the library.

So now I come to the greatest nuisance that ever walked into the library face forward. He owns it. He has permission to go whithersoever he pleaseth. He does. He goes into the stacks, looks around, comes out, makes out slips, and requests the librarian to go get the books he desires. He carries out twenty books at one time, because he has to write a master's thesis. He has them renewed every two weeks, usually managing to have them at least one day late. He looks highly insulted when the library closes and almost throws a fit when his request to stay in after hours remains ungranted. He is a graduate student.

Lastly I will mention the professor. He is all right except when he is taking books out and bringing books back. The process of taking them out spreads over nine months. The process of returning them begins about three days before comencement. Usually he has to use a wheelbarrow in returning them. A truck would, by no means, be a hindrance in taking them out. He, too, has the freedom of the library. That takes a great deal off of the librarian's shoulders because he gets his own books. But he does not check them out and in, nor does he replace them in the stacks.

Now you have seen my side of the thing and your side. Do you think I have any right to kick? Do you think that you have any right to object? You are just as tiresome, just as trying, and just as sorry as I, the librarian, am. Take still another word of advice from me. Do not be a college librarian.

[*EDITORIAL*]

FAIR PLAY

The effort we spoke of in the last issue to get University officials to pay the expenses of intercollegiate forensic contests has been made. The officials have made it clear that the University has no right to take the tax money of the state and give it to pay expenses of debating.

However, the University has the right to take any sum of money the student body might vote on itself and turn this over to be used for debating. Such a plan would be worked exactly as the athletic fee plan is worked now. It has been estimated that if each student would pay the sum of fifteen cents each quarter, enough money would be raised to pay for the contests.

Some plan like this should be worked out. The Debate Council has decided, since only the literary societies supported debating, that no man could be eligible for a debate unless he was a member in good standing of one of the literary societies.

No one can deny that this is just. The Debate Council regretted having to take such a step. It hopes that out of this step will come some plan whereby contributions may be made by the student body in order that everyone may be eligible for the contests.

THE LECTURES

Soon a series of lectures will start here. The lectures have been arranged for by the faculty committee on lectures, and this committee, in securing speakers, has tried to get one for each phase of University life.

The idea back of these lectures is to give a sort of cultural course, open to every student, in several subjects about which everyone should know something. The individual subjects are in some cases not important enough to warrant devoting an entire college course to them. For instance, bird life, journalism, art, negro folk-lore, and the chemistry of warfare will be considered.

Every man will do well to attend these lectures.

The Reprieve

By G. WRIGHT LANKFORD

BY SOME strange fate or complication of circumstances Lloyd Williams was altogether the happiest man in the world, and, at the same time the most unhappy. It was at the State College summer school in 1918, and by some odd handling of situations destiny had placed him in command of the military company stationed there for mechanical training. Helen Brady, his sweetheart, a pretty little college girl, was there taking college-credit work in another department. He got to see her every evening, and often in their whirling rides out into the country after his work was done, she would nestle to him as he guided the big car safely over the roads, and beg him to be careful when he had gone to France, to write her every day, to be good, and not forget her for one minute while gone. They never spoke of the possibility of his not coming back. Both thought of it, but it was never mentioned, and when he would slip his arm around her, and draw her still closer they would talk of his return, marriage, a little home, and happiness.

Another thing that made young Williams' work more pleasant was his mother. A matron in one of the girls' dormitories, she too, helped to make Lloyd's life more like home. She was almost fifty, with pure white hair, refined, and with a touch that would have made any man glad to have her meet his friends. He was proud of her just as he was proud of his beautiful Helen, and she in turn, was proud of him. She often heard the men say: "We've got the best captain in the world," and because she knew that most of it was said by them unconscious of her relation to him, she believed, and was happy.

The things to make Lloyd's life unhappy were several. There was the broken cog in his career brought on by the war. Then, the prolonged engagement to Helen, and last, was the disgrace of his father, in the state prison down-town. Two years before, Lloyd had finished college at this very place, high in scholarship, high in athletics, high in the esteem of his fellow students, and a second lieutenant in the United States Reserves. He had plunged into his first engineering job with the fire of youth to send him upwards, and the desire to take the girl he loved to aid him, too. Almost through with the job that was to have marked his first success and enabled him to marry, he was stopped by the American Declaration of War with Germany. The big job was finished by others, and he went into the Ordnance Department to find himself, now in the second summer, commanding the Mechanical Training company at his alma mater.

Going down-town from the college one could take a street which led by the state penitentiary. In one of the cells of the second floor of the prison Lloyd's father was confined, and this was the source of the young man's greatest unhappiness. The old man often sat at his solitary piece of furniture, a small table, and as he combed his white hair with his fingers, thought of his son out in the world, suffering perhaps, from the disgrace brought on the family five years before. The son was a captain in the United States army now, preparing for his plunge into France, and the old man wished to be with him some before he left. He called for paper and pen and wrote a short note to his son.

And so it came about that three days before Lloyd was to leave, he received the letter from his father. Young Williams was in his office at the time, and as he sat with the crumpled sheet in his hand, he pondered the situation. Five years ago when his father was cashier of the little bank back in his home town the older man had been suddenly accused by the directors of having stolen five thousand dollars from the bank. An investigation had resulted in a discovery of a five thousand dollar deficit in the cash supposed to be on hand. The accused man protested, claiming his innocence. He even stated, at the trial, that the book found in the bank on the morning of the discovery of the deficit, was not the same one left there the evening before, that the five thousand had been there then. But his plea seemed so crude, and the evidence was so overwhelmingly against him that he was found guilty by the court, and sentenced to prison for eight years.

The blow had been particularly hard for Lloyd. In the settlement of affairs the home was sold to replace the missing money, and he and his mother had moved away with very little left. He had come through all right, however, and now wondered what was best to be done. He wanted his father with him for the few days remaining before his departure for France.

Captain Williams got in his car, drove down to the governor's home, and got an interview. When he left the governor he had an order for his father's release for two days. That was on Monday morning at eleven o'clock. By the same hour Wesdnesday the elder Williams was to be back in his cell. It was an unusual thing to do, but the governor could not get away from the passionate pleas of the son. He relied on the honor of both for the safe return of the prisoner.

That afternoon Lloyd placed his entire work on the shoulders of one of his lientenants, and he, his mother, his father, and Helen had a delightful afternoon and evening together. They talked almost entirely of Lloyd's coming departure on Thursday, and try as he would, he could not get them off the subject. Helen seemed to be excited about something, and when it came time for the little party to break up, she called him to one side and whispered to him excitedly.

"Lloyd, I believe I have a clue to the real loss of the money five years ago."

Lloyd laughed at her, and pressed her hand. So far as he knew she was no more enlightened than himself on that subject, and so, he treated her suggestion only as a little fancy of hers, and did not even ask for further explanations. Often he had doubted his father's innocence and had never made any attempt to clear his name. Now, he unconsciously hurt Helen

by treating so lightly the hope she had for clearing Mr. Williams' name. She said no more about it.

All next day the young captain was kept busy with his preparations for leaving, and not until almost eleven o'clock that night was he able to see his people again. He went to his mother's office and found the three there. They talked of various things, had tea, and soon left for the night. Lloyd called his father to one side and discussed plans for the next day.

"Dad, I suppose you had better be ready to go back about ten. I'll come and take you, or send someone else to do it. I will at least see you again before you have to go."

The old man took his son's hand in his own, but did not say a word. To Lloyd's mind came a vision of the dingy little cell to which his father was soon to return. He could not blame the older man for not speaking. With a lump in his throat, he turned to Helen.

"Come Helen, I'll see you to your dormitory," he called, and the young couple left the others alone.

"Lloyd, we've been back to your old home today," she told him as they drove to the other side of the campus. He seemed not to hear, and when a little later she asked for the use of the car for the next morning, he agreed that she might have it, without asking why she wanted it, or anything of the kind.

He left her and walked slowly back to his quarters. Helen had acted rather oddly. She seemed excited, and his father had not appeared the same. Something was wrong.

When Lloyd got to his work next morning he found that there was very little left to be done, and by eight o'clock he was able to leave the work in charge of the other officers and go to be with his father until eleven. When he got to his mother's rooms he found her very nervous and white.

"Where's dad, mother?" he inquired.

"Oh, I don't know, he's gone. I can't say where, nor when. He was not here when I awoke this morning, and I haven't seen him yet."

Then Lloyd went white, too. "My God, mother, do you suppose he has skipped?" he inquired anxiously. He held his breath in the suspense of the moment, and wavered as he awaited the answer. His father had been let out on their honor and was due back at the prison at eleven o'clock, and was now gone!

"No, Lloyd, I can't believe that your father could have done such a thing. You know he is the very soul of honor, and he would not break his word to the governor. It's something else," and Mrs. Williams wept on her son's broad shoulder.

"Perhaps he did not want to wait and tell us goodbye as he would have had to do had he stayed, mother dear. Perhaps he had gone without telling us. I'll go and see if that is what he has done," he tried to comfort her as left the room.

Outside he almost bumped into a "for hire car," and stopped it with a wave of his hand. Then, as he jumped in directed: "Drive like hell for the state prison." The warden recognized him with a smile, but when he asked if Mr. Williams was in, the smile changed to a grin of irony.

"No, he isn't. We were not looking for him before eleven. Why, where is he?"

"I don't know, man, except that he's gone. Slipped away last night or this morning early, and we can't find him anywhere."

"I thought the governor was doing a risky thing when he allowed that man to go like that," the warden said, half to himself, and half to the young man waiting anxiously for some hopeful suggestion from the prison official. But the man failed to appreciate the young captain's plight. He said only: "I'll notify the police," and left Lloyd stranded, still undecided what to do.

The man in the car reminded him of his fare, and that brought him to his senses again. "I want to see the governor, take me there!"

When he had arrived at the governor's home, he explained the situation as best he could and asked for directions. "I'll expect the agreement to be fulfilled, is all I have to tell you young man. Your father is due back in his cell at eleven, and we shall expect him. That's all."

The man in the car again received orders to the effect of "drive fast to the police station," and the car was again in motion. At the desk the sergeant could tell him nothing, but promised to notify him in case of trouble, discovery, or anything of the kind. He then returned to the college.

"Helen's gone too, Lloyd," greeted him as he entered, and Mrs. Williams' face was red from weeping. "I can't understand it at all." Her son couldn't understand either. His father gone, Helen gone, his car gone. No note, no clue of any kind—nothing to tell him what, why, when, or where. He fell into a chair to think. Mrs. Williams went out to the porch and left him alone with his problems.

Young Williams could not remain seated long. He was too restless. All along he believed that his father's disappearance and Helen's absence had something to do with each other. But what? Where were they, and why had they gone?

Leaving orders in charge of another officer, Lloyd borrowed a car from a friend and did his own driving as he continued his search. Back to the prison he went with no results. Then to the police station where the same desk sergeaant beckoned to him as he entered.

"Isn't this the Captain Williams who was here earlier this morning?" he asked as Lloyd approached the desk.

"Yes. Do you know anything about my father yet?" Lloyd asked anxiously.

"Your father has not been accounted for, but according to last night's books a young lady with light hair, driving a Hudson speedster, came into this office about twelve o'clock and left word that if you should call about her to inform you that she is all right, and will be back today. She wouldn't give her name, but requested the assistance of two men to get a thief. I didin't know this when you were here this morning or I would have told. Can you place the girl, and do you suppose she has Mr. Williams with her?"

"I don't know, but this helps me some. Did two of your men go with her?"

"Yes, but we have had no report from them yet. The lady said they'd be back this morning, and that's

all I know. Can you give us any idea of where they might have gone, or where your father might be, now? We will help you all we can."

"No, I have no idea of what it all means. If you want me, or learn anything, call this number," Lloyd answered as he wrote out his telephone number on the desk pad. "I'll do my best to find them and will coöperate with you in your work. I must get back to my company now, and remember—you are to call me." Captain Williams went back to his work where more trouble awaited him.

M. E. Bradley, private in the mechanical training company was gone, deserted apparently. Lloyd looked up his card. The man had a prison record, too. Forgery one time and safe cracking again. That was all. Williams did not remember how the information had been placed there, but such was the case, and he called the police station again.

The morning wore into afternoon, the afternoon into evening, and still no report came from the missing trio. Williams could not leave his work, but called the police station every few minutes. There were twelve men on the case, and the police department was working on the conclusion that the three disappearances were to be solved together. The warden of the state prison had no news for him. What the governor thought about the matter Lloyd did not know, but he did know that the state's chief executive would probably blame him for the whole affair.

The evening papers carried the full story with a large double column headline. It gave a full account of Mr. Williams' two-day release by the governor. It also told of Helen's disappearance, the deserter incident, and the relations existing between the young captain, the girl, and the elder Mr. Williams. It had dug up the old story of how Mr. Williams had been convicted five years before with many added features. Lloyd read the story in disgust, and called the police station again. No news. In the morning he was to take the train with his troops for Newport News, and they would probably sail within twenty-four hours after their arrival there. Midnight came with still no word of encouragement from the police, and Lloyd prepared to retire. Bound to his command, his father gone, his girl gone, one man deserted, and at eleven o'clock next day he would leave it all for France!

He did not sleep well, and was up again at five to call for information. The military authorities were after Bradley, and both county and municipal officers were looking for all three absentees. The morning dragged on, orders were given for the march to the railroad station, and at nine-thirty the whole company was underway. There was very little singing on the march. All the men knew of the position in which their captain had been placed, and they made their way to the station without a cheer. A large crowd was at the station to see the men off, and, but for the one sad incident, it would have been a happy send-off.

At fifteen minutes before eleven all were on the train except the officers, with the remaining quarter of an hour to spare. Lloyd tried to comfort his mother as she cried on his shoulder.

"Mother, this whole thing will come out all right," he tried to assure her. "But you must write me all about everything, and tell Helen to try to explain it all to me. I'll watch the papers and learn what I can in that way."

A car whirled up to the curb and stopped. Lloyd looked up from his mother's face and gasped in surprise. Helen was stepping from the front seat, and behind sat two officers, Bradley, and his father. Helen rushed into his arms and clung there for a long, long minute. The soldiers, crowding to the windows of their coaches, and craning their necks for a last peep at the town and people they had known for six weeks, saw and cheered. As the girl looked up into Lloyd's eyes, she pleaded: "Please don't be angry with us, Lloyd. We thought we'd be back long before now. Your father didn't steal the money. He won't have to go back at all. It was Bradley who ruined him and we've got the proof. We've been clear to the state line and everywhere." He listened bewildered as she continued. "Oh, I wish I had time to tell you all about the whole thing, but I haven't. It's just eight minutes until time from the train to sart, but I'll write you, send the papers, and everything. And Lloyd, that woman I have been rooming with is Bradley's wife. That's how I happened to know. Oh, it is all true. I'm so happy."

Lloyd took her in his left arm and shook hands with his father. "Dad, I'm so glad for you, and I'm proud of my little girl here, too," he said, squeezing her hand.

Helen looked up, and as Mrs. Williams joined the group, exclaimed: "Oh, Lloyd, you're going to France. Had you forgotten?" At the end of the long line of packed coaches the big engineer pulled at his whistle. The train began to roll, and the soldiers flung back cheer after cheer in echo to those lifted by the vast crowd.

Lloyd clasped hands with his proud father, pressed his mother closer to him, begged her to take care of herself and "dad," and turned to Helen. They met in the parting embrace.

"I don't care how Bradley ruined my father now that the devil is caught. I don't care how you got him. I'm just glad. You can send me the details, for that's all right. I'm proud of you, dear. Take care of yourself and the others. There's the last coach, and I must go."

Lloyd swung up to the back platform, waved as the train pulled out of sight, and was gone.

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Women

If you play with the hearts of women,
Be they old or merely maids,
Be sure my son you'll regret it
As certain as spades are spades.

You've laughed and joked with other boys
At the way you've strung 'em along,
Never considering the pain you've caused,
Nor thinking you've done any wrong.

But wait, sometime you'll really love,
And then you'll begin to pay,
For the hearts you've broken will give you no rest
In your dreams, your work, or your play.

You'll see their faces as you talked to them,
You'll remember the look in their eyes,
As you spoke of love and other things,
God! but you'll hate those lies.

For the day you find yourself in love
With a girl so wondrous fair,
You'll think of the hearts you've trifled with,
And you'll begin to doubt she's square.

That day it will all come back on you,
And the question you'll ask will be:
"I've fooled and played with a dozen girls,
Do you suppose she's playing with me?"

When you kiss the lips of the girl you love,
As you leave her at her door,
You'll wonder in spite of all you can do
If she's been kissed that way before.

For the things she does through innocence
Will fill your heart with doubt,
And the minutes you spend way from her
Will tear your heart strings out.

You'll never think she's doing right,
Though she does, and tries her best,
You'll be jealous of every man you see,
And think she's like the rest.

For you'll think of the many girls you've kissed,
And you'll reason that this is true;
The things I can do to the other man's girl,
The other man, to my girl can do.

—JACK SPRUILL.

Beauty—A Sonnet

Adown the dim aisles of the passing years,
Through the vicissitudes of Time's régime,
Man's fairest inspiration, greatest theme,
Has sprung from revered Beauty, it inheres—
This love of Beauty—within every mortal,
Though oftentimes in dormant state it lies
Awaiting the master's touch to burst its ties
And soar moth-like, in splendor from its portal.

* * * *

The faint warm saffron tinted flush of dawn,
The matin of the lark, wheeling from the sod
The distant vista, through mists half withdrawn,
Of sapphire lake and gleaming golden-rod,
Fill me with reverence and within me is born
The radiant thought that Beauty's soul is—God!

—S. J. PARHAM, JR., '23

Dream Girl of Mine

My dream girl's best by far—
Take it from me.
We've ne'er a scrap or scar.
What's more, I'm free.

We have no fallings out—
Pitfalls are yours.
And dream girls never pout,
Never are bores.

She comes whene'er I call,
Smilingly, too;
Eager to do her all,
Lest I get blue.

She knows no jealousies,
Rampant, run-wild.
Pours out her sympathies—
My sweet dream child.

She seeks no wedding ring,
But gives her all.
Comes at my beckoning,
Comes at my call.

Oh, she's the best by far,
And safer too.
Just like all dream maids are,
Constant and true.

—M. C. GORHAM.

Be Ye Not Deceived

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ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

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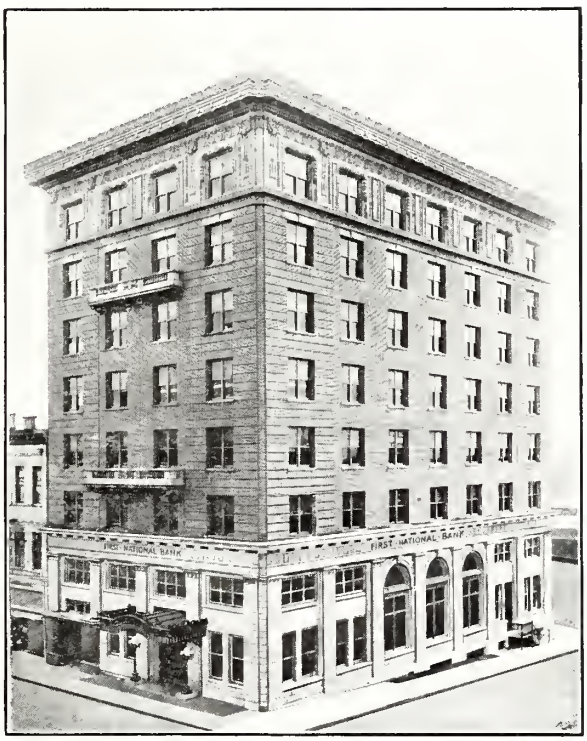

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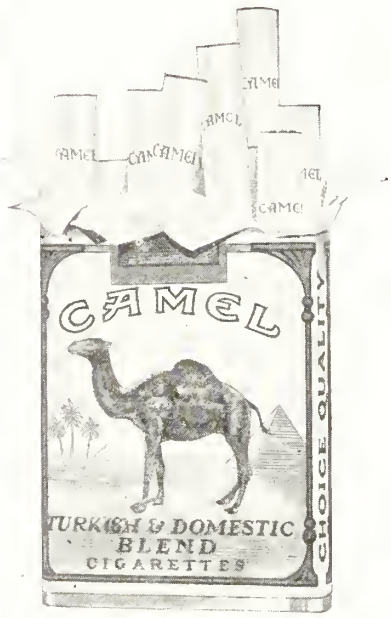

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TO OUR PATRONS

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President H. W. Chase

A new year comes around. With it comes old problems which must be faced again; new problems which must be faced for the first time. All must be solved.

You have before you, Mr. President, a year in which you can set a new pace—a pace which the universities of the south can do nothing more than follow. It is your task to prepare the University for the great influx of new students the erection of seven new buildings makes possible. It is your task to maintain that high standard of scholarship for which the University has been noted in the past. It is your task to prepare the way for a coming to the University of true democracy in social affairs. It is your task to see to it that this University takes a higher place in southern athletics.

In short, it is your task to be the supreme individual, to set new and higher standards, to think deeply, and to act in accordance thereto.

And, Mr. President, we are confident!

George Rogers Clark and the Conquest of the Northwest

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Oration delivered at Charlottesville, Va., by Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina at the unveiling of the George Rogers Clarke Memorial (presented to the University of Virginia through the generosity of Paul Goodloe McIntire), on November 3, 1921.

I REJOICE that Virginia, with an amplitude and distinction worthy of her great traditions, signalizes today her recognition, generous though tardy, of the enduring contributions to the Republic of her native son, stellar figure in the American Revolution, George Rogers Clark. I consider it an especial honor to have received this invitation, to speak upon an historical theme, from the most inspiring teacher of history I have known, the distinguished president of your famous University. The glories of Virginia—in statecraft, military prowess, education, government—have been voiced in eloquent strains by distinguished orators and historians; and by none so eloquently, I venture to think, as by Alderman, and Bruce, and Tyler. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Lee, Wilson—these names are foremost in American history, indeed I may say in the world's history, of the past century and a half. To that galaxy I would add today the name of Clark—the Stonewall Jackson of the Revolution, the conqueror of the Northwest. He is the central figure in the most stirring hero-tale in America history. Romance has already wrapt him round with glory—and the American youth thrills to the magic of his fame in "The Crossing" and "Alice of Old Vincennes." Through the oriel window of the imagination, may we see him for a moment today as a brilliant meteor flashing across the northern sky?

Delighting as I do in the stirring annals of the pioneers of the Old Southwest, I would plead today for a larger recognition in the future, by the historians of Virginia and the nation, of the men who led the vanguard of the great Westward movement.

"Carving across on the wilderness rim," these hardy pathfinders and long-hunters of a vanished age swept in irresistible tide over the Wilderness Trail, passed through the aerial portal of the Cumberland, spied out the luring lands of the empurpled west, and triumphantly vanquished a savage foe—winning for America the vast region of the trans-Alleghany and of the northwest. Truth prophetic speaks from the silenced lips of Lewis and Boone and Clark; of Walker, Preston, and Christian; of Callaway, Robertson and Sevier:

> "Rude though our life, it suits our spirit
> And new-born states in future years
> Shall own us founders of a nation,
> And bless the hardy pioneers."

II

George Rogers Clark was the most dynamic military figure of the Revolution. At the age of twenty-three, by force of sheer hardihood, he seized military control of Kentucky. Under the veiled threat of leading in a revolution the rude borderers of the west, he dragooned Patrick Henry and the Virginia Council into furnishing the Kentucky stations with the indispensable ammunition for their defense. By ousting from the position of leadership Colonel Richard Henderson, president of the Colony of Transylvania, he virtually assumed the military dictatorship of the west. With the aid and countenance of Jefferson, Mason and Wythe, he secretly and sagaciously projected a military expedition against the loosely held posts of the enemy in the northwest; and personally conducted against Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and Vincennes a brilliant and meteoric campaign which was crowned with shining success. In the capture and retention of the fortified posts of the Illinois he made possible the diplomacy of Jay, by which the boundary of the United States at the close of the Revolution was triumphantly pushed to the Lakes in the north and to the Mississippi on the west.

When Clark achieved the capture of Hamilton at Vincennes in 1779, his star was at its zenith. Later years witnessed its progressive decline and tragic setting. He was ruined in fortune as the result of pledging his personal credit for the colossal expense of his arduous campaigns. This debt of honor incurred by Clark in behalf of Virginia was not settled by that great state until years after his death. He was embittered in spirit because Virginia gave him only a second-hand sword for his conquest of the northwest, and relieved him of his military commission at the close of the Revolution. He slowly sank into the quicksands of inebriety, sullied his honor by selling his military services to a foreign power, and like Burr, Blount and Wilkinson, dallied with projects verging upon treason. Clark went to his grave unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Had Clark marched straight for Detroit after the capture of Hamilton at Vincennes, he might well have vied with Washington himself in military glory. Had Virginia heeded his oft-repeated pleas, promptly arranged the settlement of his acount, and procured him a general's commission in the Continental army, Clark might well have achieved national recognition in his

lifetime and died with the plaudits of a grateful people ringing in his ears. "I have given the United States half the territory they possess," he wrote in 1792, "and for them to suffer me to remain in poverty, in consequence of it, will not redound much to their honor hereafter.

It is often the fate of great leaders, in America as elsewhere, to feel the sting of ingratitude at the hands of the people and the nation they have most unselfishly served. Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt, Wilson—all suffered the reverses of popular opinion, a diminution of popularity and prestige. The lamentable weaknesses of Clark's own character in part explain the tragedy of his life; but it was what he felt to be the indifference and ingratitude of his country which soured and embittered his last years. It is said that, in a fit of black dejection induced by the continued failure of Virginia to settle his accounts, Clark thrust into the ground the second-hand sword Virginia had sent him in 1779, and broke it with his crutch.

Fittingly in 1781, Virginia voted a resolution of thanks to Clark and his men, and generously donated to them one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. With a belated recognition of the inadequacy of the secondhand sword of 1779, Virginia thirty-three years later voted Clark a pension of one-half of the full pay which he had received as colonel of the Illinois regiment, and a first-class sword manuactured at the armory of the state. In accepting this sword from General C. F. Mercer, Clark, the broken old conqueror of the northwest—paralyzed, one leg gone, mind clouded with sorrow and drink—is reported to have said: "You have made a very handsome address, and the sword is very handsome too. When Virginia needed a sword, I gave her one. I am too old and infirm, as you see, ever to use a sword again, but I am glad that my old mother state has not entirely forgotten me, and I thank her for the honor and you for your kindness and friendly words." I voice the feeling of all in my hearing today, I am sure, in expressing unbounded gratification that, in the erection of this noble memorial executed by Robert Aitken, Virginia through the generosity of Paul Goodloe McIntire, is at last giving to George Rogers Clark, the accolade of deathless fame.

III

A memorial to George Rogers Clark could find no fitter location than in this, the county of his birth, and in this environment redolent of the memories of his friends and admirers, Jefferson and Madison. Nearby stands another memorial, to two famous pathfinders, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the brother of George Rogers Clark, who first scientifically explored the great trans-Mississippi northwest acquired through the initiative of Thomas Jefferson. As a boy of five, George Rogers Clark may on some occasion have encountered Thomas Jefferson at his father's mill on the Rivanna, as Mr. Wirt Henry surmised; and there is good reason to believe that one of his school-mates under Donald Robertson was James Madison, in after life president of the United States. Like other leading men of the day, Clark's sword was mightier than his pen, for he was a mighty poor speller; but he was adept at figures and early became an expert surveyor. As early as 1772, he made an extensive tour of exploration through the upper Ohio Valley in search of good lands. For the next three years, he was actively engaged as surveyor in the west, saw service in Dunmore's war, although not present at the battle of the Great Kanawha, and in 1775 was acting as deputy surveyor under Captain Hancock Lee, laying out lands on the Kentucky River for the Ohio Company. Only a short time beore, Colonel Richard Henderson on behalf of the Transylvania Company had purchased from the Cherokee tribe of Indians their claim to the greater part of what is now the state of Kentucky. Writing to his brother Jonathan from Leestown, Kentucky, July 6, 1775, George Rogers Clark says: "A richer and more beautiful country than this has never been seen in America. Colonel Henderson is here and claims all ye country below Kentucky. If his claim should be good, land may be got reasonable enough, and as good as any in ye world . . . I am engrossing all ye land I possibly can."

MEMORIAL OF GEORGE ROGERS CLARK, Conqueror of the Northwest, by the Sculptor Robert Aitken of New York City, presented to the University of Virginia by Paul Goodloe McIntire and unveiled at Midway Park, Charlottesville, Va., on November 3, 1921.

This letter is historically significant; because it was the anomalous condition of Kentucky at this time which excited Clark's interest and ambition for leadership. An intense rivalry already existed between Boonesborough, the headquarters of Colonel Henderson and his North Carolina supporters, and Harrodstown, chiefly occupied by Virginians, who defied the claims of the Transylvania Company. In this rivalry, Clark the ambitious young Virginian, saw a shining opportunity to seize the military leadership of the country. "While in Virginia," in the winter of 1775, says Clark in his *Memoir*, "I found there were various opinions respecting Henderson and Company's claim. Many thought it was good, others doubted whether or not Virginia could, with propriety, have any pretensions to the country . . . I immediately fixed on my plans, viz., that of assembling the people in getting them to elect deputies and sending them to treat with the assembly of Virginia respecting the condition of the country. If valuable conditions were procured, we could declare ourselves citizens of the state; otherwise, we might establish an independent government, and by giving away a great part of the lands, and disposing of the remainder, we would not only gain great numbers of inhabitants, but in a good measure protect them."

On his return to Kentucky, Clark dexterously fanned into flame the smoldering discontent of the Harrodsburg pioneers against the Transylvania Company. As the result of his influence, he and John Gabriel Jones were elected by the Harrodsburg settlers on June 6, 1776, as delegates from the Kentucky settlement to bear to the Virginia legislature a memorial petitioning for the assertion of Virginia's authority over the trans-Alleghany. Finding the legislature adjourned, Clark sought out Patrick Henry at his home in Hanover county and laid the memorial before him. Introduced to the executive council of the state by Governor Henry, Clark vigorously plead for ammunition—five hundred pounds of powder—for the defense of the Kentucky settlement. Virginia had never acknowledged the validity of Henderson's purchase from the Cherokee; and Clark well knew that, if Virginia ever provided for the defense of the frontier settlements, assertion of her property rights in them would inevitably follow. Under the pressure of his vehement representations, the council offered to lend him the powder; but this Clark curtly declined, coupling his declination with the veiled threat that he "was sorry to find we should have to seek protection elsewhere, which I did not doubt of getting." "A country which is not worth defending," he laconically added, "is not worth claiming." The effect was magic: the council immediately gave him an order for the powder, and eventually the ammunition reached the sorely pressed defenders of the Kentucky stockades. When the Virginia Assembly met in December, 1776, Clark and Jones engaged in a battle-royal on the floor of the convention with Colonels Henderson and Campbell, which resulted in a complete victory for Clark. The assembly denied the claim of the Transylvania Company although afterwards reimbursing them for their losses; and asserted the sovereignty of Virginia over the vast, ill-defined region of the trans-Alleghany. With this signal victory, Clark now steps into the position formerly occupied by Henderson as the leader and sustainer of the westward movement.

IV

The year 1777 was a period of unexampled hardship in the annals of Kentucky history. From Detroit, the British headquarters, the bold, vigorous, and unscrupulous Hamilton—"the hair-buyer general," as Clark called him—dispatched expedition after expedition of Indian allies in bloody forays against the little forest castles of Boonesborough, Harrodsburg and Logan's Station. Although the hardy pioneers finally succeeded in beating off their copper-hued foes, the people generally fled the country; and by January, 1778, there were scarcely two hundred souls in all Kentucky. Among them, however, was a wonderful leader of conspicious self-confidence and genius, George Rogers Clark. He was of that breed of

> ". . . . stern men with empires in their brain,
> Who saw in vision their young Ishmael strain
> With each hard hand a vessel ocean's main."

The situation, he says significantly in his famous *Memoir*, "lead me to a long train of thinking, the result of which was to lay aside every private view, engage seriously in the war, and have the interest and welfare of the public my only view." In the French villages in the northwest, which were centers of British influence, he saw the vulnerable point in the enemy's defenses; and through the use of spies, he soon secured all the information concerning them that he desired. He resolved to "carry the war into Africa"; for he realized that this was the only ceratin way of saving the west for the American cause—by stopping the forays into Kentucky and at one great blow adding the vast domain of the northwest—to the territory of the United States.

Ardent and impetuous by nature himself, Patrick Henry readily acceded to Clark's plans and lent him every possible support; for in this daring project he recognizd the means of making real the shadowy claims of Virginia, under her "sea to sea" charter, to the great region of the northwest. Two sets of instructions were issued to Clark—one for public dissemination, authorizing him to raise men for the relief of Kentucky, the other strictly secret, empowering him to invade the northwest. With a force of perhaps one hundred and seventy-five men, Clark set forth upon his daring invasion—shooting the Falls of the Ohio on June 24, 1778, under a total eclipse of the sun—which the bolder of his followers regarded as ominous, for Great Britain.

The capture of Kaskaskia was one of the most dramatic episodes of the Revolution in the west. With the utmost skill and secrecy, Clark threw his forces around the town; and himself, silently guided by one of the prisoners he had taken, stole in through the postern. A ball was in progress in the fort; the officers were dancing with the gay French Creole *demoiselles*, all was gayety and revelry. Suddenly an Indian brave, startled by the sight of a tall, gaunt figure clad in buckskin standing in the doorway, leaped to his feet and gave the war-whoop. As the shout rent the air, the fiddles ceased, the dancing stopped, the women shrieked, the men cursed. With folded arms, the impassive Clark, striking the dramatic pose of the conqueror, spoke in commanding tones; "Dance on, young people. But remember that you dance now, not as subjects of Great Britain, but under the rule of Virginia!"

The surprise was complete, overwhelming. Rochblave, the commander, was quickly captured and sent off as prisoner to Virginia. Without a struggle the neighboring towns and villages, Cahokia and Vincennes, surrendered to Clark's forces; and soon the volatile French *habitants* were complacently accepting the rule of the Americans. With a diplomacy as astute as his military strategy was faultless, Clark not only won over the French to his cause, but awed the chiefs of the various Indian tribes into submission. Without hope of relief, with only two hundred men at his command, and beset with a thousand perils, Clark nevertheless ruled the situation with a master's hand—playing with remarkable ability the combined rôles of soldier, statesman, and diplomatist.

Apprized of the conquest of the French villages, the energetic Hamilton at Detroit immediately resolved to capture with his entire force the foolhardy American who had dared to invade British territory. Vincennes fell before him without a blow—the unstable French Creoles deserting the American commander, Helm, at the approach of the British. Hamilton had three times as many men as Clark; and could doubt-

less have surrounded Kaskaskia and captured Clark with his entire force. But for all his vigor and bravery, Hamilton lacked the spark of genius which distinguishes the great soldier from the ordinary commander. It was mid-winter; the Illinois lands were under water; and the leaden skies continued to swell the flood with the drenching rains. The campaign against Clark was postponed until spring; and Hamilton incautiously sent back to Detroit all of his forces but about one hundred men.

When news reached Clark at Kaskaskia of the situation at Vincennes, the genius of the born commander flashed out, in one of those strokes of inspiration which make history. "I would have *bound* myself seven years a *slave* to have had five hundred troops," exclaims Clark in a letter to George Mason. But with troops at his command, only a hundred and seventy men, he resolved to make the great hazard—to win or lose it all. For more than two weeks, suffering incredible hardships, Clark and his men marched across the "drowned lands" of the Illinois—a distance of two hundred and forty miles. The obstacles were appalling, the difficulties ever greater and more arduous. The march is without a just parallel in American military history. "If I was sensible that you would let no person see this relation," writes Clark to Mason, "I would give you a detail of our suffering for four days in crossing those waters and the manner it was done, as I am sure that you would credit it, but it is too incredible for any person to believe, except those who are as well acquainted with me as you are, or had experienced something similar to it."

At times the water was breast high, the ice half inch thick! and every conceivable device was resorted to by Clark to divert his men and keep up their flagging spirits. A little "antic drummer," as Clark calls him, afforded the frontiermen great diversion by floating on his drum; at another time, Clark mounted the little drummer on the shoulders of the stalwart sergeant (six feet two inches tall), and gave orders to him to advance into the half-frozen water. He did so, the little drummer beating the *charge* from his lofty perch while Clark, with sword in hand, followed them, giving the command, Forward! March! as he threw aside the floating ice. Elated and amused with the scene, the men promptly obeyed, holding their rifles above their hads, and, in spite of all obstacles, reached the high land beyond them safely.

As a diversion, Clark blacked his face with gunpowder, sang in unison with the rude frontiersmen, the favorite songs of the border, and alternately chaffed and cursed his hardy followers; and as a last deperate expedient, stationed twenty-five men in the rear of the troops with orders to shoot the first man who faltered—*pour encourager les antres*. Finally, on nearing the town, Clark resorted to the strategem of the stage army for making the enemy believe that he had a large force—"taking advantage of the land, I disposed the lines in such a manner that nothing but the pavilions (flags) could be seen, having as many of them as would be sufficient for a thousand men, which was observed by the inhabitants who—counted the different colours and judged of our numbers accordingly."

When Clark and his men invested the British fort, some of Hamilton's officers were enjoying a game of cards, as well as a little hot whiskey toddy, which was being prepared by an American prisoner, one of Clark's own men, Captain Leonard Helm. Some of the balls of the first volley from Clark's borderers struck the chimney and brought down a lot of plaster into the vessel containing the toddy. Whereupon Helm whimsically exclaimed, "Gentleman, that is Clark's soldiers, and they will take your fort; but damn'it they ought not to have spoiled our apple toddy."

After withstanding a vigorous siege, Hamilton surrendered Fort Sackville and gave up himself and his men as prisoners at discretion. Most of the prisoners were paroled, but Hamilton and twenty-seven others were sent under guard to Virginia. With no cannon, but only rifles, Clark had captured a heavily and stockaded fort, defended by artillery and manned by seasoned troops under the command of a brave, capable soldier. It was a brilliant and meteoric feat of arms. When the American flag was run up over Fort Sackville, rechristened Fort Patrick Henry, it was never to be lowered again.

By the capture of Vincennes, Clark achieved the greatest feat of arms performed west of the Alleghanies during the Revolution—saving Kentucky and winning the northwest for the American cause. Nothing galled the discounted Hamilton so much as to have to yield the fort, as he expressed it, "to a set of uncivilized Virginia woodsmen armed with rifles." In the autumn of 1778 the Virginia Assembly constituted the new region the *county of Illinois in the Commonwealth of Virginia;* and the first civil ruler of Illinois under the American flag was John Todd, Jr., a Virginia county lieutenant. Memorable and worthy of repetition today are the words of Patrick Henry, voicing the spirit of true Americanism, in his letter of instructions to Todd: "You are on all occasions to inculcate in the people of the region the *value of liberty* and the difference between the state of free citizens of this commonwealth and that slavery to which Illinois was destined." By her deed of cession in 1784, Virginia gave the United States title to a vast territory eventually comprising five great states. Through the military genius of her brilliant son, Virginia was thus enabled to offer as an imperial gift to the new republic that mighty area which has been aptly termed the "heart of the continent."

Clark's conquest of the northwest was a capital factor in the final settlement of the terms of the treaty of peace. The original prophecy of Jefferson was fulfilled to the letter; for with masterly foresight he had prophesied that Clark's expedition into the illinois and Wabash country "would, if successful, have an important bearing ultimately on establishing our northwestern boundary." The English commissioners in negotiating the treaty of peace at first insisted upon the retention of the northwest as a part of Canada; but the accomplished fact of Clark's occupation effectively reinforced the contention of Franklin and Jay that the northwest was actually a section of territory which had been conquered and never relinquished by the American forces. Judged by its momentous and far-reaching effects, Clark's campaign ending with the capture of Hamilton and Vincennes must be classed by future historians with the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

Only the other day, as I stood at historic Jamestown with the president of the United States, I recalled to

him the words of Cabot Lodge: "Jamestown and Plymouth were the cornerstones of the foundations upon which the great fabric of the United States has been built up; and the United States is today one of the dominant factors in the history and in the future of the world of men." Whether engaged in the conquest of the northwest, the final winning of the world war, the creation of a league of nations, or the organization of international disarmament, America, young, strong, and hopeful, is still a nation of pioneers:

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O, Pioneers!

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Since the entire football schedule for the coming season has not been made public, we are not competent to pass judgment on it as a whole. But there are a few things which ought to be said before the schedule is made, since that is the proper time to make suggestions.

The first deals with the schedule as a whole. It appears only reasonable to us to believe that the great majority of the games should be with colleges and universities who are members of the S. I. A. A. Since this conference was started in an attempt to foster athletics between the various members and to make it easy to determine who is the southern champion, and since we can never be southern champions until we play the teams who are in the southern race, it seems logical that we should play teams in the conference. Besides this, if we are ever to be foremost in southern college athletics, we cannot attain that position by playing Wake Forest and Guilford and Elon.

So first, we suggest that a great majority of the games be played with members of the southern conference. Of course, in the matter of large colleges we must not bite off more than we can chew, but a judicious and well balanced schedule could be arranged between the University and other members of the conference.

As a second recommendation, we would ask the schedule committee to leave several of the denominational colleges in the state off next fall's layout. If any of the teams, besides State, of course, are to be played, they should be played more in the nature of practice games. It might be advisable to play one of the weaker teams the Saturday before the State game. A game with another of the teams might be safely negotiated for the Saturday prior to the Virginia game. Outside of these two exceptions, we do not think the smaller colleges in the state should be played in football next fall.

The season is too short to allow several perfectly good weeks to be wasted playing Wake Forest and Trinity and the rest. Likewise, we can never lead southern college athletics when we fiddle away our time with second rate teams who are not even in the southern conference. There are enough small colleges in the southern conference to give us practice games, if we need them.

Of course the time will soon come when we will play only conference teams. Now is a good time to make a start towards that objective. If we do not start with the end in view of beating Georgia and Georgia Tech and the rest, we will never do it.

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE

To C. S. Pendergraph we believe a lot of credit and much honor is due for his action in forcing the jitney drivers between Durham and Chapel Hill to lower the automobile fares between the two places. It is only a remembrance now of his action in causing the fares to be lowered when he put on his bus, charging only fifty cents for the pleasure of being transported from Durham to Chapel Hill.

If Mr. Pendergraph had not done this, Carolina students would be even now paying a dollar or seventy-five cents for a ride. We don't know how Mr. Pendergraph's business is getting along, but we wish him every success. We hope that the students in the University and the townspeople will show their appreciation of his act by patronizing him whenever possible. We hope that his action will develop into a tradition here, each succeeding generation of students continuing to patronize him as a reward for his act. Of course he did it to make money for himself. And because he did it even for personal profit, and because, by competition, forced other drivers to charge a like price, we hope to see him prosper.

Politics, Politicians and the Next Governor

By C. Y. COLEY

You are probably interested in the question: Who will be the next governor of North Carolina? This article contains a prediction, and reasons for that prediction. It is a chatty and readable article on politics in the Old North State.

ADMITTING that old father *time* knows all and keeps deeply fathomed in his bosom the intricate and complex secrets of the unknown and untold future, regardless of the fact the lips of the history speak to us of the past, this article ushers forth a new doctrine and proposes to name the next governor of North Carolina three years even before the primary. After a careful survey of the state's history and a general review of the political situation and status of the state at this time; through a process of reasoning and study the writer is plausibly compelled and forced to reach this logical conclusion. Naming the next governor of the state is not an easy intellectual problem and yet it is not so tremendously difficult when once you grapple the significance of the political maneuvers of astute political leaders and politicians.

Once within the memory of man, the people of our great state were criticized and ridiculed for having nurtured and nourished here a backward, retrogressive, unprogressive and illiterate people—born to aspire to low, mean and unpraiseworthy ideals and achievements. But the finger of time has moved up twenty years, and today, this very minute if you please, North Carolina is recognized as the most progressive state in the union. Not only that, but from Maine to California, and from Florida to Washington, they are talking of our state and her noteworthy steps in the evolution of her progress. The above is merely the harbinger of our prediction with regard to our next gubernatorial primary and race for the high office of governor. We have gone second from the bottom in education to fourteenth from the bottom and the legislature has provided for our progress by leaps and bounds. You go into other states and hear political aspirants say: "Let us go forward like North Carolina, let us write into the history of our state a great progressive program for education and hard surfaced roads like North Carolina has done. We want to provide for our state's advancement and the people's contentment like our sister state North Carolina."

In 1924, ex-Lieutenant Governor O. Max Gardner of Shelby, and Cleveland County (the political battleground of the commonwealth), will be nominated and elected governor without any vast amount of labor or trouble to himself or on the part of his friends—with one provision and exception.

Mr. Gardner can easily send any man in the state in '24 to the political silence of the dreamless dust, except, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, Honorable Angus Wilton McLean of Lumberton. Mr. McLean is the only man in the that can defeat the courageous looser in the recent gubernatorial contest. And as for that matter Mr. McLean can lick any other man in the state that would attempt to oppose him for the high office of governor.

Now, the reason why O. Max Gardner will be elected governor in '24 is this: the writer has reason to believe conscientiously that Mr. McLean has an insatiable desire for senatorial honors and it is a logical assumption to entertain. In view of that self-evident fact, Mr. McLean will yield cheerfully his desire for governorship for that of senatorship. And I wish to state emphatically that in the senatorial race, McLean will lead any man in the state through the slaughter pen for that office. Mr. McLean today is the foremost leader in the political life of the state, and is a national figure of wide achievement and praiseworthy distinction. We all know clearly and fully that Governor Morrison and the lately recognized steam-roller of North Carolina politics, Mr. McLean, are truly great and nobly good political chums. And it is just and right that they should be. Gov. Morrison will not enter the senatorial race for personal reasons—it would be a crowning political disaster and catastrophe.

Mr. Gardner believes in that old proverb: "To make a fire burn you've got to keep shoveling coal or out she goes." In a humorous attitude that would make a snappy plan for his platform in '24. Gardner will not likely have McLean's support in '24, but regardless of that Gardner will be the winner. Lieutenant-Governor W. T. Cooper, of Wilmington, may run in opposition to Gardner, but if such should take place it would be for political expediency and not with any hopeful prospects of victory. When Max Gardner walks away with the spoils and bacon in the gubernatorial primary in '24, people in the state will say it is a landslide; but I pronounce it an earthquake of the rankest kind.

The biggest joke and absurdity of modern times was the attitude of the gubernatorial aspirants toward politics in the last primary. We all know good and well that Morrison, Gardner and Page were three politicians, pure and simple. The three candidates knew politics just like students know the English alphabet from A through Z. And yet, when the people of the state called any one of the three candidates a politician, he immediately disclaimed being called a politician. Any citizen of the state whether he be in office or out of office should be proud to claim the title politician, because the title politician shows conclusively to the people of the state that he is versed in the intangible science and art of politics as Mayo brothers are educated in science of medicine. Men prepare themselves for the professions of law, medicine, civil and electrical engineering, agriculture, commercial administration, banking, ministry. Since that is true, it is logical to

assume that men ought to train themselves in the science and government of politics as men train themselves in all the other vocations of life.

Times have changed from what they once were in the history of our American civilization. Abe Lincoln, that typical American, and broad, patriotic, and far-seeing statesman that he was, became president of the United States under miraculous and unusual circumstances and conditions of life. Before or since his administration no man has filled the high office of presidency under such conditions of life, and handicapped in training of culture, education and political manipulations. Lincoln was a genius inspired by his Creator, and endowed with the wisdom of Solomon. His election and his prudent administration were irregularities. His mentality and simplicity of language astounded highbrows of every calibre. Therefore it is a logical assumption that another man will never reach the pinnacle of American political life under such uncommon and unusual circumstances.

We must change our interpretation of politicians; if we hope to create and crystallize here a high respect and regard for the men that take monumental interest in their government. A politician is not necessarily an office seeker nor is he necessarily an outlaw, or outrageous despot and political spoilsman. Take for instance Governor Morrison and his appointment of Col. A. D. Watts, of Statesville, as commissioner of the new office created by the state legislature, and you will find in the person of A. D. Watts the best fitted and most qualified man in the state for that office. Now, Mr. Morrison was criticised and ridiculed vigorously by a great many people for such an appointment. And the reason for such talk and scandal is very obvious. The reason was based on their interpretation of a politician. One of the state papers stated in big letters that Governor Morrison had enthroned the political spoilsman of modern times. In the governor's appointment there was no occasion for such an unqualified falsehood. But, that is very characteristic of people when it is popular to hold and entertain such opinions of the leading men in our state. We who participate in the affairs of government, by exercising the right of suffrage are politicians in the broad sense of the word.

As governor of this great and remarkable state, we need a man who is versed in the political science of the state and familiar with the affairs of the state and government. That was one outstanding reason why Morrison was supremely fit and qualified for the high office which he now so worthily holds; yet he did not appreciate people calling him a politician, even when that was his biggest and best qualification for the office. The fact that he is an *Ideal* politician, knowing the science and art of complex politics as a baby knows its mother, is one salient reason why he has filled the office so creditably. As long as a politicain is honorable, honest, straightforward and scrupulous, he is as grand and sublime as any other human creature that has ever stepped under the stars of human creation. You can talk of business men for governor from now until the millenium, but the people of this state will never elect any other man that a true politician. And it is right, proper and fitting that we should always have a politician as the pilot of our ship of state, to guide and direct the destinies of the commonwealth over the rough and turbulent waters.

As to the next lieutenant-governor, the people of the state have already virtually voted him in their hearts. He will be that farmer, merchant, realtor, able debater, profound scholar, and statesman, W. N. Everett, of Rockingham, and Richmond county. For many years Mr. Everett has been one of the truly remarkable men of the state. Senator Everett has contributed generously and cheerfully his time, labor and service to his native state. In corroboration of the foregoing statement that he will be the standard-bearer of the Democratic party in '24, I want to declare that Mr. Everett can easily defeat any man in the state for the office of lieutenant-governor; if he so chooses and can be persuaded to run at personal sacrifice to himself and his many business enterprises in the state. It is a matter of common knowledge to students of politics in this state that Mr. Everett has been in the political limelight for a decade or more and has been urged vigorously to announce himself as candidate for that office, even in the last election. His many friends and supporters in the state, and they consist of a wide and varied circle, have already slated him for the next highest office within the gift of the Democratic party in '24.

Mr. Everett is recognized by the people of the commonwealth to be one of the ablest statesmen within the dominion and borders of Tarhelia. From every nook and corner in the state the people are saying "we want Everett of Rockingham for our next lieutenant-governor." The populace is calling and demanding him, and he will respond to the clamorous call. The people of the state are after him for this office and the people usually get what they go after and really want. Therefore it requires no profound dip in the future to foretell the nomination and election of W. N. Everett for the office of lieutenant-governor.

A Proctolian Imbroglio

Roseate tinted imaginings
Fluidic, but dimly shapened
Hazily seen gliding
Round the chimerical globular
Symmetry of the elfin painted bubble.
Airy Chateaux d'Espagnol
Frescoed 'gainst the cerulean blue
Cradled in the eerie stillness
Of the bubble—life crystal.
Transient bits of portraiture
Mirroring a gracious morrow
All transcendent in their splendor
As they fit like wil-'-the-wisps
Through the fantastic prisms
Of a bouyant, fanciful mind
Too often bleak and dismal
As a swamp under the smothering cloud
Of despair.
A niche in the Hall of Fame
Fashioned by the vaunting of swelling ambition
Glimpsed by the magic of distance—Romance.
Evanescent day dreams.
Say, self shall they come to nought?

A Man With a Big Soul

C. J. Williams, president of the campus Y. M. C. A., takes enough time from work to tell something about himself. Williams is one of the most remarkable men on the campus

By B. HUME BARDIN

HOW about taking a little time from your work to tell me something about yourself?" I asked. "Oh, I'll talk to you about the Y. M. C. A. See me after twelve P.M.," answered Claude James Williams, the president of the Young Men's Christian Association.

This last statement—"See me after twelve P.M.!"—gives an insight into the working habits of the man who succeeded Donnell Van Noppen as the head of the Y. M. C. A. He believes in Work with a capital W. His record at the University shows that he has made the best possible use of his time.

When I reached Williams' office in the "Y" building at the appointed time I found him busily engaged in printing form letters on a new Roto-Speed mimeograph purchased for the use of the Y. M. C. A. In spite of the late hour and the amount of work he still had determined to do that night, he stopped long enough to tell me his plans for the Y. M. C. A. this year, and upon my urging, a few things about his personal life at the University for the past three years.

"What do you think," I asked him, to begin with, of the status of the University graduate of today?"

"I think," replied the president of the Y. M. C. A., "that the biggest trouble with North Carolina men is that the majority of them, when they obtain their degrees, instead of striving to do still bigger things, are content to settle down and lead an easy and mediocre life. They don't look far enough into the future, and don't see the great call and need for real leaders of men. To be real leaders of men should have been the pupose of their university education."

"What are your plans for the 'Y' this year?" I inquired of him.

"My greatest aim," replied Williams, "is to make the Y. M. C. A. fulfill its functions; to serve the campus and community more efficiently, and to train men for leadership. My desire is to offer even a cold glass of water in Christ's name. When 'Y' work fails it's the men behind it who fail, not Christ. He is the same princely character, worthy of every man's example. In the Bible study department," he continued, "the leaders in Bible study expect to enroll at least three hundred men in their classes which meet in the dormitories at twelve-thirty every Sunday morning."

"In the self-help department," he continued further, "We plan to furnish every man an opportunity to obtain a college education. Twenty students have already taken picks and shovels and begun work on sewers in order to remain here,—and they are the type of men I admire, while ten others have also been furnished other jobs by the Y. M. C. A."

On further questioning I found that student meetings to discuss present-day campus problems are planned to be held in the Y. M. C. A. building every Thursday night, and will be led by student leaders and faculty members. Tentative plans for Parson Moss to lead senior groups in discussing campus problems are also under way. I was also informed that the office formerly occupied by the University publications will be known as "The Retreat," "a room," as Williams puts it, "where students can study and medidate in solitude." The equipment and complement of the rooms in the "Y" building will also be materially improved, the first step in that direction being the purchase of fifty portable chairs for the use of the students. The Y. M. C. A. hopes to accomplish many things this year, and Secretary Comer, President Williams said, will have the whole-hearted support and backing of the entire cabinet in the consummation of his plans.

C. J. WILLIAMS

Claude James Wiliams is a man in every sense of the term. He is a clean-minded, plain-spoken, sympathtic leader, rather reticent about speaking of himself and not a bit boastful of his plans for the Y. M. C. A. this year. Every year of his college life has been devoted to consistent and conscientious work in religious circles as well as in his studies.

Williams is a big man morally, for he believes in doing what is right, no matter what the opinion of the public may be. "As for myself," he said "I have no use for public opinion. I go by what seems to me to be the truth. I want the satisfaction of knowing that

I have tried to do my best to uphold the right, no matter if the whole world is on the opposition."

Have you ever known a man to work his own way through college and at the same time to send money home to his parents, in addition to earning his sister's way through college?

Well, Williams is about to accomplish that task, and it is a pleasant task to him, for in addition to working his own way through the University he is sending his sister through North Carolina College for Women. The story of his past three years at the University is a tale of grit and perservance. His work has ranged from arising at six o'clock to deliver milk and digging ditches to gardening and building houses.

Best of all he is big in heart and in sympathy. He knows how to sympathize with the boys who longs for a college education yet hasn't the wherewithal to obtain it. No better illustration of his rôle as a good Samaritan can be had than the story of his lending forty dollars to a needy student, whom he had known only three days, and who was unable to pay his tuition. Cases similar to this one could be multiplied many times over.

Williams believes in using every minute of the day advantageously. Almost invariably he is up at six A.M. He retires at twelve P.M. The intervening period is taken up with work. If he has any spare time during the day he works in advance of his classes. Asked why he never participates in any form of athletics while here, he replied, "I haven't time for athletics, but I realize that athletics if possible should be a part of a student's college life, and I regret that I cannot take part in them." He always puts business before anything else, even sleep. "Work means success," he said, "and success in college to me means success afterwards. That does not mean necessarily that one must be a Phi Beta Kappa student to succeed, but it does mean that one must learn how to live,—to live the Christ life,—before one can become a real success."

And Williams practices what he preaches, for his life at the University has shown that he has tried to learn to live—and in every sense of the term. During his stay here he has taken a great interest in campus activities, especially in literary society and religious work. As a member of the Dialectic society he has become a moving spirit in that organization. He has also held every office, from organ pumper to president, in the Baptist Young People's Union, an organization he joined in the fall of his freshman year. As an attest of his zealous work in organizing rural Sunday schools and negro night schools he was elected last year to the head of that department of the Y. M. C. A. Beginning a few weeks before college opened, he has already organized seven Baptist Young People's Unions in Orange county.

Have you ever held a conversation with Williams? If you have, you couldn't helped noticing how he avoids speaking of frivolous things. Cleanliness in speech and conversation is a virtue with this man,—it is next to godliness. When a friend drops around to chat with him, and he is busy at work, instead of handing him some piece of fiction to read he will offer his visitor a scrap book containing selected pieces of literature from the world's greatest thinkers.

Williams is also an able business man, his business talents having been developed by his having to "hoe his own row" from an early age, a fact no better demonstrated than his management of a boarding house in Chapel Hill summer before last where he furnished good table board for only twenty dollars a month, and at the opening of the University declared a dividend of thirty-two and forty-four one hundredths per cent. During the past summer he worked in Chapel Hill, helping in the construction of the new cafeteria and doing odd jobs, and in the meantime preparing himself for his duties as president of the Y. M. C. A.

Claude Williams has done much, although there is nothing of the genius in him. His steadfast labor and consistency have carried him forward. His belief that "faith without works is dead" has served as an added incentive, but his determination to succeed is probably the greatest virtue which will carry him up the ladder of success.

He has won many honors during his stay at the University. His election last spring to membership in the Golden Fleece was perhaps the biggest honor a Carolina man could receive. He also is a member of The Order of the Grail, and the Epsilon Phi Delta, the Japanese-American fraternity.

As I bade him "goodnight," he gave me a cheery reply and returned again to the task confronting him,—at an hour when most sudents would have long ago decided to retire. Like all real workers he detests procrastination.

Claude Williams has taken for his ideal in life—service to humanity. He believes that men rise by stooping to serve others; that selfishness sears the very moral fibre of a person. And he is living up to his ideal, for he is performing that service well as he helps to build up the spirit, mind and body of those around him.

When he graduates from the University this year he will probably enter the teaching profession, carrying with him the ideal of service, at the sacrifice of his own self-development, if need be, to his chosen community. With such an unselfish devotion to duty and service to mankind who can but predict for him a wonderful success in his chosen field of endeavors?

Lines Written In Acceptance of An Invitation

The queen has but to speak,
When, at the word,
Lords and vassals—countless knights of all degree—
Speed swiftly to her side, her slightest wish to hear—
And count it a command of high import.
    And when my lady calls,
Great mountains roll away
And fall, with thund'rous clashing,
Into the pit of Circumstance;
For nought can halt my step
Until I lay my service at her feet.
    But, hearken, O My Lady Marguerite!
To this my cry:—
    'Tis not to see thy ladies fair,
Nor noble knights from other lands,
That I shall come to thee . . .
'Tis thyself alone I serve.

D. R. HODGIN.

A Thermionic Tube

By D. A. WELLS

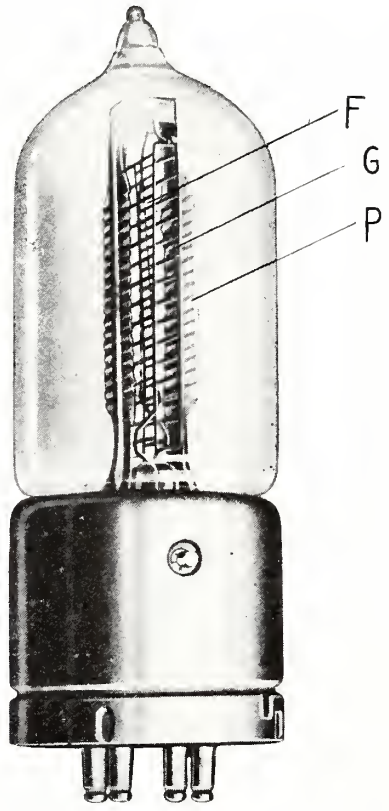
Students in the engineering schools will be especially interested in this article. It will appeal to others on account of the fact the thermionic tube touches modern life so closely.

THERE is probably no field of learning that is now being looked upon with more interest, and among the populace with more wonder than is the field of science. Particularly is this true in the field of electricity. The world is standing anxiously watching, to see what the next advancements will bring.

Those who have only a general knowledge of the progress of electricity in the past half century are prone to give or the landmarks, along this path, only those things which have been most conspicious, such as the telegraph, the telephone, the electric generator wireless telegraphy, and the X-ray. That is all well and good. They, together with other things that could be mentioned are real landmarks, and deserve serious attention. Today, however, we are passing another landmark. It is very little known to the people in general, yet it has and still bids fair to be one of the most important advancements made in this realm.

You, of course, recall the fact that Secretary Daniels was in direct communication with President Wilson on the president's first voyage to Europe. You have probably heard that the voice could be projected from Washington to Paris or Honolulu without wires. Probably you, yourself, have talked on a long distance wire from New York to San Francisco and probably, too, you were standing in front of the Congressional Library on the fourth of last March, and heard plainly all of President Harding's inaugural address, delivered from the steps of the Capitol. But did you ever stop to think just how all this was really accomplished?

Did you ever stop to think how it is that wireless telegraphy has jumped, in the last few years, from a range of a few hundred miles to where it now encircles the globe; how wireless telephony is becoming a practical everyday thing, and with the consumption of only a small amount of power can cover great ranges, using less electric power than is consumed by a three hundred watt electric light bulb; conversation was recently heard distinctly from New Jersey to Ireland without a connecting wire, or did you, as a student of this University, ever wonder how it is that Arlington time signals coming into the radio room can be made audible all over the basement of Phillips Hall? There is certainly not enough "juice" received here from Washington to do this. Then what makes all these things possible? You will be suprised to learn that the performance of all the wonderful things named above depends upon one little simple instrument. And not only is this one little instrument capable of all these things, but many, many more; such as, for instance, by the use of a proper bank one can amplify an almost infinitely small current to as much as a million times its original strength. Turning, on the other hand, one can so connect this instrument to an alternating current supply as to get direct current for charging storage batteries, etc. And so the list of performances could be continued on to such a length that in the electrical world the instrument seems almost universal.



WESTERN ELECTRIC 203-B VACUUM TUBE

But, what is this instrument? Probably the majority have no more than merely heard its name and some not even that. Technically it is known as a *Thermionic Tube*, which sounds to the layman, like "differential and integral calculus" sounds to the young freshman. However it is not so complicated as it sounds, and a more common name is the *audion bulb*. In size and appearance, for most purposes, the audion bulb is somewhat similar to a forty-watt light globe. In fact the construction is not so radically different. (Note the illustration. The tube is used for many purposes such as wireless reception, amplification, etc.) Essentially the audion has one long straight filament that glows just as the one in your light. Around this filament, and not touching it is a small wire spiral. which is simply a piece of wire coiled somewhat like

you coil wire around a pencil to make a water heater. This is called the grid. Around the grid, and not touching it, is a small cylinder of sheet metal, which is called the plate. All of these are led out separately through the glass so that separate connection may be made on the outside. The vacuum in the tube is very high. This is necessary in all types. Of course, different purposes are different in their mechanical structure, just as a wagon for hauling brick is different from a buggy for hauling people, but fundamentally they are the same.

As for a technical discussion and explanation of the principles upon which this tube operates, such is beyond the scope and purpose of this article. Suffice to say that the whole underlying principle of the audion was discovered from an ordinary electric light bulb. It is simply the purpose of this article to merely introduce this generally little known, yet wonderful electrial device.

It sounds a little unusual that people as a whole are not more familiar with so wonderful a device, yet it is not unusual. The audion has no inherent property of advertising itself. You cannot put a record on it and have jazz music to dance by at any time as you can on the phonograph; you do not build long lines for its operation as in the telephone and telegraph; it is not used directly by any and everybody as is the telephone, and so the public has not had a chance to know it.

The audion might well be called a silent worker in the realm of electricity and truly it has worked wonders. Prediction for it in the future is impossible. New channels for scientific investigation in every direction are opened up by it. Its value in practical uses, as well as a light for purely scientific research probably equals or surpasses the discovery of radium, of which we have all heard so much

Just as one of the minor possibilities one would be safe in saying that in a few years, when you are able to take a small instrument out of your kodak-carrying case and talk to your girl within a few hundred miles radius, you will look inside that instrument and see the dull red glow of an audion bulb, in which lies the possibility of such an accomplishment. Yet what infinitely greater things, in time, may be its results.

Is the Negro Problem Solved?

By W. E. WHITE

ONE of the most interesting things connected with our American civilization is the solution of the negro problem. During the three centuries that the negro race has been with us, there have been almost numberless discussions regarding its social and political rights and privileges. That the negro has been greatly benefited during this period of time cannot be questioned, even though it be granted that the institution of slavery in the south, that kept him in bondage for more than two centuries, was not without evils. For since he came in contact with the white race, the negro has acquired a language, learned trades and professions, in some instances accumulated property, and imitated his superiors in erecting schools and churches. In fact, the progress of the negro in the south since the Civil War has, on the whole, been very commendable for an inferior race.

But the question arises: "Is the negro problem solved?" Many prominent men are ready answer, "yes."

Is this not a fact, however, of history repeating itself? The truth of the matter is that the negro problem had been apparently solved, or at least appeared to be on the way to solution, several times in the past history of our country. For instance, slavery was on the decrease in the south just prior to the invention of the cotton gin. This invention by Eli Whitney in 1793 greatly stimulated cotton growing in the south and gave the southern planters "a new lease on slavery."

Following the rapid growth of the institution of slavery after the invention of the cotton gin, came the heated debates between northern and southern congressmen as to whether or not Missouri should be admitted to the Union as a free or a slave state. This dispute was settled in 1820 by the "Missouri Compromise" introduced by the great Henry Clay.

The negro problem was solved then for the time being but within less than a score of years "Abolition Societies" were being formed in certain sections of the north. Then came the advent of the Free Soil Party into politics, the admission of Texas to the Union as a slave state and the "Compromise of 1850." A few few years of peace now reigned, but soon "Squtter Sovereignty," "Bleeding Kansas," the "Dred Scott Decision," and the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency brought forth a terrible war whose results are too well known for comment.

Immediately following the emancipation of the colored people from bondage, they were given all of the civil and political rights and privileges enjoyed by white citizens as a means of solving their problems. But eventually the southern white people discovered a legal technicality whereby they again solved the negro problem by disfranchising the great rank and file of colored voters, and that solution of the race problem brings us up to the present time.

After a number of temporary solutions, is this last solving of the negro problem to be final? There are many things to be taken into consideration before we should answer this question in the affirmative. Chief among the different things to be considered are the negro's future relations towards economic, political, and social conditions in the south, and the influence that educational training will have on his race.

As to the economical phase of the subject, the negro is by nature well adapted to our warm southern climate, and with proper training could become a profitable industrial worker anywhere in the south. But in these days of organized labor unions and coöperative marketing among farmers, will the colored laborers and farmers be allowed membership? All who are familiar with conditions in the south and the attitude of sounthern white people towards their colored neighbors are fully aware of the fact the two races would not be likely to unite their forces and work harmoniously in any kind of a labor organization. The inherent

prejudices of southern farmers and white laborers would keep negroes from joining their unions. This being true, it would then be necessary for the colored industrial workers to either remain unorganized against the forces of capital or else to form unions of their own. In the event they chose the latter, they would not only antagonize the white capitalists, but also the white labor unions. Any competition between the labor unions of the two races might result in serious trouble.

Passing from the economic to the political phase of the subject, we fail to find any brighter prospects for a permanent solution of the problem. With the passing of years the negro race is beginning to figure in politics again. Only last year we were reminded of the fact that Abraham Lincoln Johnson, a prominent negro of Georgia, was filling an important political position in his state . And but a few months ago some colored men vigorously opposed the appointing of a prominent lawyer in this state to a federal office, because they thought him unfavorable to the political advancement of their race, or something of that effect. After some wrangling over the matter, the lawyer mentioned received his appointment to the position after he had made satisfactory explanations to the negroes opposing him regarding their political rights.

The very fact that negroes have some minor political organization in North Carolina and Virginia, and possibly some other southern states, is ample proof that the negro problem in the politics of the south is slowly but surely looming up again. This indicates more trouble, for leaders of the colored race often have political aspirations. These aspiring negro politicians could easily be elected to office in sections of the south where their race is in the majority, when all of the negroes are sufficiently educated to pass the elementary educational test for voting. The chances are that we would then have race riots and trouble similiar to what occured in North Carolina in 1898 and 1900.

Closely allied with the political phase of the subject is the social side of the problem. There is only one step from political equality to social equality. If the vast majority of the colored citizens become voters in the near future, will they be content to ride in "Jim Crow" cars on the railroad, to attend separate schools from the whites, and to abide by the laws in southern states prohibiting marriages between the races? No discriminations of these types are found against the colored people in the northern states and it is safe to assert that the negroes in the south would be glad to receive social equality to the fullest extent from their white neighbors. Abraham Lincoln, just prior to the Civil War, said that a house could not stand divided against itself, and that the nation could not remain half free and half slave. If the nation could not remain half free and half slave, it is no more than reasonable to suppose that it will not remain with one portion of the country granting social equality to the colored race and the other portion denying that privilege to them.

But some educational enthusiasts think they have a remedy that will cure all racial trouble. This sounds well, but will it bear the searchlight of investigation? While it is true that some negroes like the late Booker T. Washington have endeavored to lead their race in what appeared to be the proper course for the colored man, it is also true that a number of educated negro leaders have aspired for positions of social and political recognition that cause the perplexing negro problem to be felt as a thorne in the flesh. To cite some instances the noted negro orator, Fred Douglass, had a white wife. An educated negro was a congressman from North Carolina less than twenty-five years ago. Also another educated negro, Prof. Isaac Smith, was at the same time a member of our state legislature. And, too, the negroes who have recently aspired for positions in Washington, D. C., are men who are not likely to fail to receive the appointments they seek because of educational deficiency. When we take these things into careful consideration, we are forced by the evident fact that education is not going to solve our race problem in the south.

No one knows what the future will bring forth. But let us trust that eventually a peaceful and permanent solution of the negro problem will be found.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE TAR HEEL—MAY IT IMPROVE

The editor of the Tar Heel has said that the Tar Heel and the Magazine were again on good terms. We hope that what we say here will not disturb the cordial relations which at present exist between the two publications. But there are a few things which we feel we must say. Before we say them, we know that we will be accused of slinging mud, we know that the Tar Heel will say that it is another case of a "hit dog hollering."

What we have reference to is the fact that the news department of the Tar Heel for the last quarter was rotten. Not nearly all of the news was printed. Several times, all of the paper except the front page was filled with state news—salvaged from the columns of the Burlington News. It was good news but the trouble was that we had read it once or twice before—for we take a daily paper.

For a while we kept a list of the important news items the Tar Heel missed. That took too much of our scratch paper, so we quit that. Many would have made beautiful stories—the kind the managing editor "just loves." They were also the kind the readers of the paper "just love." Subscribers to the Tar Heel have the right to get the campus news. The Tar Heel staff knows that the news columns are not as good as they were last year. We understand a reformation is to be undertaken—we hope so. The subscribers pay for the paper and they want the news.

This is a short story written by the only Japanese student who was at the University last year. It is printed just as it was written; the Japanese flavor which the author could not help but put in it remains. It deals with a Japanese high school episode, and makes extremely interesting reading. The author was a well known figure around the campus last year. He was also one of the real characters in the summer school of 1921, at which time he wrote this story. We believe this story will be read with more than passing interest, both because it was written by a Japanese student and because it is a really good story. Besides the associations of the story, it is a piece of literature.

A Strange Revenge

By YASUO TAKETOMI

THE whole class was thrown into a topsy-turvy confusion by the sudden, ear-deafening sound of the alarm-clock that began to ring noisly and rather desperately, startling all the students. Those who had been asleep in the most foolish dream, hiding their faces behind their textbooks and pretending to be absorbed in reading, dropped them down on the floor in rapid succession as they sprang up at the monstrous alarm of the clock; those who were drawing the old master's face in their note books as ridiculously as possible, stopped their pencils, and remained with their mouths wide open, those who were eating rock-candy, were so bewildered that they swallowed it without biting, and rolled their eye with queer expressions; and the two little lads were summoned before the platform by the terrible shout of the teacher who looked as if he were to fly upon them like a hungry wolf upon her poor victims.

Each of the lads was about thirteen. One of them was short and stout, with round, rosy cheeks like an apple, and with sparkling mischievous eyes; his uniform dirty, and patched here and there, was so baggy and ill-shaped that it made him look like a "Chinaman." On the contrary the other was tall and gaunt, and had such a hatchet-face that his sharp-pointed chin appeared like a door nail. He was better dressed—but may heaven have mercy on him! At the back of his belt hung a large alarm-clock that was tied tightly by a yellow handkerchief; and, moreover, it was still ringing with its monstrous sound!

"You rascal!" fiercely exclaimed the old master, "Stop that clock, you fool!" His face was like fire, burning crimson with uncontrollable anger, and nervously his long white beard twitched. The devil only knows why the pupils gave him such a proper but damning nick-name as "Goat." However, the poor lad was so agitated that the more he tried to stop the clock, the more it rang, louder and louder, as if it mocked the master Goat.

"You scoundrels!" again shouted the master with much defiance, glancing at those wretches over the large spectacles with his flashing eyes, "Look on yourself! What a shameful state you are in! Now speak, which, which of you brought that clock in the class," This time a lump rose in his throat so that he was obliged to pause for a little while.

Meantime order was gradually established in the class; the pupils discovered what was the cause of this extraordinary accident, and began to burst out into great laughter. With their shrill voices they yelled, barked, repeated, "Bravo! Alarm-clock! Adventurers!" The gigantic wave of laughter vibrated the window-panes of the classroom, and echoed devilishly to a far distance, as though it shook the whole building.

"Silence!" howled the enraged master with a thundering tone, "what are all you merry-making for? Do you forget that you are in a sacred class, and not a play room?" And like a huge toad he jumped upon the platform, and stamped furiously on it with his left foot that had always suffered from rheumatism.

The whole class was hushed again; and most of them hung their heads not merely for shame, but rather for killing their chuckles.

"Speak, honestly, you impudents! which of you brought that clock into class?" His voice was still harsh, and his long bony finger, pointing obstinately to the lad's clock which had now stopped ringing, trembled.

"Sir, I brought it—," replied slowly the hatchet-faced lad in a confused air.

"You did it?" Sharply the master cut his words, "but what did you bring it here for? Can you answer? No, you can't; I know you brought it merely to disturb my class! You wanted to insult me, your teacher and your superior. Then who tied it on you? Did you do it yourself?"

A fresh outburst seized the whole class, but was soon overwhelmed by the terrible cry, "Silence!"

"No, sir, I didn't do it myself," protested the wretch in a disagreeable way.

"Then you tied it on him?" This time the master threw a severe, icy glance to the stout boy who was slyly winking to his friend on the front seat near him. "Speak quickly, answer!" threatened the master in an impatient tone; but as he could receive no answer he hurridly continued, "I know you did it, you bad boy! You never spent so much as a single day without being punished; and also I know you are the first who called me with the most disgraceful name, such as—." Here the poor old man was obliged to pause, because his reason, even when enveloped by the flame of his fiery passion, wisely reminded him that it would be great humiliation for his authority to call himself "Goat,"

especially before the whole group of pupils; already in the class were heard those unbearable chuckles only partially disguised by coughs or sneezes.

"Well, now you come," the master raised his voice to a higher tone as he wished to conceal the perplexity that weighed on his mind. "I will fetch both of you to the principal; he will listen to your excuses if you have any, because he is so magnanimous; he! He is a generous man and he will punish heavily both of you!"

And the master Goat, now with the dignity of a lion, left the class majestically, when the murmur of the pupils began to buzz like a broken beehive; and after him followed the two little wretches; on one of which was still hanging the accursed clock, swaying ridiculously as he walked.

Mr. Goat was the teacher of ethics of a certain provincial high school in Japan. He was so stern in authority that he seemed to have not a single sentiment or a tear of compassion; his countenance was always grave and never smiling. I wonder whether there was any teacher in the world except Mr. Goat who attached so much importance to good behavior above all things; he seemed sometimes to regard his pupils as not of flesh and blood, but as clay and wood moving in a mechanical way. "Talents and gifts are good," he would say, "but good behavior is better." It seemed almost as though he used to come to the class not to give the lesson but to find out any faults of his pupils, and mercilessly punish them; even a mere cough, or an innocent sneeze offended his as a sign of impoliteness to the superior; therefore any boy who yawned thoughtlessly was driven at once out of the class by his furious cry, such as, "you rascal, get out." Nevertheless the more he tried to blame severely his pupils misbehavior the more they used to indulge themselves in mischief of various sorts under a common term, "the great adventurer." As soon as the class began, some went to sleep in the most ingenious way; some drew him in their note books weeping, scolded by the principal; some ate cakes and tendered them to neighbors beneath the desk, winking improperly at each other; and only the unfortunate students of the front row of seats were obliged to listen to his lecture, monotonous and of no interest, while they were always minding the scraps of paper, occasionally thrown from the rear. Mr. Goat's manner of training his pupils was very like the Spartans. "Students, obey your superiors," was his all in all; and in fact he was very fond of the Spartans. Whenever the occasion called, he would display his eloquence. "How admirable they were, the Spartans!" in his sarcastic tone. "It is very lamentable, nay detestable, to behold the soft luxurious lads of the present time!"

In consequence in his class the students were never permitted to build a fire in the stove even in the coldest weather; and if they began to grumble at his tyrranical authority, he would say defiantly, "students, remember the anecdote of Socrates, which I have often repeated; he stood outdoors in snowy weather on his own accord through three days running to train his flesh and soul. Yet you luxurious lads who are studying in class comfortably and warmly"—he used to emphasize especially the word "warmly"—"complain of mere coldness! You soft boys, shame on you!"

However, it happened once that this well known instruction was completely overturned by a certain witty lad. It was a very cold day; the cutting wind crossing the ocean and the open country, was howling outdoors fiercely like a wounded wild beast the flaky snow beat in whirls heavily and incessantly against the freezing window-panes of the class room, and the chill of the winter morning penetrated even to the very marrow. Then all the pupils shivering with a cold, complained, appealed and besought their master to allow them to build a fire; but obstinate as he was the master Goat refused their request with a flat denial, and began to repeat as usual his favorite instruction, the anecdote of Socrates. This time, however, no sooner had the old man finished his speech with the habitual phrase, "Shame on you!" than some druggist's son, the smallest in the class, sitting in the seat under the master's nose, cried with an ironical tone, "Yes, you are right; and Socrates, too, caught cold, sir!"

Now the master Goat left the class with two wretched lads who dared scorn his dignity by means of the alarm-clock. Meantime the bell began to ring cheerfully; and some pupils of the class dashed out in a swarm on the playgrounds, yelling, shouting, laughing and throwing their caps in the air, like little merry birds flying about freely in the sky, having escaped from their narrow restricted cages.

All the students of the school were allowed an hour's rest after lunch. It was the happiest time for them, especially in fair weather; some played baseball; some tennis; some tried wrestling; and some lazy fellows climbed up in secret, like cats on the roof of the school house to bask in the sun, lest their pleasant, agreeable doze should be disturbed by the wild hubdub of their comrades. However those on the roof were sometimes discovered by a military instructor, a midlle-aged ex-officer, warm-hearted and with a keen sense of humor; and there used to be played a comical scene between him and the pupils. "You rascals, get down quickly, or else I will cut off all your heads at once!" the laughing instructor would shout from the ground looking up at the roof, and patting the sheath of his long sabre in a menacing air; but impish as they were the rascals would climb up as quick as monkeys, higher and higher to the top of the roof where they cried with one voice, "Sir, before you cut off our heads you must catch us. Here we are, will you catch us sir?" Nevertheless the amicable ex-officer was never offended; and he would retort, choking with his own hearty laughter, "You young rascals, I wish I could catch all of you! but look at my foot"—here he would pause and gaze with regret at his lame foot which had been struck by a ball in the campaign of 1905. Then the pupils getting down slowly from the roof, asked his pardon half in fun and half in chagrin.

However, this afternoon no one played baseball or tennis except the members of the other classes; no one tried to wrestle or to climb up on the roof; but sitting in a circle on the grassy place near the corner of the ground, they listened to the reports of those alarm-clock adventurers, with anxious expressions as of the Spanish courtiers half admiring and half wondering at the speech of Columbus upon his return from the new continent.

Over their heads the autumn sky, flooded with an unbroken cobalt-blue azure was lighting up like a crystalline mirror, and seemed to have expanded to infinity. So far as the eye could reach, no shadow was seen but a single cloudlet in the far distance, half floating, half fading away. The air, warmed by the clear sunshine, was sweet and redolent, blended with a smell of hay wafting like smoke from the neighboring meadow, whose many husbandsmen busied themselves in mowing; their long-drawn songs were sung incessantly and responded to occasionally by the pleasant neighing of the horses. Near the fence around the ground the tall row of poplars stood motionless as if dreaming in ecstacy; only now and then their leaves rustled and murmured unwillingly when the gliding, mischievous wind stole up to play with them; and somewhere or other you might have heard raptures, shrill cries of the wanton snipes. Peace, content, and happiness, now reigned in the whole universe!

Yet, here, on the ground the animated talks of the alarm-clock adventurers still went on.

"The principal didn't scold us much, did he?" asked the hatchet-faced lad to his companion.

"No, he didn't," replied the other adventurer who had hung the clock on his comrade, "the principal is not like Goat; he is more kind and tender. But what a long instruction he gave us! His preaching was so long and so endless that none can remember it well. Yea, if I were more courageous I would like to tell him like a Spartan," here he began to mimic the old master telling his class of King Leonidas who jeered, with his sharp tongue, at the long diplomatic message of his enemy's envoy.

"Yes, indeed" continued the lad with a hoarse voice and stiff manner like those of the master Goat. "Sir your instruction was so long and so superfluous that I have forgotten the first of it; and as I have forgotten the first of it, I could not make out the meaning of the latter part, either!"

A stern laughter arose among the listeners; they yelled, cheered, and applauded.

"Nevertheless, it's true," interrupted the hatchet-faced adventurer, still laughing, in the Leonidas-like eloquence. "He threatened he'd expel us without mercy, if we bring the alarm-clock in the class again."

"Never mind, I know it's merely his threat," coolly retorted the little Leonidas; "he won't expel us. The principal is wiser than Goat; he himself knows well that he will repent afterward if he does, when we grow up and become great men like Napoleon!"

A fresh outburst seized the audience; they cried and shouted with their shrill voices: "Bravo! go on, Napoleon, go on!"

This time, however, the heroic orator lowered his tone, and assumed a grave air. "My friends," he continued, "I've something to consult with you about, because I wish to revenge myself on Goat; I want to try the adventure once more; won't you give me your assistance? Won't you help me?"

"You are going to give Goat tit for tat?" ejaculated one of the surprised audience. "Will you use the alarm-clock again?"

A cunning smile appeared on the lips of the revenger.

"No more the alarm-clock," murmured the hatchet-faced lad. Goat confiscated my clock; I wonder what use time is to a Goat?"

There was a hubdub among the listeners, but it was soon hushed; and the revenger began to whisper some intrigue. About five minute's conference continued among them in an inaudible tone; and no sooner had the cheerful wild cry "Laissez aller," been given than they sprang up all at once from ther places. Then they jumped across the fence around the ground, and dashed toward the meadow as swift as swallows, still yelling, "Laissez aller!"

Those poor lads! The only phrase they learned in French was "Laissez aller!"

Until the school bell began to call them back to their work, each lad caught a few crickets, and put them gently in his handkerchief as if he were handling precious, fragile glassware. As soon as all the pupils had entered the class room they hurridly set their captives free; some of these tiny black creatures began to leap quickly toward the corners; with their light steps some crept slowly and proudly under the platform; some hid themselves behind the legs of the teacher's table, and in a dubious way shook nervously their long, needle-like feelers, and the whole class was apparently waiting with impatience for the old master. Meantime the sound of heavy footsteps was heard from afar along the corridor; the door opened with a strange creak of its rusty hinges; and the huge body of the master came in sight, with a book in his hand. Before the master sat on his chair with a solemn air, he threw his first scornful glance toward those two rascals of the alarm-clock adventure and slowly looked about the whole class with sharp eyes flashing over his large spectacles to find whether pieces of cake or other dainties were protruding from the pupils' pockets or whether devilment of some sort was going on. However, this afternoon no head was found that bent over the desk; no pencil was drawing him in the note book; no mouth was mumbling; no eye was winking; and in the whole class there reigned such an unusual silence that a fly on the window could be heard buzzing on its wings. For a little while the poor master was apparently struck with wonder. He wiped his spectacles with the sleeve of his dress, as though he were in doubt whether it were not his dim glasses that deceived his sight. However, a certain idea came to his mind; and it flattered him beyond measure. The poor man! How firmly he was convinced that his punishment of those two pupils in the morning's accident had brought an unexpectedly good effect on the whole class!

On the other hand, among the pupils there was a great expectation that was close at hand; it weighed on their minds so heavily that their little hearts throbbed hard and fast. Uneasiness and anxiousness, mingled with an emotion of some animalistic pleasure, kept them in almost a breathless suspense like impatient soldiers who were watching the enemy's troop marching carelessly over the very spot where they had laid a mine.

The old master wiped his spectacles once more—this time he was at ease, opened his book, and began to read with a somewhat nasal twang; and with his unmusical tone the time went on slowly and languidly. However, before the master had proceeded more than a few pages, he was obliged to pause in his reading. The

expected event had now come. One bold cricket, becoming accustomed to the strange place, cried ahead of all the rest, in the corner by the platform; the silvery refrain lingered a while, and finally died with its faint, falling cadence in the deep silence of the class.

"What is that," asked the master, raising himself from the chair, "is it an insect that made a noise?"

But no one answered him or laughed at him. There was no doubt but that all the class was moved deeply by the sweet, yet melancholy song of the delicate creature. Even the master was very likely bewildered; and for a while he was motionless in his place. The first cricket was soon followed by another under the platform, with a more distinct and melodious tone; and it aroused again another chirrup in a distant corner. Thus the sweet songs of the crickets sung one after another; one chirrup was succeeded by another; one cry was answered by another; and the whole class room was, at last, full of a chorus of those delicate creatures.

The master Goat was rather a phlegmatic man, but now clearly he discovered the intrigue of his pupils; he understood that they were going to disturb him by means of the crickets; he found himself betrayed by his own conviction that his authority as a teacher might have kept them in such quietness. Anger began to kindle in him as with an infernal fire. His countenance was changed, his long goat-like beard twitched convulsively, and his huge body trembled like a volcanoe before its eruption! In fact he was about to shout with a wild cry and pour volleys of merciless, damning words upon those pretending innocents; and if possible he should like to give them a thrashing one after another, and not only his pupils but even those innocent crickets! Nevertheless, there was some sentiment, delicate, yet powerful, which kept him from the outburst—a sentiment that he had had once in the far past, and had lost somewhere in his laboring, rough journey of life. Now this long deserted sentiment called on him again unexpectedly, and tenderly touched his heart of hearts with its pure, holy light as of a star shining brightly in a dark stormy night. He could not keep his furious passion from dying down of itself, and a new affection was gradually taking its place. Finding himself in such an awkward condition he looked once more about the whole class with his bewildered eyes, and what did he behold there? Was there any pupil indulging himself in an impish deed? Was there any lad laughing at him openly with his impertinent laughter or chuckling maliciously disguised under a cough or sneeze! No. Were not those he beheld quiet and well behaved pupils, gently hanging down their little heads, and listening with all their attention to the charming chorus of those lovely creatures? The old master wished to speak out something touching in his heart, but his voice failed him; and he, too, began to give ear to the beautiful but melancholy melodies that filled all the class with infinite tenderness, like a nursery song of a young mother, singing sweetly at the bedside of her sick child.

Meanwhile there came to the master beautiful panoramic visions, distant but vivid, floating before his aged eyes one after another,—the visions of the past, the far past, separated from the present by the barrier of long toilsome years. He saw his village, his boyhood home, his parents and his happy childhood; he saw himself a baby waxing and slumbering in the cradle, sucking his tiny thumb, while a peaceful dream as calm as sunlit ocean stole up to him, and softly wrapped his innocent soul with its rainbow-hued wings; again he saw himself a child with merry black eyes, and a sweet dimple on rosy cheek, listening to his mother's fairy tales, while the spinning wheel by her side was humming a monotonous, endless song as if wearied of its all day's work. He saw also his father, tall and stout, with a smiling face, who used often to give him sweet-meats and pretty toys; saw the villagers, old and young, and the red-cheeked plump women singing like larks in the fields; saw an old man with a little monkey on his crooked shoulder, beating a drum, and selling seed cakes that he had once liked more than anything else in the world; and also saw his own pony munching in the stable, and his pet dog standing on his hind legs and begging for a piece of cake.

He saw the charming landscape of his home, too; saw the luxuriant vineyard casting on the earth, thick purple shadows in the hottest sunshine of a long summer day; saw the field freshly covered by the emerald silk of the corn, and here and there patterned and tinted with the blooming buckwheat in snowy whiteness; he saw also the distant mountains lying calmly bathed in the lovely moonlight under the lilac blue sky, and the river winding its way like a shining silvery ribbon, through the greenish, velvet-like meadow which expanded to the horizon; and in that very meadow,—was it not himself, a barefooted lad, who, was, with his little brother, tracing the dewy pathway in the early morning and catching the sleepy crickets flying in all directions as they were awakened by their light steps? And how merrily they laughed when their small cages were full of those black, tiny insects! He felt on his cheeks even a rush of the softening, caressing air of that morning; felt the suffocating fragrance of the dreaming wild-flowers, hovering and wafting across the whole meadow. He heard the drowsy murmur of the trees, the rustle of the tall grass, a sound of the shepherd's bugle in the far distance, and many other forgotten sounds.

The old master sighed deeply; he neither spoke nor stirred. He remained motionless like a statue in his place, with his closed eyes, lest the beautiful vision should vanish like a mirage. He was conscious that his anger had already melted as into vapor, and his affection warmed his own soul as with the spring sunshine. He forgot the insult of his pupils; forgot the injury and injustice of his fellowmen; he also forgot the irony of fate and the bitterness of life that had hardened his heart, and made him despise all delicate sentiments; he forgot even the heavy burden of his evening age which made him impatient and self-opinionated in every way. For him it was not without wonder that his stern, proud thought, the bitter fruit of his long, struggling life, was easily and suddenly conquered by a single, delicate sentiment, brought by the golden winged memories of the childhood he had ever disdained. However, he did not regret it, because now he clearly understood that the memory of the far past, is that which one can remember without remorse of conscience or gnashing of teeth, is the last

refuge, safe and sweet for one who is wearied of the present life, and yet has little hope in the future. The master Goat sighed deeply once more. His own soul was now full of tender affection; and his ear, full of the sweet melody of the cricket's song vibrating in his memories. His face was radiant in a good-humored childish smile; yet you might have seen flitting over his wrinkled forehead a melancholy shadow such as a cloud in a bright, windless day, casts on the snowy summit of a high mountain.

While the master was sunk in deep meditation, another sentiment and thought reigned in the little hearts of the pupils. They knew that their intrigue had ended in a complete failure. It was their expectation to surprise the master Goat by this extraordinary trick, to watch him jumping up in fury on the platform like a huge toad, and to humiliate him with their impertinent laughter and malicious chuckles. However, their expectation was quite unfulfilled; the old master neither jumped up nor shouted with a terrible cry; what they saw was not the enraged master, but the venerable, aged man, with a gentle smiling face, sitting calmly in his chair, and what they heard were not the merciless words, but affecting deep sighs. The poor lads were so overwhelmed with shame that they could have sunk into the ground. Moreover, there was something in the song of the cricket—something reproaching their naughtiness, impertinence and cruelty. "Why do you insult your teacher?" It seemed to appeal deeply to their conscience. "Is he not an old man who has sacrificed his all in education of the young generations, the most sacred, but the hardest work of all?" It was neither harsh like the old master's rebuke nor tedious like the principal's instruction; but it was the tender reproach as of a kind mother for her darling son, which perhaps none shall listen to without shedding tears flowing from out his true heart, for without wounding his young soul it exhorts him to a virtuous and noble life. The pupils, too, saw visions, more beautiful, more bright and more lovely than the old master's. The visions that they saw were not of their past, but of their future. They saw themselves as students, gentle, modest, and studious, striving for a lofty ideal of humanity; saw themselves greater than Napoleon; saw themselves men, brave, wise, and compassionate, who never spared their tears, love or even life for their suffering neighbors. They wished to weep, cry, and beg the old master's pardon on bended knees. Especially in the hearts of the alarm-clock adventurers there lay a whole lake of tears!

There was a long but affecting silence between the master and his pupils.

"Students," suddenly, but timidly, whispered the master, "you must put them back in the meadow after school, those lovely insects; you know, even they have their own home." His voice was softened, and his aged eyes were dim. "Students," he whispered again in a touching tone, "I, too, was once a lad like you, and I used to go often to the meadow with my little brother to catch crickets!"

Again there was a long but peaceful silence between them; and still the beautiful yet melancholy melodies of the crickets filled all the class-room with infinite tenderness, like a nursery song of a young mother singing sweetly at the bedside of her sick child.

[*EDITORIAL*]

WE WANT WOOLLEN

Since we have been in the University, Charles T. Woollen, the business manager of the University, has appeared in public before the students one time. That was the time when the Stygians gave a number of blankets to the football team, and Mr. Woollen was asked expressly to accept them for the athletic association. We were glad Mr. Woollen was in chapel that morning; he didn't seem to be a bit like that frightful money handler stories about the campus say he is. He did not seem to favor Jesse James, although campus comment laughingly refers to Mr. Woollen as being a close associate of the said Jesse.

In fact, we liked his speech; we were glad he was there. Furthermore, we would be glad if he would appear in chapel again. We would like to know how the University is run; Mr. Woollen handles the business end, and he is the only man who can tell us that in the way we want to know it. We would like for him to tell us what his plans and ideals are for the greater University.

Besides all this, Mr. Woollen owes it to himself to appear before the student body. And in owing it to himself, he also owes it to the University, for truly, strange things are said of our management.

We should have a lot of unity here if the president of the University did not speak to us and talk to us in chapel, wouldn't we? It has been proved that it is a good thing for our president to see us often. Why isn't it a good thing for our business manager to speak to us once in a while?

Far be it from us to suggest that he come to us every week. We would like to suggest, however, that Mr. Woollen be put on the chapel program for two or three days at the beginning of this quarter. We would like for him to tell us about how he runs the business end of the University.

Anyone can hear stories that we believe have been occasioned by the fact he is almost a stranger to us. So, we want Woollen!

Lucius Polk McGehee---Dean

By W. T. SHAW

L. P. McGEHEE dean of the school of law of the University of North Carolina is one of the very singular as well as leading personalities on the faculty and of the state. The University in general and the law school in particular are fortunate in securing a man so well prepared to assume the leadership of so fundamental a part of its educational life. The dean received an A. B. degree from the University of North Carolina in 1887 and studied law at the same University during the years of 1890-91. He was admitted to the North Carolina bar in 1891 and to the New York bar in 1894. After this he became a contributing editor in the publication of the American and English Encyclopedia of Law and was promoted to the position of associate editor of the same the next year—1895. Realizing his ability and desiring his valuable services, the University of North Carolina elected him professor of law in 1904, which position he occupied until 1908. Then for two years, 1908-09, he was engaged as a practictioner in a New York law firm. Again, in 1910, finding his service almost indispensable, the University of North Carolina elected him dean, which place he has held with credit ever since.

Dean, as we have come to call him, has participated in every conspicuous branch of the legal profession. Leaving his student life behind, he devoted much of his energy and time, in the early part of his career, to the publication of the American and English Encyclopedia of Law. This work necessitated a wide range of investigation and a very minute comprehension of the subject. His activity in that field prepared him superbly for the high profession of teaching, and also resulted in much valuable service to the legal profession.

Again, his work displays his genius. Due Process of Law, that most difficult phase of law to define as well as to comply with, found a secure lodging between book-covers with his name attached as author.

His teaching has been of a very high quality. His students early learn to obey, respect and admire him. His teaching as far as the classroom routine is concerned is made singular by his thoroughness, punctuality and accuracy. An ingenious law student has more fittingly characterized his scholarship than I could ever hope to suggest by a burlesque on the law faculty:

"If you wish to know what the law might be, consult Professor Winston.

"If you wish to know what the law ought to be, consult Professor Wettach .

"If you wish to know what the law was, consult Professor Van Hecke.

"If you wish to know what the law is, consult Professor McIntosh.

DEAN McGEHEE

"But if you wish to know what the law was and still is, consult Professor McGehee."

As a practictioner his efforts gained him membership in the North Carolina Bar Association, the New York Bar Associaion, and the American Bar Association.

But neither the law nor the legal profession has consumed all of the Dean's time. Though not as active in politics or public life as some, he has allied himself with the leading political party of the south—the Democratic, thus demonstrating his sympathy with the ideals of the section of his birth and the major part of his growth. Religion is also a part of his thought and action, being an Episcopalian. Last but not least, his ideal of brotherhood and desire for intimate association has earned him membership in the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

As a man, lawyer, writer and teacher the Dean's services cannot be confined to the legal profession, though his learning and genius in that field have elicited expressions of admiration and appreciation from the most learned and reputable jurists of the state and nation.

Doubtless I could pay him no higher tribute than to say that he has become an authority on his subject, just as it is the ideal and aim of all ambitious men and women to sometime, somewhere, distinguish themselves in at least one of the many vocations of life. The acquisition of this singularity, currently called authority, seems to be the "omnibus" upon which modern greatness must ride. When one becomes a recognized authority, he, at once, becomes the object of interest and admiration, if not envy, of all who come to know him either personally or by reputation. This position which carries with it so many privileges and prerogatives is particularly important in the legal profession, since authority is conceded to be so great a part of the law.

On Mount Mitchell

By ARTUS M. MOSER

THE old North State has a right to pride herself in many things, but in nothing more than in the beauty of her own native mountains. These reach the height of their grandeur both in altitude and beauty on Mount Mitchell, in the western part of the state. It is the highest mountain in eastern America, raising its majestic form to a height of 6,711 feet above sea level. It is located in the Black Mountains, a chain of the Blue Ridge, 32 miles east of Asheville, and about 20 miles northeast of the town of Black Mountain. Mount Mitchell exceeds the height of Mount Washington by 421 feet, moreover, in the different ranges of mountains comprising the great Appalachian system in western North Carolina, there are 21 other peaks higher than Mount Washington, and 44 peaks over 6,000 feet high.

To one who enjoys a view of pure mountain scenery —wild flowers and virgin forests, long mountain slopes, jutting down into deep, sombre valleys, and up again, range upon range—the one from Mount Mitchell is unexcelled by any in America and probably in Europe.

More than a thousand people have visited the mountain and camped there during the past summer and autumn—a much larger number than usual, and larger than one might expect, especially when considering the long and difficult "hike" necessary to make the trip, and the load of blankets and packs of provisions which must be taken along. It will be of interest to many to know that an automobile road is now being built to Mount Mitchell and it is planned to have this completed by next summer. This will probably be one of the greatest scenic roads in America, and will offer many people the opportunity of visiting the peak who have hitherto been denied that privilege. It is to be considered rather remarkable that a majority of the visitors to Mitchell are girls and women. And while there is quite a number of boys and men, they are all mainly school and college folks, spending their vacations in the mountains. They represent every state in the south, and a number in the north, along with some foreign counries.

The trip is usually made from Black Mountain Station by bus to Montreat, then from there on foot, following the Mount Mitchell trail up a deep mountain gorge. The trail winds up through some excellent scenery, and along a cool, clear mountain stream, which dashes and roars in wild cascades over large, gray stones into deep pools as clear as crystal, where large speckled trout may often be seen.

After following this trail for a few miles one comes to the Mount Mitchell logging road, a small narrow-guage railroad, which is followed for a distance of nine miles. The distance never seems long, however, for at intervals one has a magnificent view of the mountains and the scenery far below which is grand beyond description. Also at intervals along the way are numerous springs, sparkling clear and cool, where one may rest and enjoy nature at her best.

At Pinnacle spring one reads a sign: "Crossing the Blue Ridge; dividing ocean and gulf waters; Mt. Mitchell in the distance." It is here that the first view of Mount Mitchell is to be had. The tower on top and the dark balsam about its crest can easily be seen.

OBSERVATORY ON TOP OF MT. MITCHELL

However, the real climb up Mitchell begins when a few hours later the traveller arrives at Camp Alice, a former logging camp, just at the foot of the Peak. Here the railroad is left, and a trail of three-quarters of a mile leads to the top. This trail is well graded and seats have been built along at short distances. Were it not for these long, rustic seats, many a weary camper would prefer to remain at Camp Alice for the night. But being ambitious to reach the top, aided by the bracing atmosphere, and short rests, one pursues his journey onward and upward.

In a short time the trail winds up amongst the dark-green balsam and spruce, which, except for a few shrubs, are the only trees growing at this high altitude.

The trail mounts higher and higher, and the scenery becomes more wild and grand. The forest on either side of the trail stands tall and thick and more luxuriant, while the boughs interlock overhead, forming a canopy and making an almost perpetual shade beneath. Coming, sometimes, to an opening where the sun-light glances through, one is reminded of the moon-light flickering through a tall pine forest, somewhere in the lowlands.

The ground is carpeted with the most beautiful growth of moss to be found anywhere. It is thick and elastic, and every shade of green, resembling a miniature forest of palm trees more than anything else to which one can liken it. Over this waves large green ferns in rich plumy profusion. The soil which is very rich is usually damp and moist beneath the balsam and proves very favorable to many varieties of mosses, ferns and other plants of like nature.

Mount Mitchell and other peaks of the Black Mountains are among the oldest in America, having been here when the Atlantic ocean extended to their bases, and when the central states were a part of the Gulf of Mexico. And as one pursues his journey up this ancient mountain and amid this venerable forest, he can truthfully say in the words of Longfellow's "Evangeline":

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld."

At another turn in the trail, one comes to a small prairie, known as the Garden Plot. It is probably an acre in extent, and the soil being very fertile, it is filled with many varieties of wild mountain flowers, notably the yellow meadow lily, white woodland aster, American white Helebore, along with a rich growth of tall, waving grass and clover. Strange to say, no trees have ever grown here; they grow thickly up to the edge only and stop. The old trail, which was travelled once by all visitors to the Peak, passes through this field. This trail, one of the oldest, was probably originally made by the Indians, and early hunters. It was here that the mountaineers, who were in search of Professor Mitchell, first found his tracks when he lost his life in an attempt to descend the mountain.

A short climb from this point around a steep, rocky bend in the trail brings us into the opening on top. What a magnificent view! We realize at once the great height of the peak and the beauty of the vast scene spread out before us. Mounting the observatory on top of the peak we are lifted above the surrounding trees and have an uninterrupted view in every direction. We are told that the view extends into five states, namely, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina.

We look down into deep mountain gorges and coves, across great valleys where meadows and fields lie serene and quiet; then up the green, wooded, Alpine heights to the distant ranges and peaks which rise one behind another like the waves of the sea, until they vanish in the dim, far distance of the horizon.

Over this scene is cast a wonderful haze of blue and gray. This is broken into many delicate tints and deep shadows—from the dark-blue of valley, cove and balsam to the lighter hues of distant meadows, fields, and barren heights. The tints of scarlet, purple and gold of the changing autumn leaves far down the slopes are blended together in a great variety of other colors on the slopes of the range just across the valley. And from the dull gray of the crags and cliffs of that range, we see the distant ranges change gently to the softer hues of light-gray and blue.

We easily overlook the entire western part of this state and view a tremendous expanse of country far beyond. Taking the scene in more minutely, looking north, a few miles away, we see Black Brothers, two high mountains covered with dark balsam, one of them being but 92 feet lower than Mount Mitchell. Behind these can be seen Balsam Cone, Deer Mountain, Mount Celo and Pensacola. Much farther on in the distance and somewhat to the northwest can be seen Roan Mountain and the Unikas on the Tennessee line. Glancing westward we look across a great valley known as the Cain River Valley. Across on the first range of mountains, we see Olga Meadows, and over this we see across to the valleys and mountains among which are located the towns of Barnardsville, Democrat, and Mars Hill. In the distance can be seen the outlines of the Great Smokies.

Looking southward and southwest, we see Pinnacle, Craggy, Greybeard, and Clingman's Peak. Behind these across the Swannanoa valley beyond Asheville, we see Mount Pisga, and further on we see the Balsam Mountains looming up against the sky.

Still farther southward we look over a great expanse of lower country in the vicinity of South Carolina and Georgia, the horizon seeming to blend in the distant clouds and haze.

Eastward, we look across the Blue Ridge and Linville Mountains, where we see Table Rock, and on in the distance where the Piedmont section of the state stretches away.

One can look for hours upon the broad, expanding scene, without tiring, and the longer one looks the more beautiful and inspiring it becomes. No noise breaks the solitude and stillness. Here is real quietness where one can be alone with his thoughts and meditations.

It was on this Peak that Zebulon B. Vance, our great war governor, was inspired to compose part of his great oration, "The Scattered Nation," delivered by him many times. It was also here that Christian Reid, one of North Carolina's greatest authors, sat and wrote part of her first book, "The Land of the Sky," which made her, as well as that part of the state, famous.

Another matter of historic interest is the grave of Professor Elisha Mitchell, after whom the mountain is named, which is located directly on the top. He was the first man to measure accurately the height of the mountain and to make its exploration scientifically.

The story of his death and burial here is as follows: Professor Mitchell loved the mountains and enjoyed spending his vacations among them in exploration and measurement. Some twenty years after he had measured Mount Mitchell, the Assembly of North Carolina authorized the State Board of Agriculture to have certain original investigations made over the state, and it was in the work of checking up the peaks of the Black Mountains that he lost his life.

He started down the mountain late one afternoon just after a thunder shower. The clouds came down on the mountain as they often do, and in his attempt

SCENE ALONG MOUNT MITCHELL TRAIL

to follow the trail down Wilson Ridge by way of the home of "Big Tom Wilson" to the settlement, he lost his way in the darkness, and fell over a waterfall, about forty feet in length, and was drowned. His body was found eleven days later in the deep pool at the foot of the falls (which have become known as Mitchell Falls) by "Big Tom Wilson," the noted bear hunter and woodsman.

The body was first buried in Asheville, but a year later was taken up and reinterred on the mountain. This happened before the Civil War and until a few years ago a metal monument marked his resting place, but this was finally blown down by the wind, and was removed to a shelving rock a few hundred yards away where it remains in hiding, to prevent bits of it being carried away by souvenir hunters. Much of it has already been taken in that manner. Only a few now know where it is. On one side is found the following inscription:

"Here lies, in the hope of a blessed resurrection, the body of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who, after being for 39 years a professor in the University of North Carolina, lost his life in the scientific exploration of this mountain, in the 64th year of his age June 27, 1857."

Mount Mitchell is historic and interesting in other respects also. The mountain was known to the Indians, early hunters, and pioneers, several years before Professor Mitchell made his explorations. It was at one time an excellent hunting ground, there being abundant deer, bear, wild turkeys and other game, along with panthers, mountain lions, wolves and wild cats. But these have practically vanished before the hunter, the lumberman, and the tourist. Large areas of timber have been laid waste by the logging operations, and the whistle of the logging trains have brought a touch of civilization to this vast wilderness. Large areas are left almost barren, fire having followed the lumberman's axe. Even the sides of Mount Mitchell are almost barren, save for a 1200-acre tract reserved on top as a state park.

A few bears are still to be found on the mountain, and a number have been reported as killing the hogs of the farmers down in the valleys, but they are gradually being killed out, and in a few years will only be memories for the old hunters. Quite a number of wild cats are still to be seen and heard, but they also are fast disappearing. They sometimes howl near the cabin at night, but never do any harm. There is still a large number of peasants, "boomers," (a species of small squirrel), a few rabbits, raccoons, and ground hogs. Snow birds are plentiful, especially during the summer months, when they come to these cool heights to make their nests and rear their young.

In mentioning the attractions of the mountain, I must not leave out the spring which is a few hundred yards from the top—a clear stream coming boldly out of the mountain side—as cold as if it came right off ice and snow.

There are two good walks on Mitchell—one out the trail toward Black Brothers the other out what is known as the old commissary trail. Both offer an excellent opportunity to observe the scenery—the timber, flowers and vegetation; but the one towards Black Brothers affords two very fine views.

Probably the most treasured and longest remembered scenes obtainable from the mountain are those of sunrise and sunset. In the early morning at sunrise, the fog is often settled down in the valleys like a great white ocean, and only the mountain tops are left projecting out like so many islands in a vast sea. Slowly the sun comes up from behind all this, tinting it with hues of silver and gold.

But surpassing this in grandeur, both in color and beauty, is the view of the sunset from this great eminence at evening. Leaving the cabin and our camp fires, we hurry out the short trail to the top, and climb up in the observatory, just as the great red disk is nearing the uneven line of mountains in the west. Its rays linger long on Mitchell and surrounding peaks after it has grown quite dark in the valleys far below. As we look we see the twilight there grow into darkness and see the twinkling of the evening fires which have been kindled to ward off the cool breezes that steal across the mountains and into the valleys even in July and August. We lift our eyes from the growing darkness of the valleys and see the sun which is now disappearing far away behind the dark, distant mountains. It resembles a great ball of fire as it veils itself in a transparent haze of purple and amber. Above this, the clouds and sky are tinted with soft colors of pink and scarlet and gold. These are slowly blending and changing into many other colors and tints that would baffle an artist or a poet. We glance at the near peaks and see upon their barren heights of crag

and cliff, the reflection of the last rays melt into the gloom of the valleys. The last of the great red disk sinks out of sight behind the fading light of the golden west, and darkness slowly hovers down. The cool mountain breezes moan through the dark boughs of spruce and balsam. We linger for a moment to see the afterglow, then turn our steps out the winding trail to the cabin. We enter and gather around the fire, thinking truly that this August evening is the end of one perfect day.

A Plea of Insanity in Criminal Cases

SECTION ONE

By EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

THE criminal courts in North Carolina, during the past half dozen months, have been flooded—or should I say infested—with the trials of eight nauseating murder cases. Insanity has been attributed as the cause of the killing in three instances. In two others, counsel for the defense claimed, that ill-prepared "moonshine liquor" had driven the defendant to insanity and while mentally unbalanced, the deed of murder, cold-blooded in both instances, was committed.

The plea of insanity in criminal cases has become so common in our courts in North Carolina, as well as elsewhere, that its bare mention excites a smile. This fact, however, does not mean that every plea of insanity is groundless, for its universality proves, to some extent, that there exists in behalf of the unfortunate class a cosmopolitan sympathy, to which counsel have found it convenient to appeal. This very attitude is conducive to the multiplication of similar pleas in any case or cases that will admit the shadow of a presumption of insanity. Unless we suppose, then, the great body of criminals to be insane, it is evident there is a fault somewhere. Would it be proper to charge it to the want of integrity of the judges or neglect or ignorance of the jurymen; or is there not greater evidence pointing to a defect in the mode of trial? I am inclined to believe the latter is true.

The world war, although it ended three years ago, is still justly blamed for some of the present discontent and evil. We are living in an interregnum. It was inevitable; it had to be. But the transitional period has assumed unnatural proportions and is endeavoring, it appears, to install itself permanently, resulting in the disregard and under-valuation of human life, disregard of property, sanctity of women, and unconcern towards time and eternity.

Murder is not a new world-disease, but it has recently visited North Carolina in epidemic form and its spread has been remarkable and apparently continues unabated. Men who were sober, industrious citizens have paralyzed the public by committing ghastly murders. It would seem, at times, that the foundation on which our society rests is unsound, that it would soon collapse in its rottenness, and that it is not the judge, the jury, or the mode of trial of criminals, but it lies deep rooted in the strata of society. It is my purpose to discuss the subject purely from a legal standpoint.

Before condemning a mode of trial, age-old and seasoned, it is fitting to consider the proceedings where the subject of insanity is involved. The defendant is charged with murder. Sufficient evidence has been introduced to show beyond doubt that it was the hand of the defendant that committed the deed—rendered the fatal blow. Counsel for the defense enters a plea of insanity. A number of witnesses are put on the stand and examined. To the satisfaction of the defense the fact of the insanity of the defendant is established.

Then comes the judge's charge.

The case rests with the jury.

Ordinarily, the jury is composed of honest men; actuated by the spirit of justice in performing their duty. They are men of good, plain sense; industrious and apparently qualified. If the matter at issue related to a problem of every day business life they could answer without the slightest hesitation. But in the trial of criminal cases, circumstances are different. Their decision means life or death. They can either send him to the chair or give him his freedom. It is necessary for them to scrutinize the actions of the prisoner, piercing, if possible the recesses of the alleged criminal's heart.

They realize a verdict must be reached. They become perplexed. They review the case in their own minds. They talk it over, pro and con. They feel incompetent. They ponder over the psychology of insanity; its symptoms, its nature, its effects, its powers. Arguments of the opposing attorneys puzzle them. They revisualize the testimony and actions of witnesses. They recall the evidence of the medical experts whose reports conflicted on very vital points. What is paranoia? Was the defendant a paranoiac? Counsel for the defense said the defendant was possibly a paranoiac, probably urged it, but the judge didn't; he was impartial, leaving the issue squarely with the jury. The physicians, they remember, were examined and cross-examined by attorneys, who have, perhaps, just enough knowledge of medical science to enable them to ask questions which no man could answer. It is probable that during the examinations of the physicians they were asked questions which they refused to answer. Out of this molehill the opposing attorneys made much ado over little or nothing, their ultimate aim being to utterly confuse the jury and secure acquittal for their client.

The jurymen endeavor to link the evidence and contradictory opinions and the substance of the actions and testimony of the witnesses. They put together the legal tests. They are afraid to pronounce the defendant not guilty and they do not feel absolutely certain he is guilty. They had been instructed by the judge that if, after mature deliberation, they had a reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant, they should decide in his favor. Was theirs a reasonable

doubt? They have doubts. How could they know that the criminal was of a sound or unsound mind when the deed of murder was committed, possibly a month or six months previous, or that the murder was unpremediated and unaccompanied by a malicious intent?

What could the jurymen do but return a verdict of "not guilty?"

If the above reasoning or description of a trial by a jury of an alleged murder be a fair epitome, it is not difficult to comprehend, without throwing any reflection on the judge or jurymen, how and why so many criminals are permitted to prey upon society. The man is turned loose whom the public, almost unanimously, condemned guilty and said should have been consigned to the chair. Mob vilence is born in such a decision. Such proceedings are the fathers of lynchings. The Ku Klux Klan, in the south at least, was re-born on this very wind. Too many such verdicts are handed down; the law is scorned; the law becomes intolerable.

Are the criminal courts inefficient? Does sentiment or evidence control a verdict?

Admittedly, it is far easier to point out defects in a system than to devise a remedy. I make no pretense of offering a remedy. I know of none. Yet there must be one somewhere. It is a serious question. It is a leaking artery, an outflow, an avenue of escape, a weakening of one of the greatest of all institutions. It is a matter of no small consequence and should be a matter of congressional investigation and action.

I append a few facts pertinent to the matter:

1. It lies with the people to change this form of jurisprudence.

2. Consensus of opinions seems to be, in substance, that the jury-trial for criminal cases is defective; that a remedy is imperative.

3. That before many years pass, a change may be expected with a reasonable degree of certainty.

4. That it is now expedient for schemes to be laid before the public, in order that they may have an opportunity to crystallize, and later place them before the legislators of the country for statutory action.

5. That such a change would not be a reflection on the great and eminent statesmen and lawyers of antiquity.

6. The trial by jury of a criminal, not only affects the criminal, but every individual in organized society.

It has been suggested, in contrast with this opinion, that "the mode of trial" is only partially responsible for such a deplorable condition—a crime wave,—as has swept our country during the last half decade, and that the reasons for the swelling menace, are: (1) That many men who had criminal instincts, but also a horror of killing, before the war, are now, more or less devoid of that horror; (2) That many men who had embarked on a career of crime before the war were liberated from prison during hostilities, and entered the army and that these men are now free again to resume their depredations against society; (3) That unemployment and the high cost of living have forced many men, who would otherwise have been law-abiding citizens, into criminality; and (4) That the general feeling of unrest that is permeating all classes is responsible for much crime.

It is evident, upon perusal, that the latter four suggestions are well founded, but that they are entirely beside the point at issue. The inefficiency of criminal courts dates from antiquity. It has for generations bred discontent. This deficiency has been fundamental; permanent; continuously destructive. The aftermath of war is purely a temporary condition.

It is to be regretted that the American public takes things too much as a matter of fact; irremediable, and immaterial as far as they are concerned after the first emotion or indignation subsides. This higgledy-piggledy poise has become a characteristic of the average citizen. However, in the case of the trial and liberation of criminals, I believe the matter is slowly but surely being brought to a head.

Is delirium tremens insanity? Is any degree of drunkenness insanity? Is every form of mental disease insanity? Is an extreme case of forgetfulness insanity? Are delusions and hallucinations indications of insanity? Is a kleptomaniac insane, irresponsible for any crime? Does insanity result from undue exposure; religious melancholy; genius; ambition; or pride? Is a paranoiac irresponsible for his acts? Are idiots and lunatics totally insane? Is epilepsy insanity? What causes somnambulism?

What is insanity?

There is no all-inclusive definition. It appears that the judges of the land have no settled or clear view on the subject. The disease does not admit of being defined. It is impossible to correctly describe the characteristic symptoms of mental derangement. The malady assumes innumerable forms. But in all civilized countries a totally insane person is irresponsible for any crime that he may commit.

Mental derangement is either partial or total, temporary or permanent or alternating. With regard to the irresponsibility of persons totally insane, there has never been a question. With regard to persons only partially insane, there are almost as many different opinions as there are individuals. Differentiation is practically impossible, and therein lies defect, a flaw in the mode of trial for alleged insane criminals. This fact involves a technically intricate point in law. It is often used as an alibi.

There is much to excite our sympathy for an insane person, but the protection of society, and the punishment of the guilty, require that this sympathy, cosmopolitan as it undoubtedly is, be an enlightened one. Such a sympathy is commendable, but we should see to it that the individual who has no control over his actions should not suffer the extreme penalty of the law, not yet allow the real criminal to escape, merely because of the enormity of his crime and the depravity of his heart.

Letter Box

In response to our invitation for criticisms of the Magazine, two letters have been received. These are published below. This section will be continued. Anyone desiring to criticize the Magazine, or any phase of college life, may regard this section as a forum for his ideas. The letters:

Dear Sir:

The fraternity problem faces every college—north and south. Why not suggest the appointment of a committee to investigate how the "fraternity" problem has been solved in other institutions?

Yours truly,

A Student.

Dear Sir:

As the editor has clearly stated, there is a fraternity problem here; but it would, I believe, increase the popularity of his ideas among the students if he had taken the opposite viewpoint. The problem here is the fraternity problem, and will continue to be until every fraternity here comes to the conclusion that there are men on the campus who are as far above them as they consider themselves above the "common herd." The fraternities must come out of their superciliousness, as the editor has rightly called it, before the non-fraternity element will condescend to them.

There is many a student who, becoming popular by athletics, or some other important phase of college life, is taken into a fraternity. The result is his estrangement from the friends he once had, and before long he becomes the embodiment of haughtiness. He walks across the campus, only deigning to speak to another fraternity man, or sometimes a professor. His one-time friends, though he does not know it, are really glad he does not speak to them, because on account of the reputation of the fraternities here, he would really feel ashamed to have it known that he was acquainted with a fraternity man. There are, of course, exceptions to these cases, as there are to everything else. There are men whom the fraternities have not "ruined," but they are few and far between.

I wonder if by "polish," the editor means the polish of olive-oil or vaseline, that the average fraternity man adorns himself with before venturing out on the campus. Probably they are a little better than the average non-fraternity man; that is, if the ability to carry on such dances as the past fall dances were, and the non-ability to mix with all kinds of men, makes him better. It has probably been noticed how few non-fraternity men go to the dances. They probably would rather their relatives and friends did not hear or know of their being party to such affairs as we have here. The fraternity men probably have more privileges—social privileges—of the kind the non-fraternity man would not care to have. The qualities of an educated and polished man—Mr. Editor—are the ability to be at ease among all kinds and classes of people, decency, moral uprightness, and the ability to make other people feel at ease in his presence. These the average fraternity man loses when he acts as the greater part do at dances and when he loses his friends through his snobbishness.

As for the president of the student body, we all remember his wonderful campaigning, due to which he was elected, and his failure to live up to what was expected of him is too well-known for mention here. Can he explain to the satisfaction of the student body why he paid no attention to those men who were so openly drunk during Thanksgiving week? If he has any excuses, the student body would welcome them, as it is so thoroughly disappointed in him otherwise.

We would recommend, along with the greater part of the non-fraternity men that the fewer fraternities we have here other than professional, the better for the University, unless they operate on a higher plane of morality and friendliness than the present ones.

We, outside of the "social swim," would really rather stay out, than soil ourselves in any of the present fraternities. The only way of creating a common brotherhood spirit here is for the fraternity man to come out of what he deems his superior plane and mix with the "common herd" as though he were a man of education—not a superior being.

Ed. J. Alexander.

"Our Mothers"

If there is one word in the language which should be dear to everyone, it is that precious word, "Mother."

To him whose mother is still living let him take pride and ever remember her as his greatest friend. And to him whose mother has been called before into that endless life, let him also take pride—pride in the priceless memories which she has left behind, and which he must ever cherish.

Too often it happens that one thinks of his mother when it is "too late." Too often it happens that one remembers that she is his dearest friend when it is too late. Seldom does she get all the love and respect she so rightly deserves. And on the other hand, seldom does a day pass that she has not thought of her son who is away.

Once there was a son who, in spite of his mother's teachings and persuasions, grew to be, because of his associations, reckless; a spendthrift, a gambler, a good-for-nothing-boy. In his inner self there burned that spark of love and feeling for his mother which prompted only an occasional letter to her; just a thought now and then of no serious nature. That spark was so completely covered and so nearly extinguished, because of the outer life which he lead, that it burned but dimly. He did not—he could not—foresee that some day he would call and there would be no answer—that somehow he would be left alone.

And so this life he lead. But still she forgot him not; yet, not for long.

There comes that day when we shall have to yield our right to this life—leave our dear ones and friends and depart at His command to another world.

And so this day came quite suddenly for this mother. The son—many miles away—reached home too late for the final breath, and she was gone—gone not to return. Gone from whom she had loved and taught and persuaded and who had heeded her teachings not at all. It was at such an hour that he came to himself; realized his loss and helplessness, and the spark within grew brighter; but it was too late.

In broken tones of grief he fell helpless on his knees at her bedside, and in a voice full of agony he muttered: "God take me, too; let me not remain longer. I can not live alone and I am ready." And it was too late.

J. A. BENDER.

[*EDITORIAL*]

LET'S HAVE A COMMITTEE

Since our last editorial concerning the fraternity or non-fraternity problem, we have received many compliments. The reason for this is simple. It is as simple as day or night. It is so simple that it hurts. It as simple as hell. It is so simple that it makes one as hot as if he were in hell.

The reason our analysis of the problem took so well was that we left out all of the harrowing and nerve racking details. We had given all the details in previous issues. And when we showed these conditions, we did it to show just how difficult the problem was. We showed them in order to tear away the veil of artificiality that had grown up.

Then, in our next issue—the December one—we showed why these conditions existed. We didn't show the conditions again. We just said that some fraternity men were supercilious—that they thought they were better than anybody else. Then we went one step further. We admitted that in the outside and external things of our life they were better. We admitted that they had more polish. We admitted that they could get along on the dance floor better than the non-fraternity element. Then we made a plea for better unity. We said that we didn't want to see the standard of the fraternity man lowered, but that we wanted to see the standard of the non-fraternity man raised. We suggested several ways this might be accomplished.

Then came the result. We were told that we had "struck a certain very definite sane attitude." Everybody thought we were through, that we had had our last say. One professor even went as far as to say that we had repudiated everything we had said in previous issues of the Magazine. Be that as it may.

But in this issue we want to take one more step. It has been recommended that a committee be appointed to study the problem, to seek out ways and means for bettering our social conditions, to find how non-fraternity men may improve the "quantity" side of their life. This recommendation has been passed on to Mr. Porter, president of the student body, and he has appointed a committee.

This committee has a big job. It has to find the means for bettering the social opportunities of non-fraternity men on the campus. When it betters these, then there will be no ill feeling, for the only thing that has caused a quarrel will be removed. We have never said that fraternity men thought that as men, as students, they were better than others. What they have thought and what they have acquired was the result of conceit caused by the fact they had more social privileges than others. If the committee finds the solution of the problem, this feeling will cease to exist. We hold no brief for the present fact that fraternity men have more social opportunities than the others. We want the fact removed.

[EDITORIAL]

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The first quarter of the year has ended. We have been forced by the University to take a period in which our mental state could be examined. Now we propose to put one of the campus institutions on review here and see what it has accomplished.

When one looks into the Student Council's activities for the fall quarter, one sees success, and at the same time, dismal failure. The success manifests itself in the steps that have been taken towards the abolition of cheating, hazing, and the institution known as "rushing." The dismal, complete, and abyssmal failure has been manifested in the fact that almost nothing has been done to stop drinking on the campus.

We repeat that the Council has done nobly in the matter of cheating, hazing, and "rushing." It has acted, rather tardily at times, but with none the less precision. It has been the best Council in three years as far as these things are concerned.

But when one comes to drinking, one sees different results. This is easy to explain, for it requires a lot more courage to ship a man or put him on probation for drinking than it does for cheating. It requires more courage because more men on the campus drink, than engage in any of the other offenses. Now we are very well acquainted with the policy of the Council as to drinking: namely, that there is a difference between moderate drinking and drunkenness. With this policy we are finding no fault. But when we contemplate the immense number of men who were either drunk or bordered closely on that state two times last fall, our hearts fail us, and our minds fails us when we see that the Student Council paid absolutely no attention to it.

Why didn't the Student Council ship or put on probation some of the men who were intoxicated on the days of the North Carolina State and Virginia games last fall? Was it afraid it would have to ship some friend of a member of the Council? The Council is not elected to play friendship, but rather to build up a system of honor on this campus, and at times it becomes necessary to wield the big stick. Was it afraid it would have to ship some of the best known men here? Names should count for nothing when a man goes before the Council. Was it because it could not get the names of men who were drinking or drunk? As far as we know, not a member of the Council is blind.

Last quarter is gone; there is no use to talk more about it. But another quarter is dawning. The Council is thoroughly familiar with its duties by now. The campus is looking to it to continue its good work in the matters of cheating, hazing, and "rushing," and to take steps to see that drinking and drunkenness cease on this campus.

THE SHOWER BATHS

Every year it becomes necessary for one of the student publications to remind the college authorities that there are about 1,600 boys here who like to take a shower bath once in a while, and further that these boys do not like to take baths in cold water, especially during the months of December, January, February and March.

We wish that the president of the University, the business manager, the dean of students, the entire board of trustees, and a few of the professors would have to take a shower bath in the gym tomorrow. Or rather, we feel like wishing it. The only thing that keeps us from wishing it is that we have no emnity against any of the aforesaid gentlemen, and therefore have no cause to wish them to take pneumonia. They are used to warm water with their baths, and therefore a cold water bath, such as they would receive at the gym—if indeed they could find a shower where even cold water would run—would kill them.

Of course, the cold water does not hurt us. We became inured to it while we were freshmen. Of course we have become inured to standing in a line and waiting for the six or seven who are always ahead of us to finish with their baths. Of course a lot of other things. But after all, it isn't human nature to want to take a cold water bath nor to stand around five minutes before taking that.

We do not know where to place the blame. Whoever deserves it should shoulder it, and see that the baths are made decent and respectable. Their present condition is absurd—there are not but about twenty showers in the gym, half of these are broken, and one cannot get warm water more than once or twice a week.

Why is it that the business manager cannot appropriate a few hundred dollars and have this matter attended to? Or, if the director of the gymnasium has all the money he needs to put the showers in shape, why doesn't he do it?

Pins and Pens

By "BULL" FINCH

PENS is what men wear. Also they is what men rite with 'cept you spell it another way. If it's the waring kind you use a i and if it's the riting kind you use a e. Now they is further divishuns. They is pens what hold your attention and they is pins what hold your garments. They is pens what signify your place in the social dictionary and they is pens pens what stick in yore family, these latter is either the i kind or the e kind. Also there is pens what the ladies call breast pins and ware on the shirts, also they is pens what is called riting pens and they is the e kind. Another kind is coupling-pins what is used to unite freight cars with.

Pens is powerful. They have been known to play high cards in this here game of life. A man in Passadumkeg stuck one in his family and died as per result. Another man in Nof Calina college checked his account up one girl short because of a pen. He was unable to get a pen to adorn his vest and hern too and therefore she kicked him. The pen was the signification of participation in an organization and it really weren't his fault, but that of the stupid members what refused to elect him to mambership. His girl, anyway, kicked him 'cause she wanted a pen and she knowed a feller who could give her one.

So you see they is powerful things. In circles of refinement, pens is vital. To commense from a college without having a cement bucket a halluf full is open sign that you is not capable. A man left college with two pickle kegs and a shoe bok full. He is now draft clerk in the largest bank in Method, N. C. If you has capabilities, you has pens, sure. If you was capable and had some ability, you would have been realized and since you ain't realized, you ain't capable. Surely them logics is irremovable. The male who is educated and the females who is or ain't all attach importance of 1st rank to pins, esp., with reference to college circles. For them circles is the crucibles of culture. College men and perfessers is the salts of the earth. They moves all creation at will; they knows they is powerful. When ast is they cultured they admits it and carelessly they flicks dust from I Felta Thi pen what gleam auriferously from their waistcoats. Cultured folks scorn the mean-of this spere. They scorn to work with a shovel or to plow a pestle-tail mule. The affairs of the wood-house and the family expense is too low for them to notice. They is cultured and seeks after asthmatic side of human endeavours.

Outside of college, pens is of importance rite on. They may not cause so much lost sleep, but they comes in notwithstanding for a prominence. They is rated high in N' York as well as Pittsburgh and Pasadena. Even so far away as Paree they is attached importance to. They is pens of lodges and pens of clubs. The men has orders for justifying the pens and the women has clubs where they discusses topics and things. The girls has sisterhoods and the boys has brotherhoods, but they all has pens. The anarchist has a council and the nigger has a burying club, but they all has pens.

Pens mean much to people. They signify the mark of ability weather it is in machinery affairs or the rite way to hold your finger when you drink tea at one of them society eatables. Manners and langwidge varies, but notwithstanding the general point is held. To conclude this artickle, pens is powerful, also pins. They have unlimited power for good or worse. We advocated federal, state and county pens, also family pens, and I to distinguish us from them sons of Mars what is apt to drop down any time. Surely man is a pin loving mammal.

Hoc Age

God help that man who views the world,
Unsoothed by summer's breeze,
Unwarmed by winter's crackling logs,
And seeing never sees.

God give him much, for much he needs,
To him life's living brings
Naught worth the bringing—God save the man
Who singing never sings.

He robs himself who robs the world
Of beauty 'long the miles
He travels; life's not life to that man
Who laughing never smiles.

—G. B. PORTER.

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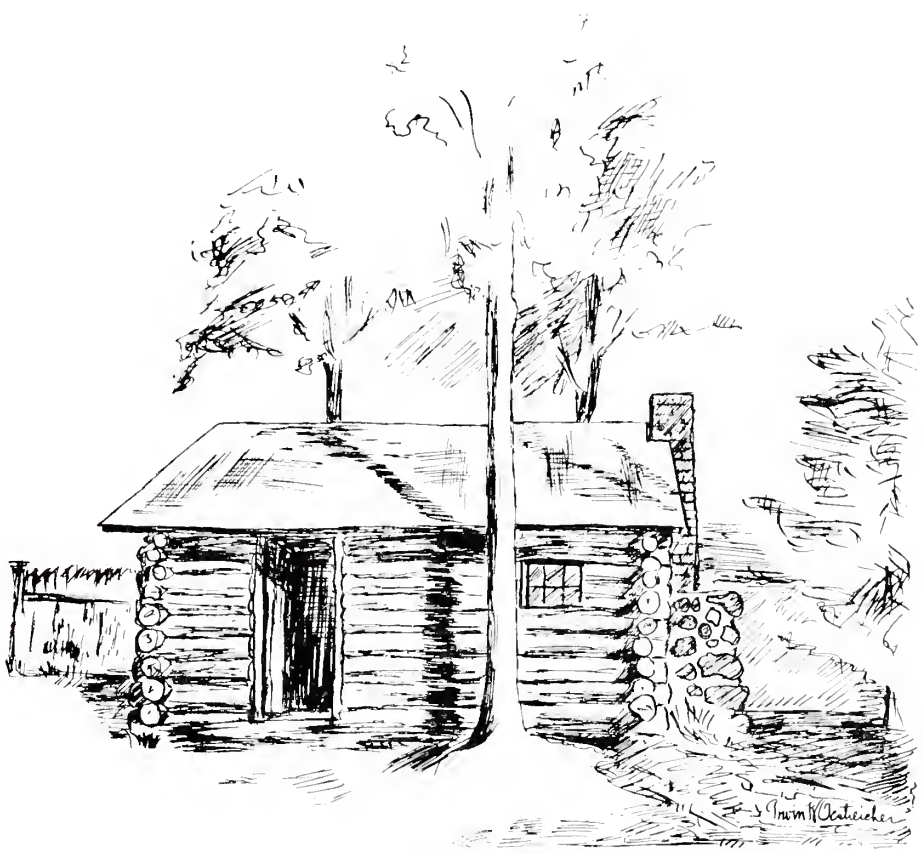

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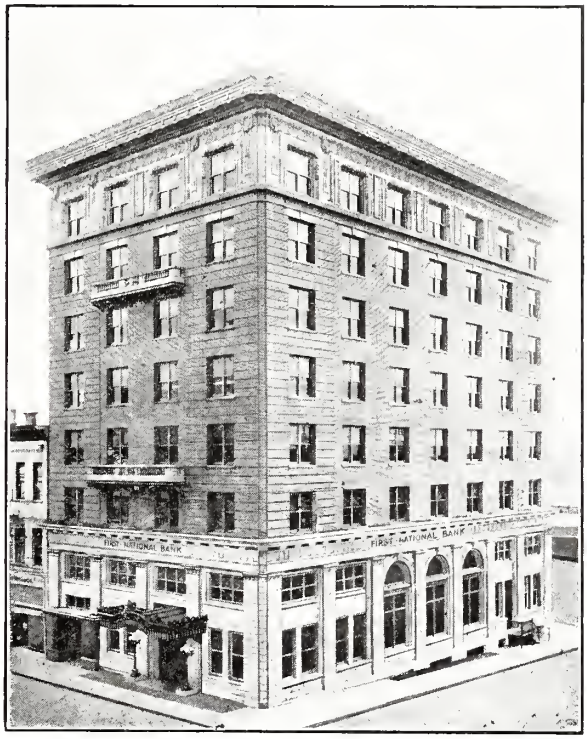

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TO OUR PATRONS

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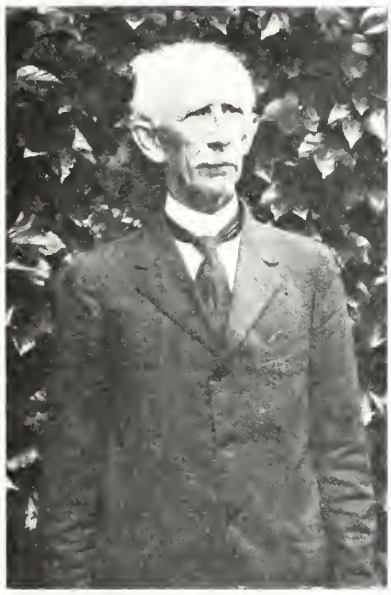
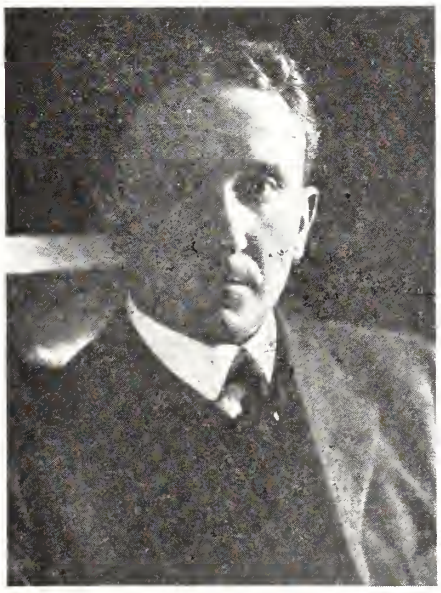


PROFESSOR HORACE WILLIAMS

Because he has helped set straight in vital matters more students in the University than any other man; because he has helped in building up Carolina's debating record; and because he has always stood for the best things on the campus.

E. E. RIVES

Because as the best cheer-leader Carolina has ever had, as Rooter King Supreme, he has had as much to do with the turning out of winning teams and as much to do in showing us how to take defeat in good grace as any man here.



DR. W. DEB. MACNIDER

Because as a nationally known figure in the field of medicine, he has brought fame and prestige to the University; and because he has done much in building up our medical school.

PROFESSOR F. H. KOCH

Because he is the originator of the idea of folk-play making; and because the creation of a native drama drawn from the rich and virile tradition and present-day life of North Carolina has made the University nationally respected and admired.

NOTE.—With the increasing number of co-eds, and the large number of questions that are received by us on every mail, the decided need for a department in which the coy co-eds may learn something of the workings of the campus has been felt. Any question which may arise in a co-ed's mind, will be answered in these columns provided that it is not too personal. In the following article several questions have been answered, to give an idea of what the young girls want to know. These questions will please be accompanied with photographs of the sender taken within the last five years.

Advice to Co-eds

Hints to the girls who have come to the University to be educated and finished

By W. A.

GWENDOLYN M—:

Your case Gwenny, is one that deserves particular attention, as I daresay many other girls are pondering over the same question. To begin with, wear stylish clothes, and be generous with your Meunen's and Hudnut's. Always go on class about five minutes late, as the dear old profs. like to be interrupted. It gives them a chance to add a few "erra's," and commence over. Pick out a seat next to one of the good-looking juniors on the rear row, and sit close to him. Start a snappy conversation, and if the prof. looks up, smile sweetly and blush. He no doubt will be glad to see that the spirit of campus democracy has invaded his classroom. This alone will insure your making Phi Beta Kappa grades, although you never crack a book.

BETTY G—:

Yes, dear, a certain kind of Carolina spirit may be purchased in Carrboro, for five berries a quart, but that is not the kind that you should desire to indulge in. Go to chapel, the library, the Y. M. C. A., or Patterson's, and you will soon feel the Carolina spirit that is so praised in song and poetry. It is the feeling that everyone is staring at you, and causes you to walk along with your eyes on the ground. Were you not a co-ed you would not feel this effect from the Carolina spirit. Do not let it worry you though, Betty, as the state passed a law that allows you to come here and remain, unharmed.

TILLIE K—:

No, Tillie, I would not advise you to go to the first "Pick," but still use your own discretion. If you have complete mastery of your emotions, and peanuts do not hurt your feelings, it will be perfectly safe. Should you go to the first show, Tillie, sit well to the back of the theater, even though you can't see. This far-famed first show is to be heard, and not seen. When you make your exit, do not mind using your hatpin freely. The boys will take it good naturedly, and think that you are flirting with them.

MARY B—:

Mary, I would not advise you to start a charge account just yet. When the bill goes home to father, it might be hard to explain the cigarettes, and Eddie Pinaud's. Even if you are innocent of buying such articles, fathers are usually suspicious.

By far the greatest social event of the season will be the fall dances which take place during the Thanksgiving holidays. One should start making preparations for these festivities early in the fall. Get yourself introduced to some good-looking young student who is neither a freshman or a pharmacy student (the former are ineligible, and the latter have too easy an access to the local supplies of alcohol), and impress upon him how you love to dance. Every time you are expecting him to call put on your daintiest frock, and your most alluring makeup. Start the Victrola going when the conversation begins to lag. Then bring up the subject of dancing in a delicate manner. All the while shake gently too and fro with half-closed eyes. Undoubtedly he will succumb to this attack, and ask if dancing is allowed in the reception room. Tell him that it most assuredly is and arise. If you cannot do the new steps, he will be charmed to do a square dance with you.

At this point you are facing the greatest crisis in your college career. It will be one of gaiety if he likes your dancing. If not, you might as well give up your ambition of marrying in the nobility, and return to your old job of teaching school in Gum Neck or Podunk. Even if you are not an accomplished dancer, just lay your head on his chest and sigh like Bebe Daniels does. The chances are a hundred to one that you will be asked that very evening to accompany him to the dances.

When the first night of the dances arrive, put on your sweetest wash dress, the one you wore to commencement in 1917. Have it heavily starched, and a new red ribbon for a sash. Smile at all the fellows there and ask your partner to get you a drink of water, at the end of every dance. Should he fail to return with the water, after one of these requests, just take a seat alongside of the wall. Your escort will find you when the orchestra commences to play the second encore of "Home, Sweet Home." He will tell you that he has been hunting for you for several hours. If he should have the smell of intoxicating liquor upon his breath do not get mad. He did it in self-defense. Most likely you will have an inopportune headache so that you cannot attend the dance the next evening, or your escort's roommate will be sick in the hospital, and he will have to sit up with him. Anyway, if

you do attend the second night, you will more than likely leave early. You must not forget to write to the editor of the home town paper, and have him mention in the society column that you attended the dances with Mr. So and So. That will insure your social prestige next summer when you return home.

The next most important thing for the new co-ed is to be popular with her roommate, and the rest of the girls in the dormitory. To become popular you will have to learn to be diplomatic, sophisticated and a "rounder" (as it is known by the proletariat).

In the first place, always keep a fresh box of Whitman's or Nunnally's in your room. Let all the girls know that you keep it by telling them to drop around and get a bite of candy that Harold sent you (H. is your friend at Elon). This little "white one" will not endanger your prospects for immortality. Whenever a girl drops in to get some candy feed it to her bountifully. If she stays more than five minutes you can gently broach the subject of cigarettes. Should she confess that she is addicted to the weed, ask her if she prefers Chesterfields or Milos, and offer her one. Also take one yourself. You will soon learn to inhale and rather like them. If your caller took a Chesterfield, you might next offer her a drink of the wine you brought from home. Should she take a liking to it, you may rest assured that all the girls will soon call on you frequently. Then write home and tell Dad and Willie what a popular girl you are.

Some of the girls will tell you that they prefer corn, so write to Dad and tell him to send you a few gallons. He will be delighted to do this after receiving your letter telling him how popular you are. Also subscribe to *Whiz Bang* and *Hot Dog*. You will not find these magazines on sale at the book exchange, but ask the good-looking junior that you sit next to on the back row, in English, to bring you a copy of each. He will be delighted to do so.

If your roommate is a co-ed of several seasons standing she will have a large number of photographs of her gentlemen friends on the dresser. Do not be envious as you will soon learn how she collects them and can start a museum of your own. Follow her advice in this matter, as in all things, as the chances are she went to St. Mary's and has a past. By no means must you place the photo that Willie Jones gave you the night before you left home on the dresser. It would not be diplomatic and besides the wind might blow it in the fireplace while you were on class.

Another event which you may not know just how to handle will be Willie Jones' winter visit. You will get a letter that he is to arrive Friday afternoon and remain till Saturday morning. Answer the letter, saying that you will be glad to see him and for him to call at the dormitory for you. On that particular Friday afternoon when the maid announces to you that Mr. Jones is waiting, do not hurry down to greet him as has been your custom. Instead, light a Chesterfield, take a drink of wine, and wait fifteen minutes before making your appearance. During this time the rest of the girls in the building will pass "silently one by one" by the waiting room door and gaze at Willie. Willie will turn red and wish to God that he had asked you to meet him on the postoffice steps.

After the formal felicitations that you will greet each other with, the conversation will lag. You must keep it up by telling him of your social strides and successes at the University. Ask after all the folks down Gumi Neck way, and any local scandal which was not printed in the paper. When you have finished discoursing upon this subject, it will be supper time. Be sure and ask Willie to stay and break food with the girls. It will most likely transpire that a previous engagement will keep him from staying. Do not kiss him when he leaves. It is considered bad form. From this time on, your correpondence with Willie will wane and you need not bother to take such good care of his picture.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE SHOWER BATHS AGAIN

For a long time the cleansing effects of hot water were needed on this campus. And for a long time, there was cursing, fuming, and additional spurts of profanity because hot water could not be got in the shower room in the gymnasium. But at last, all this is over—or rather it is over for the time being at least. It is impossible to say how long the present state of affairs will continue, but every one is hoping that "its reign will be long and prosperous."

What we are saying is of great import: the showers in the gymnasium have been repaired. Not only that, during the past two weeks there has not been a day when there was not plenty of hot water available. In fact, everyone who uses the gymnasium for the purpose of separating his body from the dirt of Chapel Hill's environs thinks that the shower room of the gym is a heavenly place.

But it was not always so! In fact, there have been times—it has been most of the time when it was dangerous to take a bath for fear of taking pneumonia from the cold water. And because we lifted our voices at the former conditions, we feel impelled to again lift our voices at the new conditions.

We congratulate you Dr. Lawson on the condition of your showers. May they ever remain in their present condition!

Here's a Man

By GEORGE W. McCOY

Frank Graham is a very young man; yet he enjoys the confidence and faith of the student body in the University more than does any other man here. You have often wanted to know something about the college life of this man. All right, here it is.

FRANK GRAHAM (IN FRONT)

Di Society; Y. M. C. A.; Golden Fleece; Gimghoul; Odd Number Club; Cosmopolitan Club; Mecklenburg County Club; Class and all-class baseball team (1); scrub baseball team (2, 3); President of class (2); Soph-Junior debater (3); Class Historian (3); Assistant Editor-in-Chief of *Tar Heel* (3); Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa; President of Y. M. C. A. (4); Editor-in-Chief of *Tar Heel*, fall term (4); President of Class (4); Secretary of Modern Literature Club; Chief Cheerer (4); Associate Editor of *Yackety-Yack* (3); Intercollegiate Debater.

"Every man's friend, confidant, and playfellow, couldn't do what he is supposed to do tomorrow if he were to live his whole life in one day. No settled tradition in college can be carried through without him at its head. And, curiously enough, with the burden of a college upon his shoulders, he bears it without losing himself in it all. Out of it all he comes a little worn, but still the same good fellow of his lazy, less occupied days."

THE ABOVE taken from the *Yackety-Yack* of 1909, tells what Frank Graham, now Professor Graham, did during the four years that he was in college and shows what manner of man he was. The fine work that he did in college has been continued since then. A sentence used in the *Yackety-Yack*: "A man to all the country dear," is literally true for there is hardly another man in North Carolina who has as many friends in every nook and corner of the state as has Frank Graham. To every Carolina student the name Frank Graham spells friend, for he is a man who is constantly striving to help others without thought of self, throwing himself into everything that he undertakes with the energy of a veritable dynamo.

But let us begin at the beginning and trace the career of this unusual man. Frank Graham, as he is usually called without prefixes or suffixes, was born October 14, 1886, at Charlotte and came of a Scotch family known far and wide as educators. He comes of a family gifted as teachers and is himself a successful one in his method of teaching.

In the fall of 1905 he matriculated at the University and entered upon a brilliant career. He was throughout his college career the most popular man here, but he was not popular at the sacrifice of principle. In 1909, the year that he was a senior and president of his class, some Durham men organized a traffic in women on the outskirts of the campus. A group of students under the direction and leadership of Frank Graham raided the place. During the mix-up a pistol was fired by one of the students, the shot going through the man's hat. The place was near the cemetery and some of the boys called the raid "the charge up cemetery ridge."

Very few men have been as all-round as Frank Graham while in college. He was an athlete, a scholar, a writer, a debater, a Y. M. C. A. worker and president of his class during his sophomore and senior years.

In football, because of his small physique, he could not make the varsity, but he made another man work for a place on it. He played centerfield on the freshman baseball team, but did not make the varsity, because of his weakness in hitting, although he played in about a half dozen varsity games. He was, however, close to being a perfect fielder. One day when he missed a fly in a practice game the *Tar Heel* made a news item of it. He was also chief cheerleader for one year while an undergraduate, and for two years while a law student.

In scholarship he ranked near the top of his class, being secretary of Phi Beta Kappa. The president was F. E. Winslow who averaged 96.56 per cent, while Graham averaged 96.54 per cent.

In debating Frank Graham ranked high, being one of the foremost debaters in his class. He defeated, with Will Tillett, Johns Hopkins, in the first of the annual triangular debates which then included Virginia. This was while he was a law student here.

He was national vice-president of Tau Kappa Alpha and national secretary of Sigma Upsilon. He was president of the Dialectic Literary Society and president of the Y. M. C. A. He was also editor-in-chief of the *Tar Heel*. He was a member of the student council three times. As president of the senior class he made an address at commencement entitled, "The Relation of the University to the State." This address was put in pamphlet form and sent all over the state by President Venable.

After graduating in 1909 he taught English in the Raleigh high school for two years. While there he coached in football, baseball and debate. Raleigh High, while he was there, won the championship in football, baseball and debate, as far as could be judged since it was before the days of state-wide contests. He then came back to the Hill and took up the study of law. He was put in charge of one of the scrub squads and was quarterback and captain of the fourth scrub squad. He was promoted to the third squad which beat the second and then defeated the varsity. In one of these games his leg was broken in two places.

In 1913 he secured his license to practice law, but instead of practicing he accepted the position of general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. here, a position which he held for two years. In those days the leading men in college: captains of the teams, presidents of the classes, debaters, and writers, and others equally prominent, were actively listed in Y. M. C. A. work. Some three hundred odd men were attendants on Bible classes conducted by the Y. One hundred were in mission study classes. There was a big Orange county rural work going on, and a night school for industrial workers was held at Carrboro, as well as one for negroes. The man behind all this was Secretary Graham, and it was due to his initiative and untiring efforts that John R. Mott was secured to hold one of the biggest meetings ever held here in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. In 1914, on the basis of this work as recognized by the international committee of the Y. M. C. A., John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was influenced to offer $75,000 for a Y. M. C. A. building on the Hill, but the trustees turned it down because it was Rockefeller money.

During the year 1912-13, working with a leading senior here, Walter Stokes, he organized the Greater Council, now the Campus Cabinet. Another step was taken during that year in student government. At the suggestion of Frank Graham there was instituted the idea of having a student councilman to act as a representative-at-large. This was done to bring about a more vital and organic relation between the Student Council and the student body as a whole. The plan of having a representative-at-large improved the council and brought a better relation. This relation has shown itself to be in further need of development, and recently the student body voted to elect from the rising senior class a president of the student body. In this way the representative-at-large becomes the head of the council.

From 1914 to 1915 Frank Graham taught history here. During his first year of teaching in 1914 he had the whole of his history class digest the Webster-Hayne debate. One section of the class took one side and the other section took the other. In each section each student took a certain part of the debate and assimilated it. The debate was held and its success attracted much notice all over the country. This is one of the ways that he has of putting life into his classroom work and making it vital. Leaving the University in 1915 he went to Columbia University for a year where he obtained his M. A. degree. He then went to Minnesota to rest because of eye trouble and general overwork. He rambled around in Minnesota until the United States entered the World War when he came home and enlisted. He was a private for six months, then a corporal, then acting sergeant. As one of the enlisted men in the Marine Corps chosen from many lands and the seven seas he went to an officers' training camp at Quantico, Virginia, where he was made a second lieutenant and finally a first lieutenant. He served with the 1st and 10th regiments of Marines but failed to get to France.

After the war he came back to Chapel Hill in 1919 and took up his old position in the history department. He took the position of dean of students with the understanding that he was to keep it only one year. This job was a big one for it devolved upon him and John Washburn, then president of the senior class, to keep up the campus morale and to set up student government during the transition from the S. A. T. C. days.

The last big work of Frank Graham was during the fall and winter of 1920-21; it fell to his lot because of his great organizing capacity, to head the central committee of information in the educational drive conducted in the interests of the congested colleges and benevolent institutions. Besides heading this committee he was chairman of a state-wide organization of fighting groups of public-spirited citizens and was informal chairman of 3,500 alumni.

Never resting, going from one task to another, Frank Graham is working hard in his unselfish devotion to that high aim of his—the education of the youth of the land. If the future holds for him as brilliant a career as the past has given him, North Carolina will again be blessed with the name of another Graham on her roll of great men.

Leadership

There are two classes of leaders. In the first place are those who stand out distinctly from the crowd, and speak bravely for new principles, which, as a rule, are rejected in their own day, but eventually are accepted for the greatest good. In the second class come those who keep their ear close to the ground, and having determined what the crowd, or, at least, a majority of the crowd, wants, stand forth and lead the crowd in the direction it wishes to go.

Young men in the colleges of the country must determine squarely in their own minds whether they wish to be leaders or merely followers. If they wish to be leaders they must be willing to speak out truthfully their own convictions, despite criticism and abuse which may result from such action. They must be ready, possibly, to suffer crucifixion. If they will be mere followers of the crowd, then ruined lives and disaster will result.—*Bishop Brent.*

The Ku Klux Klan

By F. GELDEX ROBINSON

VOLUMES COULD only attempt the adequate expression of the value, importance, and significance of the Ku Klux Klan which suddenly and mysteriously sprang into power in the reconstruction days of the heroic, but conquered, south. Yet in the short compass of an essay, it is my purpose to present a brief survey of the history of the Klan and its incomprehensible importance in the protection of the southern people during the trying days following the stupendous war between the states.

In the beginning, let us remember that this essay considers only the true, original Ku Klux. Of the many disguised bands which haunted the south during the carpet-baggers' control of the state governments, it is probable that not one-half were veritable Ku Klux. There existed in the period of reconstruction several other organizations which were, in some way, similar to the real Ku Klux and which did similar work, such as the Knights of the White Camelia. Moreover, there were many bands of real ruffians, natural criminals, who roamed about in the night and, under the name of the Ku Klux, sought their own personal objects.

The seed of this great Klan was planted at the little village of Pulaski, Tennessee, in 1866, by some fun-loving young men, for the avowed purpose of amusement and diversion. These young fellows, meeting together one evening, decided to form a club as life was rather dull at that time. Next, a committee to select a name for the society was appointed, as well as a committee to prepare the by-laws and the initiation program for new members. "Kukloi," from the Greek word "Kuklos," a circle or band, was one of the names suggested by the committee. This was changed to Ku Klux and then Klan was added making the name alliterative, and the society had its name. Then the members, realizing that they had chosen a weird, meaningless, and mysterious name instead of the frivolous one to suit the club first planned, modified their plans so as to make their Klan correspond to and harmonize with their singularly devised appellation. The president of the society was named the Grand Cyclops and the vice-president, the Grand Magi, while the treasurer was called the Grand Exchequer and the marshal, the Grand Turk. Two Lictors also were elected.

The members demanded profound secrecy, no disclosure of the names of members, and no solicitation of any one to become a member. The amusement resulting from this cleverly conceived clique consisted in the exciting of the public's curiosity, their enjoyment of this curiosity, and in the initiation of candidates accepted for the order.

The young originators of the idea had no dreams of the future of their little plan nor could they realize the ultimate importance of its spread throughout the south in the months following; but they had unknowingly laid the cornerstone of a mighty structure, which later, by the secrecy of its building, the soundness of its material, and the magnitude of its plans, did its titanic share in the protection of the southern people and was of vital importance to thousands of southern men, women, and children.

After about six weeks of the Klan's existence, the people of Pulaski began to lose interest in it; but, about that time, the country people for miles around began applying for admission to the Klan and for permission to form "dens," as the local clubs were called. This transportation or growth continued until the movement had spread throughout the south by means of travelers and newspapers. So we see that the seed, sown at Pulaski, rapidly developed into a health plant which in turn scattered its seeds by the wind of publicity into the warm, receptive southern soil.

By the time the Ku Klux Klan had been firmly rooted in the various localities, about April, 1867, it had gradually taken on new features not at first remotely contemplated by the originators of the order—features which finally transformed the Ku Klux Klan into a band of "Regulators." There were several reasons for this transformation of the purpose of the Klan. Its mystery and secrecy made a serious impression upon its members and upon the public. Furthermore, the idea that the Klan contemplated some important mission, became prevalent. This idea was doubtless strengthened by the mystery of the Klan's actions, the high-sounding titles of its officers, the grotesque dress of its members, and the strict loyalty of the Klansmen to their Klan.

The power of its influence in regulating and checking the negroes and their white leaders, the carpet-baggers and scalawags, was therefore fully apparent and available for use through the dissemination of the idea throughout the south, when, in April, 1867, the reconstruction acts, passed in the preceding March, began to take effect. The sudden thrust of citizenship upon the ignorant, negro slaves, incited to insurrection against their former masters by the scum of the white people, the northern carpet-baggers and the southern scalawags, created a condition in the south dark and ill-omened for the white people. Then it was that the Ku Klux Klan began to exert its powerful influence to curb the extremely radical and insolent behavior of the negroes and their white leaders.

Whatever may be the judgment of history, those who know the facts will ever remain firm in their conviction that the Ku Klux Klan was of immense service at this period of southern history. Without it, in many sections of the south, life to decent people would not have been tolerable. It served a good purpose. Wherever the Ku Klux appeared the effect was salutary.

After a while, however, it became evident to the Klansmen that the various dens were too imperfectly joined together and, besides, rash, imprudent men had gotten into the order. For this reason the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski Den, generally regarded as the seat of authority, invited the different dens to send delegates to a convention in Nashville, Tennessee, in May, 1867. A plan of reorganization was adopted

and the territory covered by the Klan was designated as the "Invisible Empire" with a Grand Wizard with his ten Genii at the head. Each state, called a realm, was headed by the Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras. Each congressional district, called a dominion, was presided over by the Grand Titan of the dominion and his six Furies. A Grand Cyclops with his two Night Hawks presided over each den. In addition the convention decided to have a Grand Monk, a Grand Scribe, a Grand Exchequer, A Grand Turk, and a Grand Sentinel. A declaration of the principles of the order, emphatically recognizing the supremacy of the United States constitution, was adopted and the objects of each den were plainly set forth, expressing intentions of protecting the weak, the innocent, and defenseless, and of defending the constitution and all laws passed in conformity thereto.

After this reorganization there were some who thought that the Klan would be a permanent order, but, sad to relate, some bad men had added themselves to the Klan and had committed deeds hurtful to the name of the Klan. The secrecy of the order led to misunderstanding and misinterpretation, and about all violence done by masked figures was charged to the Ku Klux until the great order was falling into disrepute. The Grand Wizard, General N. B. Forrest, of the Invisible Empire, therefore, in 1869, issued a proclamation to his subjects, after the passage of various anti-Ku Klux laws. The proclamation recited the legislation directed against the Klan, and stated that the order had now, in large measure, accomplished the objects of its existence. At a time when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for the safety of their property, persons, and families, the Klan had afforded protection and security to many firesides. But greatly to the regret of all good citizens, some members of the Klan had violated positive orders; others, under the name and disguise of the organization, had assumed to do acts of violence, for which the Klan was held responsible. The Grand Wizard had been invested with power to determine questions of paramount importance to the interests of the order. Therefore, in the exercise of that power, the Grand Wizard declared that the organization heretofore known as the Ku Klux Klan was dissolved and disbanded.

We have reviewed the main points in the rise, growth, and fall of the mighty Klan. Now, let us recall some of the methods employed by the Klan in carrying out its purposes. The superstition of the negroes was used as the main feature in curbing their attempt to take the affairs of the south into their own hands. The Klansmen, dressed in long white or black robes, and with masks on their faces and high hats on their heads, rode about at night on horses whose bodies were masked and whose feet were padded to insure silence. All paraphernalia of the Klan was kept ready for instant use and out of the sight of children and negro slaves. Wherever a negro, or carpet-bagger, or scalawag, for that matter, had created any lawless disturbance or had shown disrespect to the white people in any way, a visit was made promptly to that disturber's home and he was given a lasting impression of the silent Ku Klux by some mysterious tricks played upon him such as the familiar one of the Klansman drinking a bucketful of water, apparently, to the great consternation of the colored brother. Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands around and offered to shake hands with those needing correction. After a few words of admonition the Ku Klux would silently ride away. Where repeated disturbances of the negroes or worthless white leaders occurred or where outrages were committed, the Ku Klux used sterner measures in visiting punishment upon the offenders.

There are thousands of examples to illustrate the necessity and importance of the Ku Klux movement to the southern people and its protection of them from the outrages and crimes of the freed negroes; but two or three will be sufficient to give an idea of the working of the Klan.

In one of the southern states in the troublesome days of reconstruction, a few negroes went to the home of their former master and demanded food after he had given them all he could spare of his scanty supply. Failing to secure any more, these idle blacks fired their master's home that night and murdered his family. The Ku Klux, in a few hours after this tragedy and atrocity, had strung the perpetrators upon a limb—a menacing warning to the negroes for miles around. No other mischief was even thought of by the negroes of that locality for a long time to come. In another district it became the custom of the big, burly negro men to obtain portraits of young white women from the negro maids who worked in the homes. The negroes carried these pictures in their pockets with the intention of making these white women their wives when the opportunity presented itself. Fortunately, the Ku Klux Klan heard of this and gave each wearer of a picture a never-to-beforgotten whipping.

Up in the mountains of North Carolina there lived, after the war, an old Confederate widow with her two little daughters. Late one evening she noticed an unusual crowd of negroes congregating in one of the log cabins in the yard. After night-fall she, the typical brave southern woman, slipped noiselessly out to the cabin and looking through the cracks of the logs, saw a great crowd of negroes yelling and planning something of an evil nature. She knew that this meeting boded no good for her and her two young daughters. So she hastened over to a neighbor's house where she knew there was a captain of the Ku Klux. He told her to go back home, feel perfectly easy, and try to get some rest. The lady did as she was told. Next morning, this captain, riding past her home, told her that within one hour after she had come to his house, one hundred or more Ku Klux had surrounded her home! Swift, silent, and protective was the Ku Klux!

Though some wrong was done by the Ku Klux Klan, as no man-made organization is free of guilt or mistakes, yet it would be indeed difficult to imagine what would have happened to thousands of helpless southern women and children if this strange order had not existed. Its life was filled with deeds of mercy and its necessity cannot be disputed by any one with a knowledge of the good it did in the most critical time in the history of the southern states.

You've got to get out and crank!

The Basketball Captain

By this time, one is able to get a pretty good idea of the kind of basketball team Carolina has this year and the chance it has to win the state and South Atlantic championship. The team has gone into action against enough teams, which in turn have played those of our rivals we have not encountered, to enable one to tell fairly well whether we will beat Virginia. One thing above all others is certain: No matter what the record of the team, Carolina has a captain which she can well be proud of.

CARTWRIGHT CARMICHAEL, *of Durham, the captain of the team, is rated as perhaps the best basketball player who has ever been at Carolina. Last year he was awarded a place on the All-South-Atlantic team. This year he is playing at top speed, and bids fair to repeat and even better his record of last year. Although only a junior in the University, Carmichael was elected to the captaincy to succeed Fred Hanby, who was elected last year but failed to return to college. Carmichael has had a brilliant basketball record, and because of that record, and because of his personality, he was made captain of a Carolina team—an honor which comes to but few men.*

By Way of Retribution

By "BULL" FINCH

RIVINGTON HAYES rolled a cigarette. Of the group seated there before the flickering fire not one had ever seen Hayes smoke anything but a thin, black cigar. Yet no one was surprised. Blasé clubman though he was, frequenter of chic drawing rooms, lionized by the loftiest, yet there was always the intimation of something in reserve about the man. And then, too, the trim, black moustache, the frank smile, the clean-cut brownness, the atmosphere of buoyancy, of being a man unto himself—all that you liked in Rivington Hayes.

Intently we watched him through the task. The skilled, swift moving fingers, the utter self-unconsciousness of the man, we noted. The rolling finished, Hayes crimped the end and then a match flickered and a dull, red glow told that to the worker had come his reward.

We had been discussing the disappearance of ships at sea and Hayes now broke the silence.

"Yes, for a ship to disappear at sea is inclined to reek of mystery. Particularly so if she has a Marconi outfit and the disappearance is a matter of many ships rather than of only a single ship. From a little experience at sea, though, I can see a dozen ways it might happen—foreign seizure, mutinuous frame-ups, disease, and so on. Why they've got a whole ocean to disappear in. What do you think of barns disappearing?"

Expectantly the group stirred. Everyone became tenser, more alert. There was something in Hayes' voice that seemed to key men up, to pitch them higher.

"It happened down in the Carolinas in a rather sparsely settled district called Beech Hollow. I'd been knocking about in South America and I finally worked my way into this section and landed a job on a tobacco farm. And the day I arrived was the day of the burning of the first barn. Nobody seen around it, nothing combustible in the neighborhood; yet just a few ashes left to tell the tale."

"Oh, you mean it just burned up?" interrupted the inevitable pest, a little Harvard sophomore brought along to satisfy his pater. "And you call that mysterious?" He smiled knowingly.

"But sonny, raking around the ruins next day I found something hard and unyielding. The bones of a human body were in those ashes. And sonny, the position of hands and arms showed that they had been lashed together." Rivington Hayes spoke softly now, the Harvard man no longer interrupted, the floor was clearly his.

"Old man Bogart was about the biggest farmer in the neighborhood and so I worked for him nearly all the time. Tobacco was the main crop and I cropped the golden weed beneath some mighty hot suns.

"My boss was a bachelor, too and so I lived with him and talked with him many a night over a chuckling pipe bowl. Just thirty days I'd been there when we were sitting around one of the tobacco barns one night. A few hundred yards across the fields was a neighbor's barn and even as I raised my eyes, I saw a lurid flash and in a few minutes the building was a mass of flames. We all hurried over in case there was anything that we could do, but the barn was a seething mass when we arrived. The rest of the property was in no danger, so my boss and I walked back to the house."

Rivington Hayes stopped to roll another cigarette, and we watched him intently, seeing tobacco barns and southern skies the while. Again the flickering match, the red dot, now flaring vividly, now subsiding into a dingy, ashy veil as pale as death. And soft, yet steel-like the voice of the narrator went on.

"The old man was unusually talkative that night. He spoke of the coincidence in the fact that two nearby barns had burned down just thirty days apart. And then he told me a tale. It wasn't a very pleasant tale. An Austrian, his first name was Karl, had moved into the section some years before and bought a small farm. At that time industrial conditions were not very good and the knights of the road were touring in large numbers. Hoboes were everywhere; some few were looking for work, but most of them were looking for something to steal. And then one night Karl went into town and in his absence some tramps entered his house, and tanked themselves up on the available supply of wine and liquor. Karl's wife must have remonstrated or threatened them. Anyway they got ugly and took her and the kid out and locked them in the barn. Then they fired it. The place was in flames, the marauders had escaped when the Austrian returned. Somehow he managed to save the kid, frightfully burned and rendered an imbecile as a result. And to that day the Austrian had spoken to no man."

For a moment silence and then he talked again.

"The next day I went over to the barn and poked around again. And again I found a human skeleton in the débris. I kept quiet about it and removed the bones secretly, lest some one queer the game. And again the position of the arms gave evidence of their having been lashed together.

"Another month—another fire—another pile of bones.. The mechanical precision, the hand that fell at stated intervals—it made one creepy. And yet, mark you, no one was missing in the neighborhood. But the bones? Someone from somewhere was surely missing. My rapidly increasing pile of bones, fleshless and dry, gave evidence of that.

"One day in town old man Bogart showed me the Austrian. His lean face was steeled, set; his long arms held convulsively to his sides. 'He is always like that,' said Bogart. 'He is a fool.'

"'But the boy?' I asked. 'What has become of him?'

"'Oh, he is scarred too badly to be seen. He never goes out in the daytime.'

"'Do they at night?' I asked, and Bogart answered yes. I pictured a meeting with the pair some night—the self-condemned mute and the malformed imbecile.

"And then came April and the night I shall never forget. The seventh barn since my arrival had been burned and not a clue, not a sign of cause had been

located. A careless cigarette was suggested in the *Weekly Bugle*. After the first case I'd concealed all the bones to prevent the arrival of some young Pinkerton who might queer my own research. I wanted a look in myself. And gentlemen, in every case they were thirty days apart and somewhere in every ash-pile were the remains of a human body. And still no one missing in the neighborhood.

"'Twas several days after the seventh fire that I happened to pass that way and the silent Austrian was standing in the ruins. He was lost in thought and his action seemed to pay obeisance and fealty to something or somebody, a memory perhaps. I came behind him and saw his head lifted erect, saw his glance cross the pine ridge opposite and fix itself on old man Bogart's barn. And then I crept silently away and left him gazing into the distance."

There were no remarks, no interruptions. The Harvard man, for a sophomore, was very quiet.

Again Hayes spoke, his voice tense, vibrating. "Well, I didn't do much talking for the next three weeks, just laid low and thought an awful lot. I inspected that barn of the old man's pretty thoroughly. There was but one entrance to the top floor and that by way of a ladder. I made another, composed of a trap opening and a flimsy rope ladder. For precautionary measures, though they may often seem superfluous, are best in the end.

"Perhaps I should have told Bogart and the sheriff. But somehow I have a fondness for one man play. I'd always rather go it alone.

"Well, the night of the thirtieth day came around. At dusk I left the house, ostensibly for the village, but at the edge of the wood I cut in and crept in the old man's barn by the rear entrance. Then I mounted up that solitary ladder. Once I had ducked to hide, but 'twas only a tramp rambling by. For several hours I lay there, wedged in the corner, almost suffocating, and I began to call myself a fool. And then a step—a voice. The mute Austrian I discerned and with him the tramp whom I'd dodged earlier in the night.

"The mute was using the most agreeable and pleasant expressions he could command. He was like the advertisement, simply striving to please. For a moment I wondered why, and then I thought of retribution, and even now I shuddered at the man's cunning. Should I interrupt? Should I attempt to save the tramp now or let the game develop? Like a lover of art gazing at a masterpiece I held still. I simply couldn't break that drama.

"Thin smoke spirals floated up from the corners of the speaker's mouth. His white teeth gleamed. And so I didn't interrupt. The dusty guest sat down and the host opened a lunch. The meal commenced. Greedily he consumed the food while the provider, grey, cat eyes gleaming, crept slowly behind him. A quick blow and the wanderer lay prone. His hands and feet were securely lashed when he regained consciousness. And then appeared the third actor of the play—the imbecile child. Rating him at face value, gentlemen, hell will depreciate when he arrives. Black-grey his face, one tattered ear remaining, a single eye gleaming phosphorescently and a scab for a nose. It was like a Greek tragedy, set, irrevocable. For in his hand the boy carried a great oil can and the father had kindled a fire of faggots.

"A ghastly cry from the prisoner roused me to action I sprang out and even as I sprang I saw that I had waited too long. The Austrian confronted me. 'You catch me, hey? You vill catch no one else.' The boy rushed to the door, gave the ladder a kick and I heard it strike below. The parent turned and then I bolted. While he poured out the oil and the flames flared high, I opened my trap and secured my rope. I felt his hands clutching my throat and I leaped, caring not where I should fall. Stunned, I stood up and was pleased to find myself uninjured. Then I made for Bogart's house.

"In the ruins of old man Bogart's barn three bodies were found and I do not like to think even now how near there came to being four. Two were identified, one never was. How the fire started was never known, but the *Weekly Bugle* suggested a tramp's fish fry or a carelessly discarded cigarette. The idea of the incendiary origin was scooted.

"I entered the army soon after this and since then I have never returned. But sometimes I wonder if the barns still burn in Beech Hollow. Some tobacco, please?"

The Harvard sophomore supplied him and struck his hand carelessly upon a large oil can resting between him and the fire. Involuntarily he moved the can back from the menacing flames. We breathed easier. Rivington Hayes rolled another cigarette.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THAT COMMITTEE

The fraternity problem still remains unsolved. The solution of how to better the social opportunities of non-fraternity men on the campus still remains to be found. The question of whether this solution is going to be allowed to remain hidden at the end of this year must be decided soon. It must be decided NOW whether we are to let another year find the same fighting between the two groups of men.

We think, therefore, that it behooves the committee which Mr. Porter has appointed to get busy and see what it can do to better conditions here. We think it behooves the Golden Fleece and the Order of the Grail and whatever other organizations there are which can aid in the solution of the problem to get down to work and try to solve it. There has been enough talking about the problem. It will never be solved by talking; we need some organized action.

Let, then, each one of the parties above named get down to work, and try to justify its existence. Each one can do something if it will.

The Beauty Spot of America

Being a description of the Vanderbilt estate in Biltmore, N. C.

By M. R. KITCHIN

FROM NEW YORK in the 'nineties came George W. Vanderbilt. A young man at that time, he was searching for a spot whereon to build his residence. He was induced to come to western North Carolina by one of his friends living in Asheville at that time. After arriving, he was persuaded that that section would be an ideal spot for his contemplated estate.

George W. Vanderbilt came of the widely known Vanderbilt family of New York state, he being a descendant of the famous "Commodore" Vanderbilt of the 60's. It was with "Commodore" Vanderbilt that the fortune of the family began, the money being made through the investment of funds in oceanic and land transportation agencies, the profits gradually mounting up into many millions.

Now George Vanderbilt inherited millions of this Vanderbilt fortune, and when grown to manhood it was his desire to establish an "American Beauty Spot" with his immense inherited wealth. And with this desire he came to Asheville, N. C. His relatives objected to his choice of a home in the south, but he was determined to spend his wealth on the creation of a splendid estate, no matter where it be.

While in Asheville he made his stay at the Battery Park Hotel, and it was from the belvedere of this hotel, through binoculars, that he first beheld the site on which he afterwards builded his palatial residence.

After selecting the building site, he immediately engaged the services and advice of the best architects and landscape artists that America had to offer. It was decided to model the residence after the old and justly famous French feudal castle, the Chateau de Blois. The gardens and grounds around the mansion were to be constructed in the prevailing French style, and at present the gardens show the result of this plan in the tree-like fixture of the beautiful variegated rose shrubs and in the quaint designs of the many other plants, both foreign and domestic.

Then it was that many German, Austrian, Italian, and English stone cutters, marble masons, stone carving designers, and kindred masonic artists were engaged and transported from their native countries to the region near the selected building site. Perhaps the reason for engaging foreign workmen was because all the design work in marble and stone was to be done by hand, this making it necessary that only the more skilled foreign workmen be engaged. A railroad was constructed, leading to the building site from the nearby Southern railroad for the purpose of hauling the costly material and the workingmen back and forth.

Several years later, when this beautiful edifice was complete, Mr. Vanderbilt having married, came to reside there. A residence of more imposing effect could with difficulty be designed. Built as it is, on an easy rising eminence, overlooking miles of rich "bottom land" on the poetical Swannanoa river, and looking in all directions toward the far off ranges of

THE BILTMORE HOUSE

steely-blue, hazy mountains, and with its magnificent beauty reflected in surrounding bodies of water, the effect and the thought inspired by this wonderful mountain castle lack description.

The mansion itself is constructed of white marble with Indiana free-stone trimmings. It is approached through two gates, north and south. On entering the large iron grilled gates, ornamented with stone mermaid capped posterns, the visitor finds himself on the gravel driveway fronting the mansion and leading across the large and spacious yard to the opposite gate. On the eastern side of the driveway one sees a spiral terrace of mason work leading up to a beautifully planned lawn. Directly west a few hundred yards lies the mansion, fronting its mountainous horizon, and from the porch of which the setting sun can be seen in all its dazzling glory. When one looks on the staring, wide-eyed gargoyles, carved in many queer satanic figures, and the statuesquely carved lions at the entrance, and of other figures that adorn this mansion, the impression is of a foreign castle that one has read of in books of travel or heard of from some foreign traveller. It seems impossible that such a structure could be found among the mountains of western North Carolina, when we would naturally expect such a structure in the old feudal districts in France or Germany. And the thought of something foreign brought to the mind is but natural, considering that the building is in

every way a correct model of the old French chateau.

The estate which surrounds this mountain palace was then put to a most progressive and modern use. Mr. Vanderbilt established poultry, hog, pigeon and truck farms, besides an apiary and a three-plan system, whereby the farm, dairy and creamery were self-supporting, each running itself through buying from the other. In this way the financial rating of each could be easily determined. All this was experimental, and as such an expert was engaged to look after each activity and a general manager was placed over all. The manager was known as the bailiff.

Also, it might be of interest to mention that an acknowledged authority on forestry was engaged in the person of Dr. Shenck, of Hesse-Darmstadtt, Germany. He took over the task of beautifying the woodlands adjoining the driveways, and his work bears eloquent witness of his fitness for such a position.

On the driveways were planted many exotic shrubs and plants, which are at present well-tended by a force of men employed especially for that purpose. The roads are kept in splendid condition, and are of macadam construction. Altogether, the drives, taken with the beautiful surroundings, are sights worth seeing.

All the extensive woodland of the estate abounds in deer, bear, wild turkeys, and many of the smaller members of the woodland haunts, including both the red and grey squirrels. Also the waters on the estate abound in bass, perch and many other members of the finny species.

Within a radius of seven miles of the familiarly known "Biltmore House" lies the village of Biltmore, planned and built by George W. Vanderbilt. His object was to construct a model village community. The houses number forty, and are so uniformly built, that people coming there from New York City have been frequently known to go astray. The buildings are of the old English type, for the village was modelled after an English village in old Devonshire. Besides the homes of the villagers, Mr. Vanderbilt had built a large and commanding church, a hospital, a school-house, a business block, and a railroad station. All this brings vividly to one's mind the pictures seen of Shakespeare's native village, Stratford-on-Avon. This little village was provided with the latest (at that time, 1900) modern improvements, which it still has the distinction of calling modern for North Carolina, such as the underground lighting system, which lights all the buildings in the village and also the quaint red and ebony lamp-posts.

From the village of Biltmore, entrance is made into the estate through an old English lodge-gate kept by an aged Scotch gate-keeper. All visitors get passes at the administration building in Biltmore before going in. Formerly it was the custom only to permit horse-drawn vehicles to enter, but at the present date automobiles are allowed to go in.

The drive to the famous Biltmore dairy follows the easy flowing, beautiful Swannanoa river for a distance. Here the visitor is served with ice cream, noted for its richness, and if called for, with rich Jersey milk.

Before Mr. Vanderbilt died in 1914, he had abandoned the pigeon, poultry, hog, bee, and forestry activities as unpractical, but the three-plan system remained intact. The creamery department, whose products are unequaled in quality, is the only money-making institution on the estate at the present date. The dairy barely makes expenses and the farm is always in debt. The truck garden activities were also abandoned when Mr. Vanderbilt died.

Since the death of George Vanderbilt, the Biltmore village has been sold to an improvement company, thus with money-making entering into affairs in the village, beautification departed, and the once beautiful village is now on a marvellous decline and no more presents the orderly appearance it once did.

Also much of the original estate, known as the "Pink Beds," has been sold to the government to be used as a National Forest Reservation, and the remaining land of the estate is not as carefully taken care of as during Mr. Vanderbilt's lifetime. The death of the owner of the "Biltmore House" and the destructive flood of 1916 seemed as if signals for the simultaneous decline of all the former noble efforts at beautification by this wealthy man.

Yet, in spite of this disintegration, the mansion and its surrounding grounds remain as beautiful as ever, the mansion if possible, growing more beautiful with age, deserves as much as ever to be called "America's Beauty Spot."

It might be remembered that the widow of the late George W. Vanderbilt is the president of the North Carolina State Fair Association, and is thus, in herself, carrying on the work of progressiveness instituted by her husband, George W. Vanderbilt.

WON'T YOU ACT?

Some time ago, the president of the Y. M. C. A. put on sale, in one of the rooms of the Y, a few postage stamps. These stamps were put in a little box, and a sign was put up directing each purchaser to change his own money and take what stamps he paid for. For about eight weeks that box was kept in the room. Do you know what happened? About $2.50 worth of stamps were taken and not paid for!

There could not have been a mistake. Anybody knew that the stamps were not free. Precautions were taken to see that none of the small boys who play around the building had access to the stamps. But Carolina men were allowed free access. We have told the result. We hate to talk about it, but it is an awful stain which some man or group of men have put on our student body.

Won't the men who took the stamps vindicate themselves and us by going to the Y. M. C. A. and paying for them? They know who they are; they know how many stamps they took. They might have been unable to make change at the time. Now is the time to rectify that mistake.

The Career of Ex-Governor Locke Craig

Craig is one of the 22 Governors of North Carolina which our University has produced. We give you here a few reminiscences of his college days, as well as the things he did after leaving the University

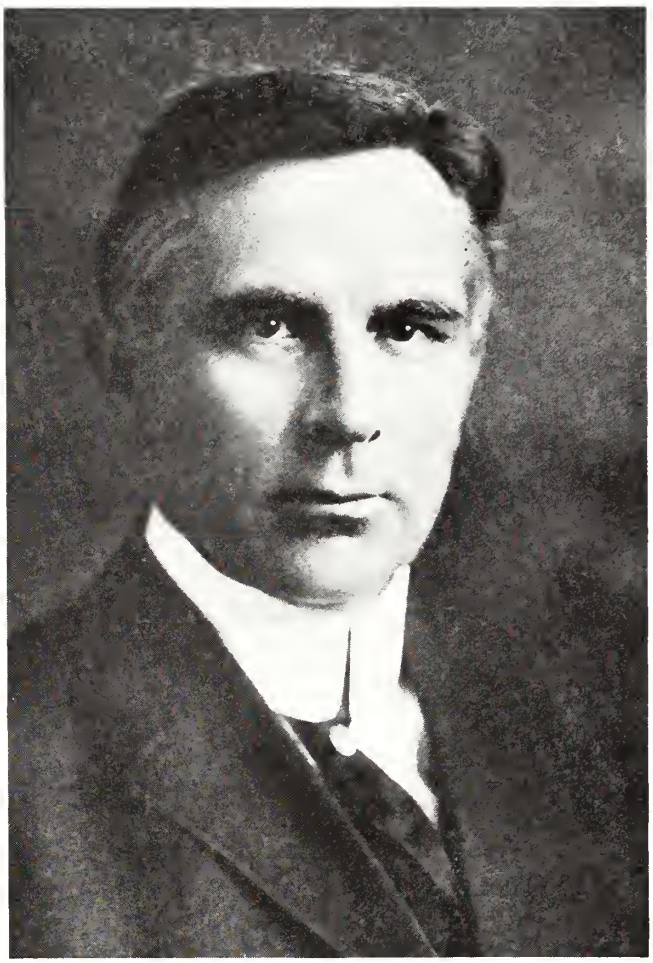
By ARTUS M. MOSER

PROMINENT among the great men, who in their early days, walked beneath these sturdy campus oaks and studied in these ancient halls, is Ex-Governor Locke Craig, governor of North Carolina from 1913 to 1917.

The Craigs were originally from the romantic land of Scotland. The parental ancestor, William Craig, was born there, and came to this country in 1749, and settled in Orange county. He had three sons, John, David and James, ardent patriots and soldiers in the Revolutionary War. John was the grandfather of Andrew Craig, and the great grandfather of Locke Craig.

Andrew Craig, the father of Locke, was an honor graduate from the University, and though born of Presbyterian family, he became a Baptist minister of great influence, power and eloquence. He was a scholarly man of fine tastes and literary attainments. His life was spotless and his large generous and amiable nature caused him to be loved and admired by all with whom he came in contact.

The mother of Locke Craig was Rebecca Gilliam Craig. She was a fine type of womanhood, strong minded, handsome and healthful; gentle and gracious in disposition. She numbered her friends by the score, and neither she nor her husband ever knew what it meant to have an enemy. She was essentially a home-loving wife and mother, and her chief purpose in life was to make happiness for her husband and children. The civil war ended, Mr. Craig died, leaving Mrs. Craig, a widow, with a small estate and two boys not yet in their teens to be educated. It was a time of reconstruction, depression and confusion, but her heroism, fortitude and clearness of vision fitted her well for the task.



LOCKE CRAIG

Locke Craig was born in a modest home in Bertie county, August 16, 1860, just in the beginning of the struggle between the north and south. His boyhood days were spent on the farm amid a healthful and wholesome environment. Until he was fourteen years of age he attended the common schools of Bertie county. At this age his mother sent him to Henderson to the Horner School where he finished preparing himself for college. When he was at the early age of 15 he entered the University of North Carolina with the class of 1880. He was the youngest student in the institution, and while the years had been few, he was exceedingly ambitious and had taken advantage of every opportunity to improve himself and make a mark for himself in the world. At the University he was among several of the future great men of the state, such as Aycock, Francis D. Winston, R. W. Winston, McIver, Alderman and others. He has been found ever since among the greatest of the great men of the state. While at the University he was a prominent member of the Philanthropic Society in which he held various offices, including that of president. He was an able speaker and at commencement was elected commencement orator without opposition. He was also an excellent writer, being considered the best in his class. He was a diligent student, always devoted to duty. While here he studied law, and before he had reached his twentieth birthday he was graduated from the Unversity with the honors of his class, the youngest graduate of the institution.

Finishing his work in the University he was appointed assistant professor of chemistry for one year. He evidently liked teaching, for we find that during the next session he taught in a private school in Chapel Hill. But he was not satisfied with the lowlands of Orange county, so he decided to go to the land of promise beyond the Blue Ridge, amid the highlands of Buncombe. So in 1883 Locke Craig located in Asheville. He intended to practice law, but found

that clients were less plentiful than attorneys, and expenses had to be met. So teaching again appealed to him and for a while he taught in a school there. In 1891 he began the practice of law in earnest, and soon took his place among the most popular and ablest. He soon became a potential factor in the material and political life of the growing mountain city. He was soon making speeches, telling stories, and catching the spirit of the mountaineers. Asheville was then in the ninth congressional district and in 1892 Craig was the Democratic elector from that district. Four years later he was named as elector at large. This campaign offered him the first real opportunity to show his ability and leadership. By his brilliant canvass of the state for the presidential candidate, William J. Bryan, he established his reputation as an orator and from the mountains to the sea he presented his cause to the people. The Republican party was at that time in control of Buncombe county by a majority of 600, but when he was nominated in 1898 by the Democrats for the legislature from Buncombe, he was elected by a majority of 700, reversing the Republican majority 600. This only goes to show his great popularity in both parties. The General Assembly of 1899 is now considered as one of the remarkable gatherings in the history of the state. Men of great ability were gathered together from every section of the state. Among them Locke Craig easily took his place as one of the ablest and foremost.

The campaign of 1900 came on and he was again elected by an increased majority. This campaign is yet remembered by the mountain people as one of the fiercest and most exciting ever held in that section of the state. Charles B. Aycock, a former classmate of Craig's, opened the campaign at Laurinburg. The two great men were together on the opening day, both advocating the same things for the progress and advancement of the old North State.

In 1903 Locke Craig was a candidate for the United States Senate, but in the convention system of election he was defeated. Had it been by popular vote as now he would have been elected by a good majority. However, like Lincoln, he may have lost the senatorship, but he laid the foundation for an office which offered him an opportunity for still greater service to his fellow man. During the interval from 1903 to 1912 he practiced law in Asheville. In addition to his law practice he also did some farming.

In 1912 he was elected governor of North Carolina. His election marked the culmination of the dreams of the "mountain men" as well as other men in whatever section of the state. All were pleased to bestow this honor upon him, and he accepted it with gladness, because it offered him a still greater opportunity to serve the state and nation. During the campaign wherever he spoke the people came for miles to hear him, and he was greeted by ovation after ovation as he toured the state.

Locke Craig was inaugurated as the state's chief executive on January 15, 1913, and held his office until 1917, during the greater part of the World War. In constructive achievements his administration has not been surpassed if ever equalled, since Vance rebuilt the commonwealth upon the ruins of the reconstruction days. In the first sentence of his inaugural address, he uttered the watchword of his entire administration in the phrase, "The pledge of progress." It would be out of place in an article of this length to attempt to recount and dwell on all the measures for progress and advancement which were accomplished under his leadership. In everything—in education, in agriculture, in manufacturing—the state went forward. Some of the outstanding things were the adjustment of interstate freight rates, which enabled North Carolina to compete with other states. The saving to North Carolinians has amounted to millions of dollars, and greatly aided commercial and industrial enterprises. Next was the improvement of our public highways, and the establishing of the good roads movement. This movement swept the entire state, and Governor Craig became known as the "Good Roads Governor." The rate of improvement was set and the spirit of this movement is still abroad in the land—the state is still building good roads. A third notable achievement under the leadership of Governor Craig was the purchase and preservation of Mount Mitchell, which was secured by the state to be used as a state park. As time goes on the wisdom of this act will become more and more evident. Mount Mitchell, in Yancey county, is the highest point east of the Rocky Mountains. The fine balsam and spruce forests on its summit and on its sides were at that time beginning to be cut for lumber. To preserve the original beauty of this lofty peak and its nearby forests, a commission was appointed by Governor Craig, which, with an appropriation from the legislature, purchased a 600-acre tract in the possession of which the state may well take pride.

Another notable act was that which regulated the industry and conservation of the fishing business in eastern North Carolina, where the industry will become increasingly important as the years go by.

Governor Craig left the governor's chair, having literally spent his energy and strength in the service of the people. But he had achieved that for which he was elected, with a great deal of credit to himself and the entire approbation of the people of the state.

Governor Craig now lives at his home, "Riverlea," a few miles from Asheville, on the beautiful Swannanoa river. He still practices law, usually acting as counsellor and delivers special addresses occasionally at Asheville and elsewhere. His life is more retired than in former days. He is devoted to his home, family and church. He has a wife and three sons, Carlyle, George and Arthur. One of the boys, George Craig, a graduate of the University of North Caroline, is practicing law in Asheville and is achieving success.

In personal appearance Locke Craig is of medium height, possessing a fine intellectual brow and face, heavy eye brows, dark penetrating eyes, and firm lips and chin. He presents a very impressive appearance, and possesses a wonderful magnetism. I have seen the crowd "go wild" on sight of him, the applause and cheers lasting unusually long. As an orator, he is a master. His voice is inspiring and thrilling, and the audience is soon lost in his eloquence. The University and North Carolina love, admire, and honor Locke Craig.

On Making a Class Gift

Addressed primarily to the Class of 1922

By IRVIN WALLACE OESTREICHER

THE function of making a class gift to Alma Mater is a formality which each graduating class must experience. I use the term *function* for in many cases that is what it undoubtedly is—a matter of assessing each member $3.25 and selecting a piece of ornamental bric-a-brac from the beautifully illustrated catalogue of some Chicago art firm.

The gift is presented with great ceremony. It is given a conspicuous place on the second floor in the library. Soon it bears the semblance of a rare work of art which may be thought to have been unearthed at Melos or Mycenae without having all the ancient dust removed. And finally, along with the new order of the Caesars, Napoleons and Washingtons, of by-gone last resting place in the loft of Alumni Building, and becomes a part of that forsaken little group composed of the Caesars, Napoleons.and Washington of by-gone days.

Since the stimulating performance of that wonderful little organization, the Letz quartet, and the very inspiring lectures given by Lorado Taft last winter, it has become quite apparent that the artistic side of our development is given too small a place in our daily life at the University. The students residing in the city have access to the many fine museums and unlimited opportunities to hear good music, while we here at Chapel Hill must satisfy our thirst by an occasional trip to Durham, and be content to browse through the *International Studio* and look at pictures in *Art and Archaeology*.

How can the University ever assume the place which she rightfully should unless along with the academic, social and commercial development in this community, art is given a fair chance? Who has ever visited Princeton, the Yale of today, or the English University settlements without feeling that art permeates the very atmosphere! We have the thirst; this has been shown without doubt. Then, are we to allow this thirst to die because our thoughts have become slaves to mere materialism?

I

The first thing which I propose as a class gift is the establishment of a fund which, when eventually combined with other funds, will enable the University to have a grand, glorious pipe organ. As I see it, this is an essential part of every center which deserves the name of University. There is more reason now than ever why we should have one since so much money has been spent in order to make Memorial Hall comfortable. A memorial hall without an organ is like a Samson without strength. The spirit is lost. Solemnity becomes comic.

II

The next suggestion would be the establishment of a fund which would ultimately give to the University an art museum composed of "worthy" reproductions of great masterpieces. This museum should form a unit in the new building devoted to the study of languages and literature which is soon to be erected under the new building program.

I am confident that out of this modest beginning a great end would be reached, for it is probable that each graduating class would follow the example of the class of '22. And instead of leaving behind a soulless bench of marble, a sun dial, or a drinking fountain, they would contribute to the collections in the museum of art at the University of North Carolina.

III

And now we come to the third proposition: The founding of a southern hall of fame at the University conducted similar to the hall of fame of New York University—not just merely a few "chromos" hung here and there in the library which are in many cases, placed there by the relatives of the deceased.

Many, no doubt, will object to these three propositions on the ground that our resources are so limited, that where other schools have millions of dollars, we have only hundreds. They will laugh at these remarks and tag them as idle dreams, pretty sentiments.

When I speak of "the establishment of a fund" I do not mean that the cornerstone of the building should be laid in June. But which ever one of these three undertakings materializes—and all three will come eventually—why not let the meagre contribution from the class of '22 form the nucleus?

Don't you think that we have outgrown our present system of running our publications? Don't you think that it is time for a few changes? It is probable some changes will be submitted to you in a short time.

Aren't Americans Conceited?

By W. E. WHITE

WE frequently hear the slogan, "America First." These words are very pleasing and stir our patriotic emotions. But what do they really mean? It appears that they may have various interpretations. Judging from the recent language used by a prominent American writer, America is first in some things that reflect no credit on her citizenship and should be remedied. Since it might be profitable for us to know some of our national faults as well as our virtues, a portion of the language used by the writer just mentioned is hereby given:

"America is first in the largest proportionate number of murders in a single year. America is first in the number of murders which go unpunished. America is first in the shameful delays of justice through the courts that have scandalized the nation before the civilized world. America is first in the number of hyphenated persons—some are good citizens, some are bad, some are not citizens at all.

"America is first in the generosity of political plums. America is first in shouting good citizenship from the housetops. America is first of the civilized nations in mob violence and lynchings. America is first in sowing the seeds of race hatred."

These statements are far from complimentary to our American citizenship. If they are true, as I suppose they are, a remedy for these evils should be found. The first thing a physician does after a diagnosis of a disease of a sick patient is to apply a remedy to destroy disease germs and to bring about a healthy condition. So if America is to become first in all of the good things for which she should stand, it is necessary for her citizens to act the part of social and political physicians by removing evils of those natures.

Let us consider a remedy for the disregard for law and order. This, in a large sense, is an educational and religious problem. Respect for and obedience to the laws of God and man must be taught in the home, the school-room, and the church before they will prove very effective. This, of course, is being done now to some extent, but judging from the record that Americans have made for lawlessness, the proper amount of emphasis has not generally been placed upon this important matter. If all American parents, public school teachers, and ministers of the gospel would cooperate in an earnest effort to create respect for law and order, the next generation of American citizens would likely compare favorably with the most law-abiding people on earth. But the chief trouble with most of the Americans seems to be that we like so well to extol our national virtues that we sometimes forget some of our most serious faults. We often hear of our bravery in war, of our prosperity in peace, of our vast material wealth, and of our capability for world leadership. But we seldom hear that our nation stands first among the civilized countries of the world in murders, in the delay of justice, in mob violence, in hyphenated people, in political graft, and in race hatred.

The parents, educators, and ministers should feel it to be a moral and patriotic duty to teach by both precept and example. If the coming American citizens were all taught to respect, obey, and to help enforce the laws of their state and country by people who practiced those things themselves, there would be a continual decrease in the percentage of criminals in America. Every American youth should be taught that it is as much a duty to abide by and, if necessary, to help enforce, American laws in time of peace as it is to fight for American rights in time of war.

Truly it should be as glorious a privilege to live for America as it is to die for her.

After lawlessness, including murders, delay of justice, mob violence, etc., we confront the problem of disposing of our hyphenated peoples. Ex-President Roosevelt seemed to have the right idea when he said that they should drop the hyphen. People who come to America to spread bolshevism or to accumulate riches and then return to their native countries should never be admitted into our country. We have problems enough already without letting foreigners make America a dumping ground for people who are not interested in upbuilding American civilization.

To solve the problem of race hatred is perhaps the most difficult of all. In America, we find a larger number of races and nationalities than is found in any other nation in the world. For all of these different races to live together on terms of social and political equality is absolutely impossible. The color line is drawn against orientials in the west and against the negroes in the south. This is not so much the case in the north, though local race riots have occurred in that section of the country. View it from any angle we may, and we find the race problem to be a menace to our American civilization. To incite race prejudices in the country is to cause riots and bloodshed, and might eventually lead to a state of civil war. That such a social condition may be avoided, it is expedient that each race should receive economic justice and the full protection of the law. In addition to this, it seems advisable that the negro race should be segregated as much as possible after the manner of assigning the Indians landed reservations. Furthermore, the promotion of Christianity among all of the races will do much towards bringing about a feeling of good fellowship.

When the evils mentioned have been eliminated, America will be first in practically everything worthwhile. Already first in freedom and material wealth, our country will then be ready to assume a place among the nations of the earth that will enable her to lead the vanguard of civilization to a higher and nobler plane.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.—*John Hunter.*

Fetish

By C. Z. MERRITT

FELLOWS, I admit that you have a perfect right to be dubious as to your beliefs in magic: I don't believe in it, myself, now but magic has once had the occasion of saving my life. Mike Johnson scrooged down to a snug position, made a wry grimace as he stretched his collar, and continued—Yes, I'll have to admit that it saved my life; there is no getting around it; it was supernatural and it was real. What? Yes, Mr. Haddon, I believe in Providence but I consider Providence too real to be compared to magic as practiced by our miserable-low-caste, modern-day fakers. Providence is something to be shown to us by poets and philosophic geniuses; magic is the primitive workings of barbaric superstitions. Well, to come to the point, it happened once while I was in southern Georgia. I was on a very friendly footing with old Colonel Dawson—an aged veteran of the Civil War—and his grand-daughter. They lived on a worn-out plantation that was still trying to present some of its old southern glory—though I admit that at heart it was fast crumbling away like its venerable owner. The girl, Alice, and I were very fond of each other—I'll venture to say we were more than fond, for I had hopes of some day being privileged to lay myself at her feet and leaving my fate to her decision. And from various ill-concealed actions and behavior, I had reason to hope that she was more than interested in me. Well, things ran on; Alice and I became friendler and friendler. One day while she and I were strolling about the plantation, curiosity led me to ask what a certain old cabin, which stood off to itself in a thick grove of pines, was used for.

"Why, that," she answered, "is the great and royal residence of King Sobo—the only real king in America. It is said, and universally believed of him by the blacks, that he was a full-blooded African king brought over here and sold. He has been with our family ever since he was a young man; and now I think he is about 89 or 90 years old."

"Why, it's very queer that I have never seen him before, considering how long I have been here,' I ejaculated.

"Ah, he's a recluse; he hardly ever comes out—and mercy! the queer ceremonies he's always going through with,—wild, inhuman chantings!—loud beast-like bellowings; I confess he's too uncanny for me; he makes me feel creepy even when I'm safe in my room and hear him at a distance. Grandfather wouldn't part with him for the world. He tends him as if he were a pet horse, and I believe there is real respect between them."

"Well, now, that is very interesting, I admit. Let's stroll over and view the old gentleman—what do you say? Ah, come on; he can't bite you while I'm with you. I'm interested."

We went over and peeped through the window. It was too high for Alice to see through without standing on tiptoe, so I made bold to grasp her around the waist and lift her up. I was paid in the pleasure of such a delightful task, for my task.

"Consider me a bench, fair one, look all you wish; I confess I find my pleasure in work."

Alice blushed, and looked softly down on me—I was in heaven for two seconds of melting glances. When she finally looked inside, the blush left her face and a distinct sparkle of interest shone in her eyes.

"Heavens! What is he doing? Is he crazy?"

Then I looked. The old man was squatting in the middle of the floor. Before him lay a pile of small similarly—whittled sticks. He was continually picking one up after another, rubbing it in his palms, and then laying it back again in some intricate design. All the while he was wildly muttering some gibberish too elusive to claim kin to English.

We watched him for a considerable time. At length, becoming tired of the scene I suggested that we go. Alice hesitated and then proposed that we go inside if I so desired. I went in to please her for I saw she had become more interested than I.

The old fellow fairly bristled with dignity. He had enough for a butler who has just inherited a fortune and married into royalty. He rose and proffered us a little bench to sit on. He acted with decorum becoming a stoic. Like a king glorying in the halls of a conquered palace, he strutted around the room. Suddenly he approached Alice and peered closely into her face.

"Uh, Uh, he yo man?" he asked pointing at me. Alice was scarlet. After a moment she replied:

"Mr. Johnson and I are very good friends, if that is what you mean."

"Uh, you doan lub him—huh? Dat queer; he lub you."

"Say, Uncle," I broke out, "if you want to ask any questions, ask me and don't bother Miss Dawson with them."

He gave me an inexplicable look, and then reseating himself, apparently became oblivious to our presence in the ceremony over the sticks. We rose and started to go.

"You wait," said the old fellow, "and I shows yo fortune."

Needless to say, we remained. After much monkey-like gibberish, he kindled a weak fire on some bricks placed in the middle of the floor. On this, one by one he laid the sticks before mentioned. The blaze soon became large and bright. The old fellow gazed on it with the eyes of a snake, and at a certain moment, uttering a fresh string of mutterings, took a handful of a brownish colored powder from a bag, and threw this on the flames. The smoke suddenly became a bright, livid yellow. At sight of this the old fellow uttered a whoop and began to work himself into a perfect frenzy. As for Alice and I, we stared and stared, almost expecting a miracle to happen, so impressed were we by the old man's fervor. Nothing happened. The weird chantings of the old fellow continued. They grew louder, more frenzied, until with a supreme yell, he fell forward prostrate on his face. He just lay there. I was too far gone myself to even think of

aiding him. I was so sleepy that the call of my dearest friend in distress would have been as futile as if he were calling it while standing over my grave. Soon I was utterly unconscious. And then there came a vision—I say a vision, because it had more effect on me than a mere dream.

I was gazing straight into a semi-darkened room. It was a bed-room. On the bed there lay a man asleep. Suddenly, right before my very eyes, he awoke and sprang from the bed. There was a queer light in his eyes. There was a pale, scared look on his face. He appeared to be sniffing the air. He seemed to be experiencing an unusual and disagreeable odor. Fellows, so great was my own sympathy involved with the fellow, that I swear I could smell the peculiar odor myself. It was chloroform. He hesitated a minute and stared wildly around the room. Then he ran to the door. It was tightly locked. He ran to the window. It was securely fastened also. Then he turned and faced me squarely. He gazed rigidly at me while I noted a changed expression come over his face. He appeared to be pondering—and a horrible conclusion must he have reached for suddenly I could discern a visible tremor about his knees. He made a motion as if to stoop and gaze under the bed. He never did it. Something restrained him. It was instinct—or magic. He ran toward a desk. I don't know whether he ever reached it or not, for then there came absolute darkness.

I awoke from the spell, and found Alice still unconscious at my side. The old negro still lay prostrate. The fire had died down to but a few coals. The smoke was as dense as ever but now it had turned a jet black. I ran to the windows, flung them wide, and then opened the door. The smoke gushed slowly forth and I was soon breathing easier. Alice soon awoke. Her face was a puzzle. She didn't speak a single word until after we had returned to the house over an hour later. She never asked me about my vision and gave me no hints about hers.

It was natural that the passage of time should persuade me to believe it all a mere hallucination, although I confess I was deeply affected for a considerable time afterwards. Heavens; the scenes had been so real—so life-like.

Two or three years later, I became interested in a murder case that happened in a small town at which I was temporarily stopping. I worked on it as a sleuth just for the thrill of it. Not to flatter myself at all, I had more luck than the professional sent there to clear things up. This gave me quite a name, and on the strength of this, I was persuaded by one of my old chums to "come in on it as a regular thing." This I did, for ever since I had been young enough to believe in the greatness of Nick Carter and his infallibility for scooping in the kings of crimedom, I had had an ambition to make myself a Nick Carter number two, as it were. I soon was doing great things, not only in my conceited opinion, but in the opinion of my chief. I became the one usually selected for the more puzzling cases that came to our agency. I soon gained the nickname "Scientific Mike," which was shortened to "Siney."

It happened once, when I was sent to make a round-up at a low dive out in the suburbs, that I killed a man by mistake. I knew he was a dangerous crook, yet had absolutely no evidence against him. When I entered the room where he was sitting at a game of cards with some worthy cronies; he made, what I thought was, a motion to draw on me. I shot him. He fell over and died within one minute—in his right hand instead of holding a gun, he was tightly clutching a handkerchief. My excitement had made me too suspicious. Fellows, I'm not a coward, but that deed cast a shadow over my life which I thought would never be lifted. Lord, you can not grasp the horror of seeing one of your fellow-creatures—one who has the same hopes, pains and fears as yourself—crumple up before you and die with unspeakable agony written on his face; and then realize that you are the perpetrator of his agony. Never will I forget the look he gave me as he beckoned me to him. There was not a spark of hatred in his eyes; he was too near the "beyond" to think of revenge; his feeble stare had a look more of pity than malice.

"Chief," he gasped, "do you think God will take me in when I get over there? —I——I know—" and then a fresh stream of blood from his mouth cut off his sentence. I started to answer, to passionately reassure him—but it was too late. The first human life at my dictation had gone to take up its abode forever in strange and unknown spheres. Perhaps he was even then at peace under a brighter sky than our own, where there is never need to fear. Upon opening the handkerchief I found a note—it was from a Salvation Army girl. On it were written many profuse thanks and a grateful acknowledgement of a very large gift of cash for the poor. This he had started to show me as a proof of his reform, when I killed him.

I returned to the office and in no certain tone of mildness, handed in my resignation to take effect immediately—regardless of whether it was accepted or not.

The chief laughed at me.

"Why, Mike," he said, "You've just gained a name. It seems foolishness to me to throw up a job when you are just gaining a state-wide reputation. Why, think, that yegg you laid out has been hunted by sleuths more famed than you. And he has always been able to appear the 'sheep' when cornered. They never found anything on him, yet they knew that he was guilty of unknown crimes. You ought to remain on the force now for no other reason than to haul in his twin brother—a yegg—"

"His twin brother! God! He hasn't got a brother, has he?" I broke out.

"Great Heavens! man! do you mean to say you've never known that he had a brother? Why, I know you must have heard of Yanky Paul—he's one of the greatest crooks unhung."

"Yes," I confessed brokenly, "I've heard of him often enough, but have never known he had a brother. And so this man I've killed is his brother—eh?" Suddenly I burst out: "Chief, I'm not a coward, but to be frank with you, I'm sick of this eternal fighting and trailing always with the end of putting someone in the chair or in the pen for life. If they must be corraled, there are plenty of colder-blooded men than myself who would glory in the chance. I'm done; done for good! And if you have no better opinion of me than to think

I'm a coward, why I just can't help it. I see at heart I'm too much the preacher to handle this stuff. Chief, just consider me as your man no longer. Well, I hope you don't think too little of me—so long." And I left his office for good.

I was desperate. I wasn't afraid. It was the tension. I almost sympathized with the brother. I felt keenly the loss he must have sustained even though he were a branded crook. I almost wished he would "get me." It would drive that infernal picture from my mind.

Several days later I received a letter. I knew what was in it before I touched it—it was from Yanky Paul. Two scrolling lines told the tale. "I warn you I'm out to get you—better make your will—it's you or me from now on." In reply to this I wrote a hysterical note in a coarse sarcastic vein: "The sooner the better, Commodore. Lord, mister, just when will it be? Unh, unh, give me roses every time; lilies are too pale."

I don't know whether he ever got this note or not—I think he did. Well, four weeks passed by and not a thing had turned up. Not a word, not a sight, to get to know whether my nemesis was still among the living. And I did not try to stay hid; on the contrary, I half hunted for him. I wandered through more than one dive at mid-night in a great spirit of bravado, but never a sight of him did I get. No one I ever encountered had seen him since his brother's death.

One night, feeling unusually oppressed, I retired early. I lay and tossed for an hour or more before sleep finally came to me—but when it did come, I slept. My sleep was dreamless and there seemed no occasion for a sudden awakening later in the quiet hours of the early morning. On first awaking I just lay there and stared up at the ceiling. I could hear the faint crowing of some poor rooster at a distance. The sharp bark of a dog came from a neighboring yard. A little squadron of rats seemed drilling in cavalry practice in the walls overhead. I had no consciousness of anything unusual in the breaking of my slumber. The first intimation of anything being wrong came to me through the sense of smell alone. There was a heavy, sickening odor in the room—it made my head dizzy. Minutes elapsed before I took cognizance of its awful character, it was chloroform.

I can hardly realize how quickly I jumped out of that bed and gained my feet. A moment, and a moment only, did I pause and then I strode to the door. It was tightly locked. I then ran toward the window. On the way I passed the mirror and, just by chance, happened to get a full, front view of my own face. I was staggered by a sudden revelation. The same haggard face that I saw in the mirror was the one that had stared at me from the oblivion of old King Sobo's spell way down in southern Georgia.

"The bed, the bed," hammered the message from my inner mind, and my conscious mind grasped its import with all its horrible insinuations.

With feigned nonchalance, I strode to the bureau and opened the top drawer. I pretended to be fumbling around in it until I grasped my gun and flashlight. All the while I could feel the steely boring of a pair of hidden eyes on my back. I expected every moment to feel a hot streak somewhere around my shoulders. Having grasped my weapons in my hand, I did not dare to raise them up into the view of my guest. Leaning carelessly forward as if to get a clearer view of myself in the mirror, I suddenly turned off the light and with the swiftness of a panther, leaped aside. A pair of lightning flashes came from under the bed. I could distinctly hear the thud of the bullets as they sank in the wood of the bureau. I made a clumsy fall as if hit, emitted the appropriate gurgling sound, and then lay still. A few minutes passed in profound silence. Then a cautious ray of light shot out from under the bed and played full upon my face. The next two minutes were the most "killing" that I've experienced in a whole life time. It was an occasion when I really did have to act for a living. I'll grant you that my face was pale enough—the tension had drawn it into lines and worried every speck of color to a sickly pallor.

Soon there was a rustling under the bed, and presently a soft grating on the floor told me that my enemy had regained his feet. I could feel him nearing me—I could hear his irregular breathing. Intuition told me that he was standing above me. A gentle kick dug into my side. A warm breath, laden with perfume, brushed my face and I knew that the time had come that was to decide whether I was to live or die.

I flashed my light suddenly straight above me. It fell on the masked face of a woman—a young woman. Her face was not an inch more than a foot above my own. There was a clatter as she dropped the gun—but she did not move her face—she was too startled.

I rose, still covering her with my weapon, and turned on the light. She stood still in her tracks—a hopeless yet defiant look playing over her face.

"Great heavens, Madam, what does this mean? I rather expected a visit from my dear friend Paul."

"Paul is dead," she mumbled, "I'm his sister." Then she burst out more defiantly: "I'm only a woman so have no fear of dealing with me as you wish. I've done all I could. Oh, heavens, if I could have only succeeded."

In my heart, I felt a tender surge of pity for the slender girl standing there before me. I admired her pluck.

Later when I had donned a bathrobe hurriedly, I actually was cad enough to ask her to unmask. She hesitated and I noticed a tear steal slowly from her eye and run down over her mask to fall splashing on the fur collar of her coat. But unmask she did, and revealed one of the most refined and appealing faces that I've ever seen. Her eyes were as black as a moonless midnight. She appeared more the daughter of some aristocratic family than the sister of a crook.

When I told her that she was free to go—she actually broke down and cried like a baby. I think she was afraid or just downright played out.

Anyway she went—and you won't believe it—I escorted her part of the way home. What was more, I even paid for the stimulant for the girl who had worried herself down in trying to kill me. She left me at a corner with a mumbled order to stop and return. I watched and saw her disappear in the darkness farther down the street.

That visit in that neighborhood wasn't my last by any means, for later she became Mrs. Johnson.

"Heavens! man! do you mean to say that your wife is the sister of Yanky Paul?" burst from the crowd simultaneously.

"Aye, she was their sister; and much she owes to their crookedness. It was by their ill-gotten gains that she was educated and kept apart from the miserable life of her brothers. To me she is one of the greatest reasons for living."

"But, say, Mike, what become of Alice? I thought she was your beloved all the while."

"Ah, there's the tragic part of the story. Within three months after our adventure at the old negro's cabin, she died. I always shall think she had some intimation of it from her vision there. Ever afterwards she was silent and morose. She just wore down to a skeleton and died."

North Carolina---The Mecca of Tourists

By B. H. BARDIN

The first installment of this article was printed in the December issue. It dealt with the scenic wonders of the western part of the state only. The second and concluding part of the article, printed here, describes the scenic grandeur of the eastern part of our state.

ALTHOUGH not so picturesque and beautiful as western North Carolina, the eastern portion of the state is intensely beautiful, with a healthful climate and a hospitable people, and abounds in mineral springs and places of historic interest—all on the route of the tourist. The mineral springs include Lack's Springs, Causilor Springs, Sparkling Catawba, Cleveland Mineral Springs, Panacea Springs, Lewis' Mineral Springs, Sulphur Springs and others too numerous to mention. This section of the state is also a huntsman's paradise, for the whole country is frequented by wild fowl of every description. Fox-hunting is a favorite sport in some sections. Hunting lodges are scattered throughout the state. Many northern hunters and sportsmen come down when the season is in full swing. The two most important and popular tourist resorts in the east are Pinehurst and Southern Pines.

Southern Pines, in Moore county, is midway between New York and Florida. It is a small village possessing several excellent hotels, with golf, fox-hunting, tennis, motoring and canoeing as the chief diversions of the visiting colony.

Pinehurst, also in Moore county, is a beautiful little village overlooking the Long Leaf Pine Plateau of Flora MacDonald, between the headwaters of the Cape Fear and Lumbee rivers. According to the story by Mr. Leonard Tufts—the village is the realization of the dream and the execution of a plan of the late James W. Tufts, his father, of Boston. "Here, six hundred and fifty feet above the sea, standing above the coastal plain region, drained by innumerable clear streams and the sandy soil, where the air is dry and rich with the scent of pine, and the days are bright with sunshine, he believed he had found the perfect climate—the place for country life in the winter time" —the land of all outdoors, where sportsmen could leave behind them the cares of business or professional life and indulge in their favorite sports in peace, flung into ecstacies of delight through the sheer joy of living, and where the delicate in health could enjoy the fields, the woods and the pure invigorating air of that section. "The result of the realization was the beginning of the village in 1895. The plan was not only to make Pinehurst a perfect winter home and resort, a place for every sport, with every convenience, every comfort, and every beauty; but more than any of these, to make it a place which would express the ideals of Southern winter life, where the visitor would perceive the innate charm of the southern comtryside and the grace and hospitality of its people, and where with the physical comforts of the still, warm afternoon there might be imparted something of the gentleness and kindness of things, of friendly people and of a generous neighborhood.

A HOTEL AT PINEHURST

"The average temperature for the winter months in this village for a number of years has been 51 degrees. When it rains, as it does in any normal section, the light sandy soil absorbs the moisture almost instantly and leaves the ground hard and dry. This is truly the land of sunshine, for the number of days when the sun is not in command is very small. The best definite example of this is the case of a man, 78 years old, who played eighteen holes of golf one hundred times in one hundred and one consecutive week-days, and his one salvation was never to play in the rain or in freezing weather."

The Pinehurst tourist season is from November to May, the visitors arriving in October and reluctanly leaving in June. Sports chiefly occupy the time of the visitors, but probably the best feature which appeals most to the tourist is the invigorating, bracing quality

of the air and the clear, bright atmosphere. To its golf links, unequaled anywhere in the world, Pinehurst largely owes its ever-increasing popularity. It is conceded to be the winter golf center of the United States, and nowhere in this country do so many golfers congregate, the climate being practically always conducive to good golf. Four courses of eighteen holes each, covering over one thousand acres of land and extending fourteen miles, complete the story. During the season there is daily at least five hundred followers of the sport of St. Andrew to be found wending their way over the greens. Tennis, trapshooting, racing, riding, driving, polo, aviation and motoring are all favorite diversions with the winter colony at Pinehurst. Numerous tournaments, held during the season, with prizes for men and women, are added incentives for participation in these sports. The village is connected with Fayetteville and further cities of the state by a system of good automobile highways, there being fifteen hundred miles of such roads within seventy-five miles of the village.

Pinehurst boasts of several excellent hotels, inns and cottages operated by the Pinehurst Corporation, at whose head is Mr. Leonard Tufts, the leading spirit of the entire community and a descendant of its founder. Every hostelry in the Pinehurst system has for its criterion—service and consideration. No consumptives are allowed at Pinehurst, the citizens backing nature in its every effort to make the village an absolutely healthful spot.

Somewhere between seven thousand five hundred and ten thousand different individuals are entertained at Pinehurst each year. Their visits range anywhere from a stop-over for a single meal to a six month's stay, and their reasons for making them are numerous. There are always a certain number who come for their health,—either to recuperate from illness, or to avoid it. But, almost everybody comes for some outdoor spot, particularly golf, although horseback riding, tennis, trapshooting, etc., all have their enthusiastic followers. It is hard to estimate how many people come to Pinehurst expressly for the many formal and informal tournaments and nothing else—probably a very small per cent of them. They come to enjoy their favorite sport, and being there take part in the tournaments. On the other hand, during the tourist season, Pinehurst is almost sure to have some of the finest players in the country who come expressly for the tournaments, and national and international champions at this resort have come to be almost commonplace.

Tourists visiting Pinehurst come from practically every state in the Union. Canada is also well represented, and there are always visitors from Europe, particularly from England. This year visitors from Australia and Italy were also entertained. Regarding the sections of the country from which the visitors hail, although the entire country is well represented, the states east of the Mississippi send more than the states west of the Mississippi, simply because it is much easier for them to reach Pinehurst. A great many guests hail from New York City and its environs, there being a through train from that city which enables a busy man to make a short trip to a warm climate, where he can play out-doors, without spending very much time travelling. Many of the most prominent business men of the metropolis make several trips to Pinehurst each season, while others less actively engaged with businesses, stay all the season, the proximity of the resort probably being one reason why Pinehurst is so popular among men prominent in the business and professional world. The resort also seems to find favor with the national House and Senate, for frequently members of the president's cabinet and senators and congressmen run down for a few days' rest. An average of seventy-five thousand souls have spent the night under the roofs of the Pinehurst hostelries during the tourist season, from November to May. This does not mean that seventy-five thousand different individuals are entertained each season, for in this count the man who stays a week, for instance, has been counted seven times. Nevertheless these figures show what a popular tourist resort lies within the borders of the state.

Raleigh, the state capitol, is a city of great historical importance. The old State House, which was modelled after the Greek Parthenon, was at one time considered, next to the capitol in Washington, the finest legislative structure in the country. A little farther west of Raleigh lies Hillsboro, where at one time the provincial congress held its sessions, and which was later occupied as the state capitol. In this little hamlet Lord Cornwallis made his headquarters for some time during the Revolutionary War. Landmarks commemorating the event are still in existence. A few miles southeast is Chapel Hill, the seat of the State University, which is reputed to be the oldest state university in point of service in the United States. It was established in obedience to the first constitution of the state, which was adopted in 1776. There a visitor would find it exceedingly interesting and instructive to attend a performance of the Carolina Playmakers, probably the first college group in the country which has written folk-plays of their people and presented them throughout their own state.

A trip to Union county, where, as reports have it, General Andy, "Old Hickory," Jackson was born, about a quarter of a mile from the South Carolina line, would be an interesting one. At his birthplace is a large bronze tablet commemorating the event.

Wilmington, about eighteen miles from the ocean, the one-time metropolis of North Carolina, on the Cape Fear river, attracts a goodly portion of the Southern winter travel. At the mouth of the river are situated Fort Fisher and Fort Caswell, both of which played an important part in the Revolutionary War. On the sands of Wrightsville Beach, a few miles from Wilmington, the first aeroplane flight was attempted by Orville and Wilbur Wright. The results of this and other flights attempted later gave to the world that remarkable instrument of travel and warfare, the aeroplane.

The coast of North Carolina is one of the most celebrated on the Atlantic seaboard—that upon which the dreaded Capes Hatteras, Lookout and Fear are to be found—a coast always feared by skippers. That whole country abounds in a wealth of tradition and adventure. Also it might be termed a fisherman's paradise, for the innumerable bays, shoals and islands on our

eastern coast abound with fish of every description, making it as attractive as the shores of Long Island and Chesapeake Bay.

On Roanoke Island was the first English settlement in America. Virginia Dare, the first white child of English parents to be born in North America, was born here. On this island, on our eastern coast, the first colony laid out, "The City of Raleigh." Governor White, the leader of the settlement, returned to England, which was ablaze with excitement. Spain had declared war against the mother country and had sent the dreaded Spanish Armada to the attack. Several years later White returned to Roanoke Island, but found no "City of Raleigh." In the bark of a tree he found cut the word Croatan. The colonists had told him, that, if they should leave before he should return to them, they would cut in the bark of a tree the name of the place to which they had gone. White and his party went to Croatan, an Indian village, but found no trace of his people. Soon after the first landing of the colonists at Roanoke Island a little daughter was born to Mrs. Dare, a daughter of Governor White. Dare county was named after the little girl who was named Virginia Dare. No spot would be more worthy of a visit of a tourist than Roanoke Island, where English civilization first had its beginning in North America.

Guilford Battle Ground, six miles from Greensboro, is the scene of an exceptionally interesting event in the Revolutionary War. There can be found monuments to the principal rebel leaders in that terrific struggle.

Charlotte and Mecklenburg county are places of great historical importance. That whole county is rich with romance and folk-lore of Revolutionary days. North Carolina was the first state to publicly and solemnly renounce allegiance to the British crown, which she did in the famous Mecklenburg Resolves, signed by patriots of our state and country in May, 1775—more than a year before a similar formal assertion by the other states. It would be well to visit Charlotte to see the spot and read the tablet there commemorating that important event, the little log courthouse in which the ceremony took place having been destroyed long ago. In Charlotte General Nathaniel Greene took command of the southern troops from General Gates, a little after the departure of Lord Cornwallis and his troops who had occupied the town. History tells of the all-important part which brave General Greene played in our battle for freedom.

After his visits to these and many other spots of historical interest throughout the state, meanwhile delving still further into the wealth of romance, folk-lore and tradition of which our great commonwealth is the storehouse, our tourist returns to his home in New York City, his mind full of pleasant impressions of the beautiful old North State and its people, and with these words ever on his lips,—"North Carolina—The Mecca of Tourists."

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

Although it is only early in the winter quarter yet the faint rumblings of approaching spring politics have been heard. In short, several of the members of the junior class have already caught visions of themselves ensconced in the chair which belongs to the president of the student body. Others, in catching this vision, have already begun to put names forward for the position, although the election does not come off until some time in May.

Some of the organized bodies are getting down to work. We don't know who they intend to run for the various offices. We don't know who the Ervinites, the Phippites, and the Grissettites, and the others, will put forth; but, don't worry, there will be plenty of candidates.

We hope that some one of the factions will run a man who will make a good president of the student body—for we should have a good one. There seems to be plenty of material to pick him from, but when it comes to getting a man who can fulfill all the requirements, the task of picking a president becomes a little harder. For instance, we believe that the president of the student body should be a morally strong man, should be well liked, should have such an appearance as to command respect, should not be so bound up with any one group or body of men that he has even a chance of becoming partial to it in the performance of his duties, and should be a leader. He should be able to express himself fairly well on his feet. He should be a deep thinker. He should be a man who can see ahead—who can make student government progress. We think he should be a man who will take some sort of action against drinking. He must not be afraid to ship us by the wholesale—he must have courage enough to wield the big stick at times.

Who is the man that fulfils most of these requirements—for it is impossible to get a "perfect" president of the student body? At the present writing, we are unable to say. We must give the junior class more time to develop itself—its leaders must do something that will attract attention, they must let the campus know who they are.

Thomas Turner and E. C. Hunt have been mentioned most frequently for the presidency of the campus. Whether this early season popularity will stand the strain of four more months remains to be seen. In the past, some early season favorites have been known to "lose out" in the elections.

Besides these two men, others whom we think would make a good fight for the offices are (taking them in alphabetical order as we culled them from our Yackety-Yack): R. E. Brown, S. M. Cathey, J. O. Harmon, J. Y. Kerr, G. H. Leonard, A. M. McDonald, A. M. McGee, C. C. Poindexter, P. A. Reavis, and V. V. Young.

There are others who might make good fights; if there are, they at present enjoy little campus prominence which would aid them in this particular election. Take your choice!

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

By FORREST HAMRICK

"Thomas Dixon, Jr., is the most interesting man the state has ever mothered."
—John Charles McNeill.

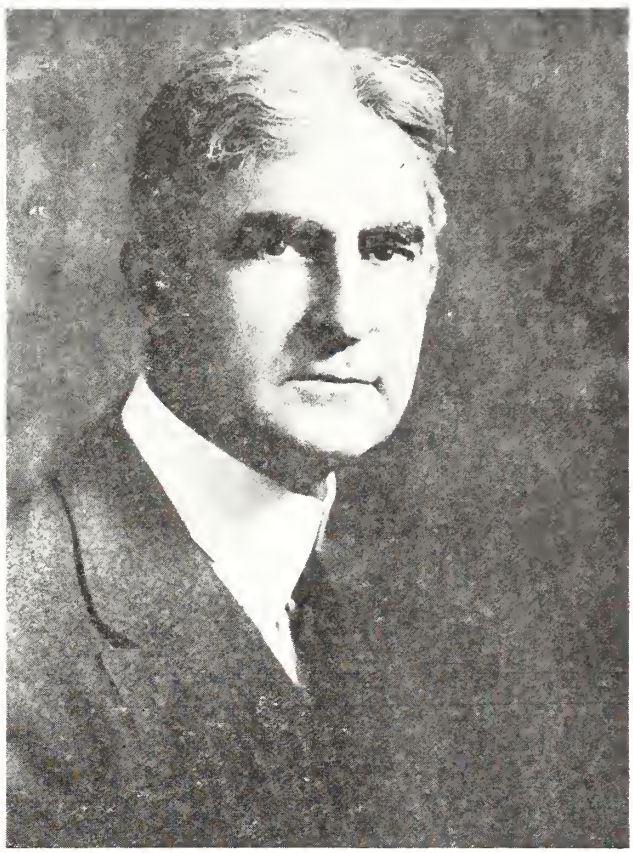
HOW many times have you seen "The Birth of a Nation?" Will you ever forget the picture? An old Confederate veteran with a wooden leg once was watching with intense interest Mr. Dixon's play, "The Clansman," and in one thrilling scene became so excited and vigorous in his applause that he jerked off his wooden leg and threw it against the ceiling. In fact, it was Dixon who wove together stories from incidents of Carolina life, which when presented to the public in the form of plays and moving pictures, were madly hissed and clamorously applauded at the same presentation. These same stories when presented to the public in the form of novels were so popular that they were translated into French and German and circulated throughout those countries.

BIRTH AND BOYHOOD

Mr. Dixon was born in Cleveland county, North Carolina, January 11, 1864. Mark the year please and think of the events of that period.

After calling to mind the history of that time, you can more easily understand the reason why Mr. Dixon was impressed and inspired to write his novels. As a mere boy while listening with attentive ears to the discussions of the grave problems that confronted the south in its reconstruction, he was storing up memories in his brain and heart that would in later years make him famous. In his earliest boyhood while sleeping peacefully, he would be aroused by the shrill whistle of a leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and with a thumping heart would dash to the window of his bedroom, and behold with staring eyes in the moonlight a band of Ku Klux in their fantastic costumes galloping recklessly up the road. Such spectacular sights and deep emotions as witnessed and felt by that alert boy, were as time passed on, to be penned by his hand and read in ecstasy by thousands. Later his boyhood impressions were put before the public in a still more effective manner; namely, plays and moving pictures. Thus I feel safe in saying that Mr. Dixon's boyhood days spent in Cleveland county did much in determining his brilliant career.

In high school and college young Dixon was a leader. By his keen intellect and gift of expression, he mastered easily his scholastic work. He attended Shelby high school, and his old schoolmates say that he was an active, ambitious boy, and not a drowsy bookworm. After graduating from high school, he proceeded to further his education at Wake Forest College. At the age of nineteen he received his M. A. degree from that college. Then he did some special work at Johns Hopkins University. Dr. E. M. Poteat says of his college record:



THOMAS DIXON, JR.

"At college Thomas Dixon, Jr., won all the prizes in oratory and nearly all in scholarship."

YOUNG LEGISLATOR

Immediately after finishing his education, Mr. Dixon returned to his home in Cleveland county, where he made his first venture in the world's affairs. In the fall of 1884 a political campaign was in process. Young Dixon, having an oratorical talent and having made a special study of history and politics, decided to become a candidate for the legislature, although he was only twenty years old. At first such a step by him was considered as a joke by the old-time politician in the race. But after once hearing him speak and observing the effect of his speech upon his audience people regarded him more seriously. The abilities that made him an outstanding figure in college served him well in his political campaign, for he at once won the citizens' high favor. The result of the election was a safe majority for the youthful candidate. That boy, only twenty years old, not old enough to vote himself, was elected as a representative for several thousand people, to make laws and pass bills for their welfare.

ACTOR, LAWYER, MINISTER, AND MARRIAGE

Some time later, Mr. Dixon having a taste for dramatics, decided to become an actor; but after a short while retired from this profession. In 1886—at the age of twenty-two—he began to practice law in Shelby; married Miss Harriett Bussey, of Georgia, and began to preach. Law, like acting, he soon abandoned. As a minister he filled pastorates in Goldsboro and Raleigh. In 1888 he accepted a call and began ministerial duties in a large church in Boston. However, he remained there only one year, and the following year he began preaching in New York. There he remained for ten years, and created quite a sensation by mixing politics with sermons. On his resignation of the church in New York he repudiated his ministerial title.

For a few years after resigning from the ministry, Mr. Dixon toured the country as a lecturer. The subjects of two of his best lectures were "Backbone" and "The Negro Problem." His work on the lecture platform had made him well known throughout the country when he decided to reach the ear of the public in another manner.

NOVELIST

The new field selected was that of a novelist. He set about to show to the world the woes and trying problems that the south had to undergo and solve in its reconstruction. The world had heard but little of the service that "The Knights of the South" had performed; although their service had saved civilization in the south. Mr. Dixon in a letter to the reader of "The Clansman" speaks of the Ku Klux Klan as follows:

"In the darkest hour of the life of the south, when her wounded people lay helpless amid rags and ashes under the beak and talon of the vulture, suddenly from the mists of the mountains appeared a white cloud the size of a man's hand. It grew until its mantle of mystery enfolded the stricken earth and sky. An Invisible Empire had risen from the field of death and challenged the visible to mortal combat.

"How the young south, led by the reincarnated souls of the Clansmen of Old Scotland, went forth under this cover and against overwhelming odds, daring exile, imprisonment, and a felon's death, and saved the life of a people, forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the Aryan race."

In 1902 appeared the first product of his literary endeavor, "The Leopard's Spots." This book took the country by storm. The northern people who had read and idealized "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were shocked by the side of history "The Leopard's Spots" portrayed. Immediately the northern critics began to flood the press with their severest and harshest criticisms of the book. Some went so far as to say that it was a misrepresentation of history. Mr. Dixon in defending his book said:

"I wish to say that all the incidents used in Book I, which properly is the prologue of my story, were selected from authenic records, or came within my personal knowledge.

"The only serious liberty I have taken with history is to tone down the facts to make them credible in fiction."

The scene of this story is in western North Carolina. The town Hambright is Shelby, Independence is Charlotte, and the hero Charles Gaston is Charles B. Aycock. It deals with the political history and race problem of the state from 1865 to 1900.

His second novel dealing with the race conflict was "The Clansman." This book has even surpassed "The Leopard's Spots" in popularity. It is the story of "The Clansman" that is portrayed in "The Birth of a Nation." This moving picture has been recognized as the supreme picture of all time. The gripping power of this picture over an audience is an example of Mr. Dixon's skill as a dramatist.

He has written several novels such as "The Traitor," "The Southerner," and others. His latest novel, "The Way of a Man," was published in 1919. It is a modern story, the scene of which is in New York, and it deals with the new woman.

It is said by some critics that Mr. Dixon's novels will wither and die in a very short while. If they were not historical novels this might be true. But so long as the future generations have any interest in the history of the south his books will be read. His works give us a glimpse of the times that tried the souls of men, and a glimpse of their victorious struggle against overwhelming odds. His books have clothed in romance and mysticism that knightly order of Ku Klux Klan.

The critics may write voumes of criticisms condemning his works in their bitterest terms, but there are two things that they cannot say; namely, that his books are dull and uninteresting, and that they are not read. His books have been in the rank of the six best sellers. The library records here at the University show that his works are in great demand. Obviously there is something interesting in his novels.

MR. DIXON TODAY

Mr. Dixon has his citizenship in North Carolina; although he spends only a portion of his time in his native state. On the coast in Currituck county, this distinguished North Carolinian and family spend their winters. Probably one reason for such a location for a winter home, is that it is a great place for those who enjoy the sport of bringing down wild ducks. This sport greatly appeals to Mr. Dixon, for in his book, "The Life Worth Living," he tells of some interesting experiences while "ducking." And probably another reason for his residence in North Carolina is to get away from "the steaming festering cities" of the north and to bask in the sunshine of the south.

The Creed of a Democrat

Article I

I am determined to be absolute master of myself.

Article II

I will not be master of any other man.

Article III

I will do all in my power to help others free themselves from tyranny, whether of appetite, circumstance, ignorance, or despotism.

FRANCIS F. BRADSHAW.

Old South Bell

Within the knell of Old South Bell
A hundred spirits speak:
Aloft they dwell and only tell
Their message in a shriek.

Thy pulsing swell has often fell
On lives no longer bound;
All ghosts of hell do quickly quell
Your live and throbbing sound.

On nights when stars but feebly float,
And winds come riding high
A plaintive note within your throat
Shares with the troubled sky.

Around your walls where dead foot-falls
Still sound on spirit ground
And in your halls a hundred calls
Still float in silence round.

There in the gloom of other worlds—
The land of dead ideas—
They sit in thought while time on whirls
Her wheel of passing years.

The spirits of the forever gone
Sit brooding on their past;
While round them wait in silent throng
Ghosts of the unborn class.

We cannot hear nor note them clear—
The minute binds our life,
Our minds with fear for the coming year
Are ever held in strife.

Yet oft they dwell within the knell,
The swell of Old South Bell,
And thus impel, their message tell,
And quell the ghosts of hell.

C. Z. MERRITT.

Chivalry

"Lament! The age of chivalry is past!
The knights have sought the vale of Avalon;
The glittering tournament and joust are gone;
No more for Beauty's Queen the lance is cast!
The valiant company of the Table Round,
The flower of chivalry, to Camelot
Will come no more, and on the ancient spot
Grow cypress trees. Lament! Let dirges sound!"

* * * * * * * *

"Oh ye of little faith thus to believe
That chivalry is dead and weakly cry!
Know ye that while the loom of Time shall weave
The destinies of men from out the sky,
Though knightly trappings and display may leave,
Inherent chivalry in man can never die."

S. J. PARHAM, JR.

Wanderlust

I want to be going across the sea,
Searching adventure where ever it be,
Searching for treasure in southern sea,
Searching for gold where treasure ships be;
Traveling always where Romance lies,
'Neath India's peaks or Italy's skies,
Searching in temples all ruined and old,
Searching in places where treasure chests mold;

Finding the trails that the ancients blazed,
Seeing sights at which once they gazed,
Fighting and loving and doing and daring,
Climbing the heights to sunsets glaring;

Hiking along while the stars are bright,
Searching my way 'neath the Northern Light,
Hunting the lion in Africa's land,
Traveling the desert of Egypt's sand;

Guiding a ship in a storm tossed sea,
Fighting an ocean that's boundless and free,
Wandering in valleys where no man has been,
Fighting the fight that's only for men;

Exploring old castles all crumbled and gray,
Seeing the lands where Rome held sway,
Where ancient Babylon once made gay,
City of nations lord in its day.

I want to be traveling, I want to be going,
Where lights of the North are gloriously flowing,
Searching adventure across the sea,
Searching adventure where ever it be.

DABNEY WHITE.

Just One

There passed this way just once,
In ages long gone by,
A man whose power and righteousness
Were felt from earth to sky.
He was an humble peasant—
A bird without a nest,
A man unknown, whose glory shone,
Like sunbeams from the west.

He passed this way just once,
His visit was but brief,
But he accomplished in that stay
Works almost beyond belief.
He was a man as we are men,
He lived that we might see
That all may gain, through might and main,
The way to victory.

He passed this way just once,
He'll come but once again,
But all can see and feel and know
His sojourn was not vain.
His task indeed was great,
And it was left undone,
For us to begin, for us to end,
Ere the setting of the Sun.

We too may pass but once,
Our journey soon is o'er,
But may we live as full a life
As He who went before.
May we our task accomplish,
And when we go to rest,
May we go like He of Calvary,
Unwept, unhonored—but blest.

A. L. DOWD.

It is only as we dominate life that we really live. —*Grayson.*

Do not undertake what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

A worker without genius is better than a genius who won't work.

You can never raise your own reputation by assisting in lowering that of others.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.—*Emerson.*

The key to success is work—there is no substitute for it!

All habits gather, by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—*Dryden.*

Nothing happens to any man which he is not formed by nature to bear.

He who is firm in will molds the world to himself. —*Goethe.*

As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man, when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on again to produce its fruit in its season.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Those Assistants

Enter his presence humbly, that assistant in chemistry 1-2. He knows all; you know nothing. Do not disturb his reflections as he listlessly leans against the radiator at the window and wonders how such a little head as his could contain so much knowledge of chemistry. Do not bore him by asking him questions about your work, for it is very distressing to a man with such an abundance of knowledge to be called upon to answer questions of such an elementary nature. Do not attempt to be familiar with him; you might lower his elevated dignity. He really knows too much anyway to be associated in the capacity of an assistant with students of elementary chemistry. And above all refrain from disturbing his mighty brain with petty trifles in chemistry; he ought to have the professor's position anyway.

J. G. GULLICK.

[*EDITORIAL*]

HOW ABOUT THIS?

That every act and incident in our lives is determined by predestination is an old and honorable religious belief. It is a belief which has many firm converts in every section of the world. In fact, if one can judge from the manner in which people go at things, one is forced to the conclusion that nearly everyone is a believer in the theory of predestination.

And nowhere, does it seem to us, are there as many believers in this doctrine as there are on this campus. It is the custom of men here to let things slip—to let things take their course. They do these things in the supreme belief that everything will come out all right in the end—that there is no use to try to hurry and change things because if one will only wait long enough, the things will be changed in the proper and correct manner.

If this belief is not predestination, we do not know what it is. Here we have a bunch of men who are content to simply let their lives be just ordinary lives. Here we have a bunch of men who believe all will come out correctly in the end.

That kind of life is all right for those who want to live it. We have nothing to do with the kind of existence a man wants to plan for himself. But as for us, we want to go out and take the devil by the reins and pull down so hard on the bit that something will break loose. We do not want to merely sit still and let things happen as they will. We want to have a hand in making things happen.

Believing that things will happen as some power or guiding hand decrees tends to get a man into a rut. It tends to subjugate his soul. It tends to make a machine of him. It tends to make a vessel out of him through which some power may work. It tends to destroy the individuality of the man. Yet some people desire this kind of life. In fact, most people desire this kind of life. And when we say this, we believe we have the facts on our side.

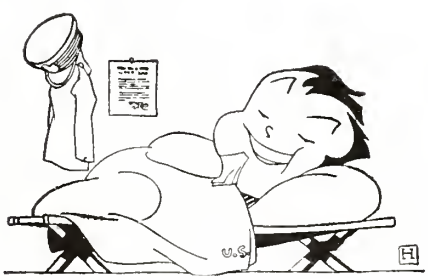
Take this campus, for example. How many men here ever really try to start anything? How many men try to get out of the beaten path and accomplish something? How many men try to quit being a vessel in some one else's hands long enough to think for themselves? How many men are there who down in their hearts do not think that everything will come out all right in the end? How many men are there who want to take things into their own hands and act as their conscience dictates?

That's why we said most of the people in the world believed in predestination. We do not disparage their belief. Freedom of conscience is their right. As for us, we want to have a hand in driving things.

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

At last! Mars has spoken!

YOUNG HIRAM Jinks.
HAD TRIED for weeks.
TO TALK to Mars.
BY WIRELESS.
HE'D POUNDED his key.
CALLING "MARS. Hello, Mars."
UNTIL HIS right hiceps.
WAS THE village pride.
HE HARDLY dared to sleep.
LEST HE miss the call.
AND SAY! One evening.
HE GOT an answering buzz.
"YEP, THIS is Mars."
AND HIRAM shook all over.
AND STUTTERED back in Morse.
"HAVE YOU any word.
FOR US on Earth?"
QUICK CAME the answer.
"YOU CAN tell the world.
THEY SATISFY!" Then silence.
HIRAM RAN to the corner store.
AND SHOUTED in triumph.
"A MESSAGE from Mars!
YOU CAN tell the world.
THEY SATISFY."
BUT THE village elders.
MERELY SNORTED "Shucks.
KNOWN THAT for years."
WHILE OUT in the army camp.
THE RADIO man.
WHO'D BEEN kidding Hiram.
THREW AWAY his butt.
AND LAUGHED himself to sleep.



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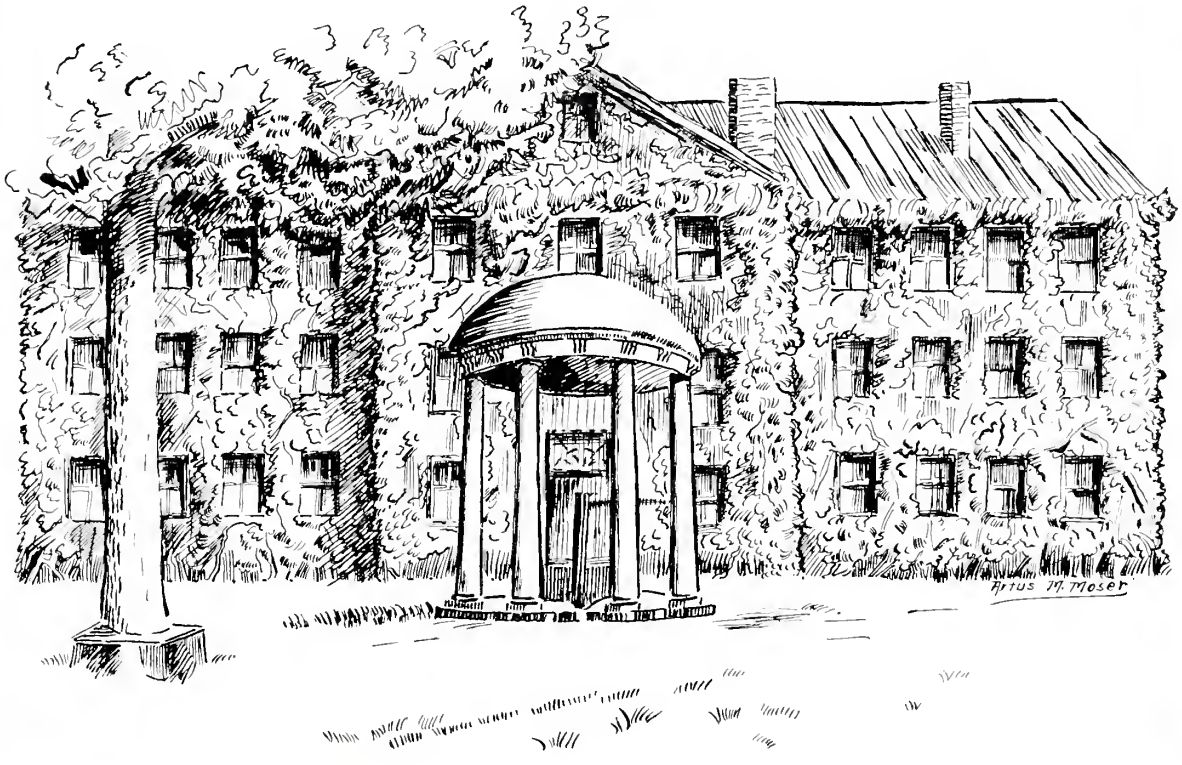
March, 1922

CAROLINA

Magazine



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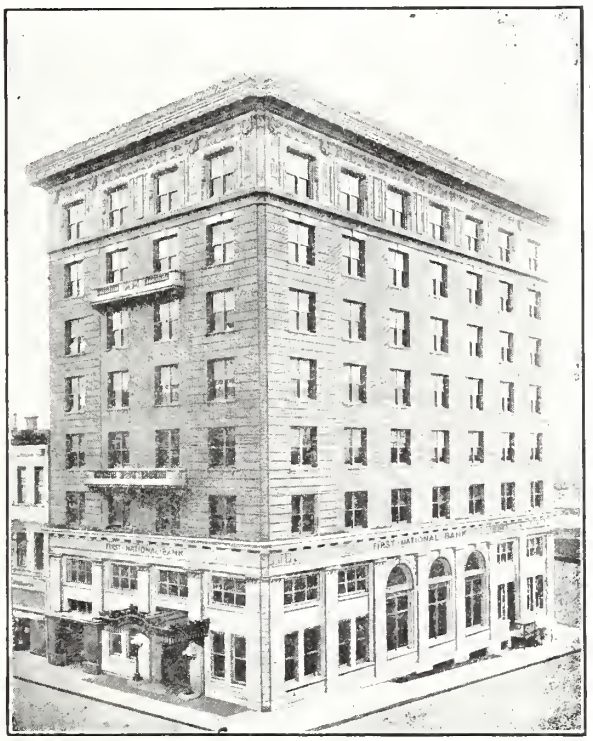

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TO OUR PATRONS

All material carried in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is released for the press directly upon publication.

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Baseball, and a Master of It

C. M. LLEWELLYN
Captain of the 1922 Carolina Varsity Nine

Will this year's baseball team repeat the feat of last year's team? Will our baseball team bring home the bacon in state honors for us this year? Will it send proud Virginia to defeat in three games this year? Will it win the South Atlantic Championship?

These are questions which are causing students in the University of North Carolina to rack their brains. Some say we will have the most successful season in many years; others are not so confident. Others look for a mediocre season, like the basketball season. Others look for us to better the record we made in football last fall, when we missed the South Atlantic Championship by only a small margin.

But in all the discussion, running through it like a thread, one thing stands out. That thing is that if Coach Fetzer can turn out an entire team of the same calibre as the captain, there will be no need to worry—for championship honors will be bound to come. In short, almost unlimited confidence and hope has been expressed in C. M. Llewellyn, captain of Carolina's varsity nine for this season.

Star pitcher on last year's varsity, steady player for a number of years, successful in his work as a senior in the law school, Captain Llewellyn, who hails from Dobson, N. C., bids fair to captain the best team Carolina has had in years. True sportsman, hard worker, always putting the welfare of the team above that of any particular individual, Captain Llewellyn represents the best in Carolina traditions. The team is confident—it is proud to have his leadership.

Carolina is branching out this year in the baseball world. More and better colleges will be played—it is up to Captain Llewellyn and his team to make the name Carolina feared and respected.

IMPRESSIONS

Bits Gathered From Here and There About People and Things in General

By C. J. PARKER, Jr.

THE GIRL ON THE CORNER

A girl stood upon the corner. She was waiting for a tram. It was evident that the tram had been delayed for she had waited there a long time. She was alone, and—though there was nothing unusual about the situation, there was about the girl.

She was young; certainly not over eighteen, and she was not beautiful—that is, not conventionally so. She wore a delicate pink creation which might have been called a frock. It was an extremely daring frock, and entirely in accordance with the chic Parisian hat which served most inadequately as captor for her insurgent auburn hair, which she wore most entrancingly—bobbed. Obviously also, it was treated with henna, but that has no bearing upon the situation.

Her features were not at all regular. They might have becn called Bohemian,—certainly irresistible. She had blue eyes—not that blue eyes are uncommon, but she had unusual blue eyes that were large and beautiful. Her mouth was suggestive of a well remembered kiss. She was heavily rouged.

The gaudy title of a musical score which protruded carelessly from under her disclosed that she was a chorus girl at a Broad Street theatre.

She was growing impatient, and demurely shifted her weight from one foot to the other. Her car hove into sight, and she stepped from the curb, through the traffic, into the safety zone. A light breeze swept down the intersecting street, and one of its soft, swirling eddies caught and raised slightly the pink frock. Startling, most unusual of all—she was wearing socks!

THE BLOCK PARTY

Rhapsody, expressed and implied:—The gayest street of old Florence, the air insouciant of genuine Bohemia, the varigation of gypsy taste, and joy, unconfined—the component parts of this old world fantasy set against the staid background of an American city.

Long flickering rows of Japanese lanterns bind the festive area. Multi-colored booths manned by heavily made up women and girls dealing in various wares from kisses, surreptiously delivered at two for a quarter, to embroidered hosiery, at who knows what!

The band, the band, for surely there was never another like it, with its tarnished pieces and motley uniforms occupies a position midway between the flower booth and the wheel of chance. Irregularly, usually inopportunely, it strikes up with the late popular airs.

Irresistible strains of the fox-trot penetrate above the din. Couples spring into evidence everywhere; the asphalt becomes a shimmering scene of concerted motion. Stranger clasps stranger and swings familiarly into the rhythm.

A bank messenger shimmies naughtily with the girl from the delicatessen across the street. A Catholic Father wends his way from group to group, beaming benignly upon his children. A youth shouts aloud in his ecstacy, and from a nook arises an infant's penetrating cry.

All the dialects of Babel arise into a general hum. Everywhere the dazzling mass of color, ancient carnival removed to modern setting—the block party, slum fête of the American metropolis.

FROM WOOLWORTH TOWER

Up fifty-five stories, and out into a cramped rotunda, then up five more, in that queer octagon shaped clevator operating in a circular shaft, and then, as you step out upon the diminutive observation platfor, you are literally atop New York—eight hundred feet above the street.

A battle with the ceaseless winds of the Atlantic, and you gain the outer rail. There stupifying in its initial grandeur is to be seen that most wonderful of man-made panorama, lying unfurled like a giant map, hovering beneath and disappearing into the light haze of early evening.

Instinctively you realize the greatness of it all—feel your own absolute lack of comprehension of this strech of greatness, which heretofore had existed only in the realm of imagination. A chill of awe creeps over you—a spirit of reverence inspired by the mighty monument, that silent attestation to the toil of millions, who by the sweat of brawn and brow had wrought this mightiest of the miracles.

You lose yourself in the grip of sentiment. High places can easily inspire either sentiment or awe. An old woman next to you at the rail contemplates with a sweet smile the church grounds and cathedral below. A Parisian beside you makes comparisons with Eiffel. A provincial wearing his last winter derby with a newly purchased palm beach suit hangs open mouthed over the ledge. Someone notices him and snickers audibly, but he is oblivious to fact. He turns about and with an expression of infinite wisdom announces to the company:

"Goshamighty—if the darn thing might fall?"

DINING AT THE AUTOMAT

The assembly room of a Swiss guild. Din and rack of a Coney Island pavilion. Hurry and crush of the subway entrance at five. Exactitude and precision: the nickel eating marts of Manhattan.

Change as you enter—five nickels for a quarter from the girl who never looks up to see who you are but you needn't count the nickels—they're all there, never fear.

Pie for a nickel, cake and foreign pastries for a dime. You are starting wrong—desserts should never come first The other end: alcoves of breads for a nickel, of beek pie for three nickels, chicken for five, and soup for two.

Drop in the nickels and turn the knob. It'll work, but don't try any lead money, lest you incur the anger of the keen-eyed young man in the white coat. A meal for six nickels, and desert for three, less if circumstance dictate. Hurry. "No smoking except in the men's room."

Coffee, chocolate, or milk for one nickel out of the faucets that lear at you in the shape of dragon's heads. You finish your meal—never mind the conversation with the person who eats beside you—he's probably even busier than you.

Grab your coat and out again, happily fed—in less time than the plutocrat, who makes your clerk life a grind, can pass the cordon of check boys, and receive the obeissance of the head waiter at the Spitz who will later rob him of half the amount of your next month's salary.

North Carolina's Furniture Industry

By B. HUME BARDIN

Along with the tobacco and cotton industries in this state, the furniture industry deserves to be mentioned. Although furniture has been manufactured in High Point, the furniture metropolis of the south, for only a short time, yet it is already pushing Grand Rapids, Michigan, for honors as the largest furniture production center.

I acknowledge credit to J. T. Ryan, J. J. Farris, and F. J. Sizemore, all of High Point.—THE WRITER

IN the Piedmont section of our state is a small city of approximately fifteen thousand inhabitants, which, within the past three decades, has earned the unique distinction of being the second largest producer of furniture of any city in North America. High Point, with sixty-five furniture and wood-working plants having an invested capital of approximately three million dollars and producing an annual output having a value of about seven and one-half million dollars, has risen, within the past thirty years, from the position of a small comparatively little known and obscure village to one of paramount importance in the furniture-producing world.

This city has almost equalled in the enormity of its product the output of its greatest competitor, Grand Rapids, Michigan, which once was far in advance of other cities in this respect, and which began the production of furniture on a large scale long before the industrial geniuses of this state had awakened to a realization of the wonderful possibilities for the manufacture of furniture in the center of the greatest hardwood lumber section of the entire south.

Beginning with a single factory building, erected in 1892, the furniture industry in High Point has grown into an immense business, mainly, because of the confidence of the buying public in its products, the organizing, technical and merchandizing abilities of its captains, the unremitting industry of its soldiers, and the very spirit ever present in the industry itself. It's growth and progress has not been the result of any speculative and wildcat schemes. There has been nothing spasmodic about it. A safe and sane organization, fair and efficient merchandizing, widespread coöperation between employers and employees, and a steady growth from year to year, has been the watchword of the entire industry, from its obscure beginnings to its present status. And this spirit has been inculcated into the minds of the young men who have entered the business and have successfully taken part in its growth and progress. Many of the wealthiest and most prominent furniture manufacturers were born in the community, and the spirit of their surroundings has greatly influenced the course of their lives and the morale of their organizations.

The modest savings of three young men, amounting to not more than ten thousand dollars, furnished the first investment in a North Carolina industry which was destined to become in the course of a few decades, one of the most important in the country. Their belief in the possibilities of furniture production in this state was not for aught, for their business was successful from the very beginning. Within the space of a few months a doubtful concern had grown into a strong and stable enterprise, with the result that one partner withdrew in the year 1895 and erected a second factory. The success of these men became an incentive for the construction of more plants, and by the end of the decade High Point was awake to the realization that its market was fast becoming the most important furniture center in the south.

Production for some time was limited to cheap and medium priced bed-room suite products, but there arose a great demand for other types of furniture, and to meet this new demand other plants were built. The first diversification in the industry arose in the manufacture of chairs. Soon this branch of furniture manufacturing became one of the most extensive and important in the industry. At the present time chairs of multifarious grades are made in many factories devoted exclusively to that particular type of production. Plants for the production of other lines of furniture sprung up in rapid sucession, until now the industry includes the manufacture of furniture of all kinds and description from the cheapest split-bottomed chair to the most expensive mahogany suite. Among the various products are included desks, safes, tables, caskets, mantles, beds, rolls and panels, hall racks, benches, parlor suites, dining-room sets, side-boards, veneering, plate glass, buggies, excelsior, iron beds, cots, organs, pianos, and even street cars.

This diversification, which has been carried to such an extent, has been chiefly instrumental in attracting buyers to the High Point market for there they will have little difficulty in finding the kind and style of furniture they desire. The city has oftentimes been humorously referred to as one in which furniture manufacture is so diversified that it will meet the demands of a person from the time of his birth to the day of his death. The baby's cradle and high chair, the little boy's wagon, the business man's desk and the casket for the deceased are made within the same walls.

There has been a gradual increase in the output of the High Point factories and a gradual improvement in the grades and quality of furniture from year to year. The manufacturers have been chiefly interested in the expansion of their business and in the improvement of their product. But they have also been vitally interested in the welfare of the three thousand workmen who are employed in their plants.

The reputation which High Point has acquired as a great furniture market and the fact that it attracts

PLANT OF THE CONTINENTAL FURNITURE CO.

buyers from all over the world, has necessitated the erection of two large general exhibition buildings in which to display its products, in addition to the individual show rooms at many of the factories. But these are not the only facilities for selling the products, for the factories send out hundreds of travelling representatives, whose combined territory embraces every state in the union.

Through the activities and splendid coöperation of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, the Southern Furniture Exposition building, a magnificent structure completed in 1918 at a cost of one million two hundred thousand dollars, was erected in High Point. This building covers more floor space than any building in this state and is reputed to be the largest building of this character in the United States. It contains two hundred and twenty-eight thousand square feet of exhibiting space on ten floors. It is located in the heart of the city's business district, thereby rendering it easily accessible and convenient to buyers and visitors. Retailers, jobbers, and manufacturers of furniture throughout the south point with great pride at this mammoth building, which, containing over six acres of floor space, has provided the southern furniture industry with the largest showhouse for the exclusive exhibition of furniture in the world.

In this exposition building four markets are held each year,—at which southern manufacturers of furniture exhibit their products to buyers who attend the markets from all over the United States and from many foreign countries. Over one hundred and fifty lines of furniture are displayed in the building. It is also open to buyers the year around, and manufacturers utilize its facilities for selling their products between the markets. High Point's first furniture show of the new year was held from January sixteenth through the twenty-eighth. The number of buyers in attendance on the morning of the first day amounted to forty-six, representing firms scattered anywhere between Massachusetts and Lousiana. When the market came to a close on January the twenty-eighth every one connected with it reported sales had been very satisfactory with an expectation for bigger business in the future.

The southern states produce about one-fourth of the wooden household furniture made in the United States. The most important plants are located in North Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee and Virginia, with this state, of course, leading in the number of factories and in production. Since this section of the country manufactures over three times what could be consumed in the southern states, the greater part of its products is marketed elsewhere. Buyers from every state in the union hold these products in great demand. The foreign trade, excepting that with buyers from Mexico, Canada and Cuba, amounts to less than one per cent of the total furniture sales. While sales in

FRED N. TATE
LEADING MANUFACTURER

the three countries named are fairly large. With an annual output of approximately the value of seven and one-half million dollars High Point can be truly termed "the furniture city of the south," for it is the hub and heart of the southern furniture industry,—where multifarious lines of furniture are manufactured, and where the Southern Furniture Exposition building, the largest furniture showhouse in the world, is located. It is here also that the *Southern Furniture Journal*, one of the most influential magazines of its kind in America, is published. This journal is devoted to the cause of furthering the interests of and aiding in the progress of the southern furniture industry, of which it is such a strong exponent.

When the furniture industry in High Point was in its infancy sufficient lumber for production purposes could be secured in that immediate section, for the city itself is right in the center of the greatest hardwood lumber section of the entire south, but with the growth of the industry and the great increase in business and a corresponding decrease in the supply of lumber in that section, it has become necessary to tap other and more copious supplies of raw materials out of which the many different kinds of furniture could be produced each day. So the industry has since drawn from all over the entire southern territory for its lumber. The greater part of the hardwood lumber is now secured from South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, in addition to our own supply of hardwood in this state.

One notable and outstanding characteristic of the furniture industry in High Point which a student or observer of social conditions will readily notice, is the splendid morale and spirit of coöperation which is evident in each plant. Labor trouble of any kind has been practically a remote thing. There have always been very few controversies between the manufacturers and their employees, and where controversies have crept out the differences have been easily and amicably settled. In fact labor and capital display an exceedingly altruistic feeling toward each other, and especially are their relations pleasant and satisfactory at the present time. An illustration of the splendid relations now existing between the employees and their employers can be had in the result of a campaign which the High Point Chamber of Commerce recently closed, and in which a number of the latter have agreed to build two hundred and fifty-six homes for their workmen. These homes will be constructed on lots selected by the employees, and each home will be built according to the employee's own plan. This will really be an effort on the part of the employers to aid their workmen in buying and owning their own homes.

A large proportion of the employees in the factories are native, and many of those who occupy the highest positions in the plants started in as apprentices in factories in the same community, were trained in these factories and, through unceasing application to their work and just consideration from those men higher up, were elevated to their present positions. Many officers of the plants have been employed in the furniture industry at High Point for years, while not a few of the factory owners, themselves, began as apprentices in their own or neighboring plants. Thus the chance for misunderstandings that arise from a lack of intimate knowledge of the spirit of the workmen, and their environment, has been reduced to a minimum, and this chiefly accounts for the fact that the plants have less labor trouble than any other industry its size and importance in the United States.

The furniture industry is of such a nature that both male and female labor is required, and this fact, together with the great number of plants, makes it possible for a profitable adjustment to the average working family to be had, if desired. Thus man and wife can work in the same plant,—with all the advantages which that brings to a working family. As a rule labor receives just compensation for its services, and the factory environment is made as pleasant as possible in most of the plants. In fact there are many advantages enjoyed by the working men of High Point that labor elsewhere does not enjoy. Many of them own their own homes, while they have been encouraged to do so through local building and loan associations and through the aid of the employers themselves—as aforementioned. The building and loan associations require monthly payments of such small amounts, that to buy a home costs very little more than a house would rent for. By these monthly payments to a building and loan association a home can be bought in the course of about eighty-two months, so that at the end of every seven years many workmen find themselves possessed of a home. Probably a larger percentage of working men in High Point own their homes than in any community in the south. This has been brought about chiefly through the mutual coöperation of employer and employee, and because the business men of that community have come to understand the needs of the laborer and the things which will lead to his social betterment, and—to the welfare of the community.

There was a time, and only a few years ago, when High Point shipped great quantities of furniture to Grand Rapids, to Chicago and other markets on the orders of jobbers and manufacturers of Grand Rapids. High Point lost the credit and much of the profit arising from these orders, simply because the goods shipped were sold under the brand of Michigan factories, and these factories received the credit for the quality of furniture which was manufactured in North Carolina. But now there is an entirely different story to unfold. The furniture makers of High Point, recognizing the losses they had sustained by not branding their products, have adopted trademarks, advertised them, and have made known to furniture buyers the quality of their goods under those trademarks. And a trade leadership which has come to these manufacturers because of their adoption of popular and recognizable brands for their products, which brands have been endorsed by consumers throughout the country, and because of their institution of an effective sales program, including constant and aggressive advertising, has caused the profits accruing to High Point producers to run up into the millions annually, whereas before, the lack of trade-marks sent a great portion of these profits into the tills of far-sighted merchants elsewhere.

In praising the progress made by the High Point furniture industry from its small beginnings in 1892 to its present condition too much credit for this can not be attributed to the banks of that community, for it was the helpful attitude and spirit of these banks in loaning capital to the struggling young furniture in-

dustries throughout the years of their growth which placed them on the plane they occupy in the industrial world today,—a source of untold pride to their state, the south and to the nation.

Furniture, at the present time, seems to be in very great demand as all the factories in High Point are busy. Expressions of confidence heard on every hand are indicative of a belief that the industry will go forward and that 1922 will prove a prosperous year for the High Point producers, although they are aware that there will be intensive competition from other cities. Furniture exporters of New York City, anticipating a general renewal of foreign orders in the near future, have sought connections with High Point manufacturers because they have recognized the superior qualities of southern-made furniture and because they know that the enormous output of the High Point factories will enable them to place large-size orders with foreign buyers.

As we gaze back upon the not far distant past when High Point furniture makers were struggling for recognition in the industrial world, and then turn to the position the industry occupies today, and see the brilliant prospects for its continued growth and success in the future, we can not help but congratulate the men whose confidence, foresight, organizing, technical and merchandizing efficiency, coöperative attitude toward their employees, aggressiveness and fair trading, have helped High Point, a North Carolina city, to become "The Wonder Industrial City of the South."

Presenting J. J. Parker, Intellectual Premier of the Class of 1907

By EARL HARTSELL

AND it came to pass in the third year of the reign of Francis, son of Venable, that we came into Chapel Hill and there took up our abode. And at first we were sore, perplexed in body and in spirit, for the land was unknown to us, and a tribe of the inhabitants thereof, which is called Sophomore, did deal hardily with us—but as yet we had no leader. So when the time drew nigh for a leader to be chosen, messengers were sent into all parts of the land to warn the people to choose a leader. And we came together in the stillness of the night and placed in our midst one Parker, and he became king and ruled over us for one year."

It was in such epic-like phrases that the first appearance of the class of 1907 and of its acknowledged leader, John Johnstone Parker, was chronicled by the class historian in its junior year. In the *Yackety-Yack* of the proceeding year is found a vivid description of the same event from the pen of the sophomore historian.

"Then there came to us, as it were, a voice out of the darkness saying, 'Choose ye a leader!' And then we were sorely disturbed both in heart and mind. But out of the darkness there came to us another voice and this time 'twas Parker saying, 'Follow thou me!' And we followed him; yea from that day to this have we followed him."

If that last clause could be written without exaggeration at the end of "J. J. 's" second year at Carolina it might have been even more appropriately repeated on the day of his graduation, for this early assumption of intellectual dictatorship was neither renounced nor shared with another throughout the whole of Parker's college career. It was a one-man dictatorship, undisputed and unchallenged.

But let's get back to the beginning of things, which was, so far as J. J. Parker is concerned, November 20, 1885, the date of his birth in the little town of Monroe, N. C. Before entering college at the age of 18, he had graduated from his local high school and had clerked in a store for a year and a half. He had saved from his salary something over three hundred dollars when he came to Carolina. With this start he

J. J. PARKER

worked his way through college and graduated practically out of debt. He secured the agency for a New York tailoring firm, worked it with the same determination with which he went into everything, and few Carolina men there were in those four years who did not order at least one suit of clothes from "J. J. 's International."

In his freshman year, "J. J." roomed in that mecca of freshmen, Smith Building. It did not take the infant class of 1907 long to discover that there was in their midst at least one man of more than ordinary intellectual ability. Non-athletic freshmen are not, as a general thing, favorites in the betting on class elections, but "J. J." upset the dope, and, as already related, became president of the class. He joined the Di Society and quickly brought himself into prominence as a debater. He won the freshman inter-society debate, his colleague being V. L. Stephenson, who

entered the journalistic field after graduation, and is now with the New York *Evening Post.*

At the beginning of his sophomore year, "J. J." left Smith and went to the more aristocratic surroundings of Old East, where he roomed during the remainder of his college career.

Fifteen years ago more interest was taken in intercollegiate debating contests than at present. There was keener competition for places on the team and more thorough preparation on the part of the men who made the "varsity." This preparation often took the form of public contests in Gerrard Hall against the second best or "scrub" team. In his sophomore year, Parker made the scrub team and won the "scrub" debater's prize. But it was not in debating alone that this serious-minded young "individualist" from Union county distinguished himself. To his forensic laurels he added, during his second year, the Eben Alexander prize in Greek, a place on the *Tar Heel* board, and served as secretary of the Debaters' Union.

If "J. J." had rested at the end of his soph year, his list of achievements would have surpassed that of the average senior. But "J. J." is not of the resting kind. In his junior year, he went out for the Georgia debate, made the varsity this time, and won a unanimous decision over the opposing team. His colleague in this debate was likewise a native of Monroe, W. B. Love by name. During the same year Parker won the W. J. Bryan prize in economics and the presidency of Phi Beta Kappa.

It is unusual that the same man becomes president of his class during two out of its four years of academic history. But it was an unusual man with whom the class of 1907 had to deal, and "J. J." was again elected president for the senior year. Ex-officio, he was president of the University Council, a body corresponding to the present Student Council. In that year the first of the series of debates with Virginia was held. Parker and his colleague, E. S. W. Dameron, met the Virginians on the historic rostrum of Gerrard Hall and administered to them there a defeat which Prof. Horace Williams characterizes as "the most complete licking I have ever seen a debating team receive." At commencement he received the degree of bachelor of arts and crowned his long list of college honors by winning the Mangum Medal for oratory.

"J. J." had begun the study of law in his junior year. After graduation he obtained a fellowship in Greek; and, returning to the University the following year, he taught Greek and at the same time completed his law course with such credit as to receive at commencement the much coveted LL.B. and the Henry R. Bryan law prize to boot. During this final year at Carolina, in addition to his heavy academic work, he served as president of the Athletic Association, in those days practically the same thing as being president of the student body.

And thus ended the remarkable university career of a remarkble university man. "J. J.'s" contribution to campus life was purely intellectual. Upon the basis of sheer mental superiority he assumed the leadership of his class in its freshman year and retained it until the day of graduation.

While recognized as by far the ablest figure in student affairs on the campus during his college career, "J. J." was not by any means the most popular. He did not seek popularity, and his list of intimate associates would perhaps have been a great deal shorter than the half-column of statistics below his name in the *Yackety-Yack.* But if he chose to be something of a Samuel Johnson in his dealing with lesser intellects, he did not escape Boswell, a class-mate, who attached himself to his steps and followed him like his own shadow.

A great deal of "J. J. 's" aloofness may be attributed to his boasted "individualism." This does not mean that his viewpoint was selfish or egoistic, but that his philosophy of life placed a premium on individual, rather than upon group, achievements. While always a powerful supporter of all constructive student activities, he never became a member of any fraternity or secret organization. As an appropriate Shakesperean quotation with which to couple his name in the humorous section of the *Yackety-Yack,* the editors chose this one: "Stiff in his opinions, and always in the wrong." It is not likely that "J. J." would care to deny the first part of this charge. Stiff in his opinions, he surely was, and whether always or even generally in the wrong or not, he carried about with him, what, in modern campus parlance would be called, "a heavy line," which usually succeeded in either winning over or crushing to earth all opposition to his ideas.

There is a faculty member on the Hill who recalls a memorable occasion when "J. J." received his first mark lower than a "1." It was a "3," the gift of a well-known teacher of philosophy. "That '3' nearly killed him," continued the aforesaid faculty member, "I can hear him cussing right now, down there in Number Thirteen, Old East, where he used to room. He exhausted his vocabulary—and it was a rich one—in a supreme effort to express his opinion in adequate terms of the man who would dare to give him such a grade."

Since leaving college, Mr. Parker has practiced law almost continuously. His first year's work was in the office of David Stern of Greensboro. Since then, he has been located in his native town of Monroe. Perhaps no lawyer in the state of the same age has handled such a large volume of business as J. J. Parker. In the meantime, he has had the leisure to embark upon several political ventures, which so far have not been crowned with material success, because he entered the lists as the champion of the minority party in the state.

Parker's affiliation with the Republican party is only another evidence of his determination to follow his own convictions at any cost. He came of a Democratic family and was reared in a town and county where the majority of people vote the straight Democratic ticket almost as a religious duty. But staunch individualist that he is, he was unwilling to tie himself up with a party because it had become a family and community habit to do so. In making his decision, he must have known also that he was renouncing the hope of speedy political advancement, such as he might have had in the opposite party. Most people who know the man are emphatic in their assertion that if he had been a Democrat, he would have been in the governor's chair today. As it is, he makes the claim

of having put North Carolina in the "doubtful" column, henceforth and, being still a young man of only 36, there is a possibility if not a very strong probability, of his some day attaining the office.

But this sketch is not so much concerned with the probability or improbability of North Carolina's having a Republican governor in the near future. What we take pride in relating is the splendid academic record, and the remarkable intellectual achievements of such an able alumnus. Since leaving Carolina, Mr. Parker has in many ways demonstrated his loyalty to his Alma Mater, and last spring became a member of the board of trustees of the University.

Collegiate fame is a transient, fleeting thing. The Dan Grants and Tyre Taylors of yester-year, even while they remain in our midst, sink slowly but inevitably into oblivion, so far as student activities are concerned, to give place to the G. B. Porters and J. W. Daniels of the immediate present. "So let it be with Parker." Yet surely such a tremendous college career will not perish with the pages of the annual upon which its record is inscribed. Surely the *Yackety-Yack* biographer was right in applying this couplet to the president of the class of 1907:

"Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
Which will not perish in the dust."

The "Co-op" Revolution

Cooperative marketing of cotton and tobacco has become a reality in the Carolinas and Virginia. Read about the system here

By E. G. MEWBORNE

"THIS city was built by the aid of the farmer," declared the speaker in concluding his speech on coöperative marketing of farm crops. "Its banks are engaged in financing the farm crops of the county. Its churches, schools, warehouses, grocery department, and supply stores, and even the doctors and lawyers are dependent on the welfare of the agricultural class. Coöperative marketing of your cotton and tobacco offers a way by which the farmer may recover from the great post-war slump. It will be a mutual aid to the farmer and the townsman."

On this occasion, during the winter, many farmers of an eastern North Carolina county had assembled in the county courthouse to hear the speaker on coöperative marketing of tobacco and cotton. The poor and the rich man, the tenant and the land holder sat side by side listening to one who described an organization which embraced the interestes and welfare of both.

Soon the meeting had adjourned and the audience had gathered into small groups discussing the merits and proposed demerits of the subject.

"Will it work? Will the contract of the association be binding?" a tenant farmer, dressed in plain working clothes, inquired. "I've been fooled too many times already by farmers' organizations. Many a time it was some dreamer's pet plan."

"Work! Why, if a law is binding, the contract of this association must be binding. It's a legal contract. The association is to be a corporation like the rich Standard Oil Company and the Bessemer Steel Company," answered one who seemed to be well informed on the coöperative marketing plan.

"I don't want to have anything to do with a corporation," one man objected, "the head of it will get all the profits and then the farmer will be laughed at by everybody."

"Instead, it is a non-profiting organization," explained a farmer who began to describe and tell why he signed the Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association agreement and contract.

"My life has been a gamble. Each fall I would sell

my tobacco to the speculators and take what they were willing to give me for it. Once I made first payment on a small farm and started to build a home. Tobacco prices fell and as a result, both were lost. Thus far, the middleman, the speculator or 'pinhooker' has gotten the profits."

THE TOBACCO MARKETING CONTRACT

"One day I received a copy of the tobacco growers' contract. It provided for a Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association handling only tobacco grown by or for members of the association. That is, no one, whether grower, speculator, 'pinhooker' or warehouseman, not a member, is to be allowed to sell a single pound through the organization.

"The Carolinas and Virginia are to be divided into twenty-two districts. The members in each county, in a district, are to elect a delegate, for every million or majority fraction of a million pounds grown by members of the association. The delegates, who must all be members of the association, choose a director, who must also be a member of the association. When these are chosen the governors of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Virginia then appoint one director each. This makes a total of twenty-five directors."

"This sounds well," someone objected, "but how much does it cost to become a member and besides, how is the corporation to be financed? Where is its capital stock?"

"Each member," it was explained, "upon becoming a member of the association pays an entrance fee of three dollars, which is to cover the cost of the organization's getting on its feet. Through the request of 100 members in any community, a warehouse or other corporation used in curing, drying, processing or storing tobacco may be leased, purchased or constructed. In this way, the tobacco may be kept until the association receives bids for the tobacco from the great companies, both national and foreign.

"Instead of thousands of farmers selling their tobacco individually to a group of more or less organized buyers, one seller sells it to a group of buyers. In this way a better price is secured for the weed."

"Where am I to carry my tobacco next fall and how is it to be marketed?" inquired a signer of the contract.

"You know that in the present system, tobacco is sold at auction to any speculator or company who offers the highest price on the floor for it. Many times the speculators agree among themselves which grade each will buy and consequently competition is shrewdly eliminated. On the contrary, when tobacco is sold under this new system, a plan of 'pooling' the grades is to be observed. I am to grade my tobacco as usual and carry it to the coöperative warehouse in the community, where it will be spread over the floor in piles. Each grade is placed into a 'pool.' For example A-1 tobacco will go into 'pool' A-1 and so on. There will be over sixty 'pools'."

"You mention 'pooling' but you do not tell who will be the one who will do this," interrupted a farmer.

"Experts, hired by the association, are to grade this tobacco, impartially. At the same time a school of graders will be held where the 'pools' are taught to the men. In this way a grader in a district in Virginia will place the same grade and quality of tobacco in the same 'pool' as another grader in North or South Carolina. Hired brains are to 'pool' our tobacco."

"The grower is directed by the Association when and where to market his tobacco and how much he is to market each time. Within twenty-four hours after the 'pooling' of the tobacco, the grower receives a check for sixty per cent of the estimated value. If a supply merchant has a claim on the tobacco or if it is mortgaged, the mortgage or claim is paid first. When the tobacco of like type, quality and grade is sold by the association, the net amount less cost of operation and overhead, will be paid to the growers. Absolutely no profit is made by the corporation."

"The contract requires, that in order for its signers to incorporate, fifty per cent of the tobacco raised in the Carolinas and Virginia, must be signed up by the first of January, 1922. Already, on the last day of December over sixty per cent has been signed up. Thus in January, 1922, the Coöperative Marketing Association becomes incorporated under the state laws."

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF SIMILAR COÖPERATIVES

"In view of the great success of the Burley Tobacco Coöperative Association, now functioning in Kentucky, the bright leaf association cannot fail. Aaron Sapiro, of California, organizer and counsel for forty-eight coöperatives, tells the story of the Kentucky organization. Out of 130 warehouses in Kentucky, 109 have been purchased on a five-year basis and only three of the remaining twenty-one have undertaken to open their doors upon the old basis. Nearly all of last year's Kentucky crop is in the hands of the 'coöp' which is gradually selling it to the big companies."

"'Coöps' organized in California within the last decade have sold everything from prunes and raisins to eggs and oranges. Nearly all have been successful and have paid their members much more than they had received under the old plan of "dumping" produce on the market and thus lowering the price. Previous to the advent of such organizations in the Golden State, the percentage of ignorance and poverty was very high. Today there is no excuse for anyone's not getting a high school education. California and her products have been advertised to the world.

THE ENEMIES OF COÖPERATION

"Throughout tobacco land the association has one great enemy, the speculator. The association means the death of the speculator and he knows it. He does his best to undermine the association by spreading false rumors among the members. He is shrewd, and posing as a friend of the farmer, tells the farmer that he is treading on dangerous ground.

"Already many warehousemen in the tobacco district have agreed to sell or lease their houses to the coöperatives. Such men will benefit from this action, yet in strongholds of the old system such as Kinston and Wilson, two of the largest markets for bright leaf tobacco in the world, some warehousemen have advertised the fact that they intend to open their houses next year in opposition to the association. These will be placed on the 'black list' and in the course of time they will be 'frozen out.'

THE FRUITS OF COÖPERATION

"The 'coöp' revolution hinges on the fact that the speculator and middleman's profit goes into the hands of the farmer.

"Many and valuable advantages will come to the agricultural class under the new system. Farm tenancy will be gradually abolished so that the man who has the initiative can buy and own a farm himself. Instead of North Carolina having a high percentage of illiteracy, every person will get at least a high school education. Prosperity, education, and culture will go together in Carolina.

"Soon the farmer will become self-reliant and will not have to depend on the present plan of having to be furnished with fertilizer, tools and money by supply merchants who at the end of the year collect ten per cent on the money invested. He will start a bank account in many cases, and eventually his home will be furnished with many modern conveniences, such as waterworks and lighting systems. The North Carolina farmer has had a tough struggle in the last few years and he deserves all that is coming to him.

"Not only does the individual profit by the organization but the whole bright leaf section will profit from it. Cigarettes smoked in every country in the world come from the Carolinas and Virginia. Millions of pounds of tobacco raised in this section will be advertised by the associaion in full page advertisements in national magazines and periodicals."

"Then," someone said, as the group left the courthouse, "North Carolina will no longer be called the 'Rip Van Winkle of the South.'"

Campus Politics

By GEORGE W. McCOY

Now that the small matter of state politics has been settled to the great satisfaction of all parties concerned, it seems to be time to take up the problem of campus politics. Mr. McCoy does here for campus politics practically the same thing Mr. Coley did for state politics.

BY the time this article is published, the campus will be seething with politicians trying to line up their respective candidates for the positions of honor among the student body. Not long ago there appeared in the MAGAZINE an article on state politics, which stated in most emphatic terms who the next governor of North Carolina will be. O. Max Gardner, of Shelby, was chosen for the honor, and so, since the most important question of state politics for the next two or three years has already been settled, the students here will gradually lose interest in state political matters. This being so, it leaves the politics of the campus an open field in regard to student interest and, so I attempt, but with some trepidation, to express a few ideas on campus politics.

I shall, however, in no wise attempt to predict who shall be the next president of the student body, or who shall head the publications, or the literary societies, or who shall be the student managers of athletics, or who shall be elected to any office, whatsoever. What I want to discuss is: politicians, political rings, and candidates, and to give a kind of questionnaire, as I see it, by which a student may be guided in his selection of the men he considers the best ones for the various and sundry offices to be filled.

POLITICIANS

To me the politician is an interesting person. He may be a "hale fellow, well met," or a silent "man behind the throne," the ring leader. The busy talker, the slap-you-on-the-shoulder type of politician, is the man who gets the votes. He will canvass your dormitory more than likely and solicit your vote. He is a fellow of a jovial disposition, and will do anything for his friends, being rather unselfish, but he may do some harm in talking about those to whom he is opposed. Of course it depends on the man, for there are all types of men among them. You will find him at the ballot box when you go to vote, and if you haven't already been seen by him you may look to having a few words with him before casting your ballot. The thing to do, of course, is to listen to what he has to say *pro* and *con*, but before voting be sure and get the other fellow's side of the question if you don't know the candidate in question. After hearing both sides, vote your conviction. To me, that's the only right way.

It is a sad commentary on campus politics, which should be clean and fine at an institution like this, that personal and private matters and disputes are sometimes brought in and often a man's character is besmirched by rumors that have no foundation in fact.

The men behind the busy talkers are the real leaders, the leaders of the ring, the Will H. Hays, the Cordell Hulls, of the organization. They furnish the directing part of the organization, manage all its operations, choose whom it will support as candidates, and in general, line up their forces and manage their organization in such a manner that their men often are elected as if by a spontaneous landslide, if I may use the expression. These men are the ones most to be feared, but you don't know who they are, or at least most of us don't, for they keep their identity pretty well hidden, choosing to remain behind the scenes and operate in secret. Last spring the identity of the ring leaders was pretty well known, but when questioned by those outside the ring, they invariably denied their participation in any ring tactics, whatsoever. They denied the existence of any such thing as a ring, although to one who knows anything at all about the inner-workings of campus life, there are rings and plenty of them, perhaps too many.

The ring has some good qualities and some bad. It teaches organization and team work, but it may be rather ruthless in some of its operations. It is likely to choose a good man, perhaps the best, and again, perhaps not. It may back and get elected a man of some popularity, but with little ability. The ring, of course, does its own choosing and picks out its favorites. The greatest charge that can be made against the ring, as I see it, is that it is a very undemocratic organization. An analogy may be drawn, comparing it with the political parties out in real life, but then the political parties themselves are not so democratic, thinking of them from the viewpoint that all people haven't an equal chance for the attainment of office, except through the sacrifice of some of their convictions, and such a requirement is to me not democratic. The ring here on the campus operates in such a manner, sometimes. A man may be compelled to support another against his own convictions, in exchange for like support, if he aspires to attain some office. There are innumerable ways in which men may harm themselves and others through the operations of the ring, but not necessarily so. If the ring operates on a clean, sound basis, and chooses the man whom it really thinks is the right man for the place and then works for him in a clean and decent manner, the ring will do little harm, but may on the other hand do good, and give the participants or members some good democratic practice in mingling with the students. It will also give them experience in poitical organization that may be invaluable in later life, and last, it may give some pleasure to those who delight in talking politics.

CANDIDATES

The most important consideration that the student has to make in casting his ballot is the qualification of the candidates for the various offices. Most every man, good or bad, aspires to be a college leader. Perhaps it is in athletics, perhaps in scholarship, but most likely he wants to be that kind of college leader who is so well thought of by his friends that they choose to elect him to fill an important position of trust in campus life, such as the society presidents, class offices, editorships, managerships, and the like. Now, although, most every man aspires to fill some one of these offices it is a foregone conclusion that all are not capable of doing so and also most of them cannot do so for there are not enough offices to go around in a student body of about seventeen hundred. In view of these considerations and of the fact that these offices are very important to the well being of the campus, for in the men elected the life of the campus will be forwarded or retarded, I have attempted to prepare a questionnaire for the consideration of candidates before they attempt to run for office. The questionaire is as follows.

Do you, Mister Aspirant to Office, believe that you have the following qualifications:

First: Have you character?

Second: Have you energy?

Third: Have you ability?

Fourth: Have you done anything to deserve the office? Have you worked hard for the job, in a fair manner, since you have been in college in an effort to deserve the honor, or have you started only recently to work in an effort to catch up, in an effort to overtake the other fellow who has worked faithfully during his college career to deserve and attain the office?

(NOTE: Some offices cannot be considered in the light of the above question, but I here refer principally to work in the society halls, the Y. M. C. A., the publications boards, the athletic managerships, and others of a like nature.)

Fifth: Have you been of a democratic nature during all of your college life, or have you been a snob, and have only recently changed, and then only for the purpose of politics.

Sixth: Do you go into a campaign for office with hands soiled with promises of support in return for similar support from fellows that you don't believe deserve your support?

Seventh: After you get the job or office, if you get it, will you work hard, putting your best into it so that the campus and the University will grow in ideals, strength and freedom?

There may be more questions that might be asked but if a candidate or aspirant can answer all the seven in the right manner then he can, with a clear conscience, seek the office he desires.

TO THE VOTERS

Students in voting in elections on this campus have as much responsibility as citizens of a state have in voting to get the best man for governor. It is highly important for voters to feel their sense of responsibility and their duty to vote in elections. The student in his capacity as a citizen of this self-governing campus should consider thoroughly the qualifications of the respective candidates, *pro* and *con*, and then vote his convictions and not be persuaded to swerve from the path of his convictions by the persuasive eloquence of campus politicians. Dr. J. G. deR. Hamilton, of the history department, says that the ideal thing in politics is for everybody to be a politician, in the sense that he takes an interest in the welfare of the community, state and nation; and this, it seems to me is a good ideal for us here on this campus to strive for. If we attain the ideal, we will most likely get the right men for the right places in the spring elections of 1922.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE TEA HOUNDS

There are on this campus about fifty tea hounds. These hounds are the snobs, the people who think they own creation, and haven't got the sense to know that they are making themselves thoroughly obnoxious to all about them. Often it happens that these snobs are in fraternities, and they go far towards casting a stigma on fraternity life here.

These men go around with their noses in the air, their hair oiled until it casts a soft glow and lustre around about them, their faces nicely massaged and pinked, their finger nails highly manicured, and in general looking like they were Fifth Avenue lounge lizards. These men are the most contemptible of the genus man. They are so conceited and centered in themselves that they believe there is nobody else on the campus who is their equal.

Even if these men were all they think they are, there would still be no use for their general attitude of snobbery. They are not a bit better than other people—in fact, they are not as good, for real men do not walk with their noses in the air and with a general air of contemptuousness around them.

These men are those called sissies; their girl-like airs and affectations make them deserve the name. But they more deserve the title of snob. If the fraternities would see that any of their members who answer this classification would cease their present ways, there would be a lot less talk against fraternities.

The Newspaper Game

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS

JOSEPHUS DANIELS
Son of the University; secretary of the navy for eight years; editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*

I am asked to write "what the newspaper game holds in store for a young college man."

I rather like the word "game" as descriptive of the newspaper job. "Sport" would probably better describe the profession or trade—which is it? There is always something exhilirating in the sport of running a newspaper. It is never dull even if some writers are prolix.

In answer to the objection of a Princeton student, who was not doing well in his studies, that "the subject is dull," Woodrow Wilson, then a professor, said to the young man: "There is no dull subject. It is only the mind that is brought to it, which is dull."

There is nothing monotonous, drab or dull about journalism. It is fresh as dew-drops every day. This old world unfolds new things and turns new splendor on old things every morning—and glorious things for those who have eyes to see! The test of a journalist is not only whether he has eyes to see. He may get the vision and keep it for his own happinss. The real journalist translates the vision to those who, having eyes, see not. He compels men to see, to think, to know what goes on about them.

It is the finest game in the world—a fresh thrill every day.

What does it hold—variety and fun and happiness and usefulness.

But it is a hard task, my masters. None should undertake it who does not love novelty, which lifts the world out of drabness.

The reward? No man who thinks too much of reward will ever get the fun there is in it. But the rewards are ample and satisfying to those whose hearts are fixed upon the sport.

[EDITORIAL]

THE BOOK EXCHANGE

We have heard a lot of criticism of the Book Exchange lately. That criticism has gone so far as to say that the man or men who were running the establishment are little short of crooks, bent on "screwing" every penny they can out of the student body.

It appears to us that the cause for all the discussion about the Exchange is that the store is ostensibly run on a co-operative basis, while in fact, there is nothing co-operative about it. In other words, we are told that we share in the profits of the Exchange—when any are made, which is never if you will believe the college officals—whereas as a matter of fact anyone knows that the student body does not share in the profits.

Take the University of Missouri, for example. At that institution, the exchange is managed by a board of directors, composed of faculty members and students. A manager is hired by the board of directors. The directors meet monthly, examine the books, decide on the policies, keep up with the business, issue statements, and at the end of the year or quarter, declare profits which are divided among the students and faculty. In other words, the book exchange there is truly co-operative.

Why would a scheme like this not work here? The machinery could be easily worked out.

Why not have a full time manager hired by the directors, who would be responsible to the directors? Why not have a board of directors consisting of three men from the senior class, two from the junior class, one each from the sophomore and freshman classes, one each from the three professional schools, one each from the literary societies, and several, three or four, from the faculty? Let this board be directly responsible to the respective bodies that elected it. Let the board decide on the margin of profits which shall be operated under, and let the manager carry it out. Let the manager make reports to the directors each month, and the directors to the students.

It appears to us that if the officials of the book exchange and the University are as anxious to make the Book Exchange really co-operative—as they claim it is and as it should be—they will consider this plan. Let the student body consider it, and if it thinks favorably of it, let it signify its opinion through the columns of the college newspaper, and through talks with the officials of the University.

THE Y. M. C. A.

It seems to us that the Y. M. C. A. is of about as much use to the student body as roller skates are to a corpse. The whole trouble with the Y. M. C. A. is that it is trying to dispense a milk and water sort of religion that no one here has much use for. Not that the campus does not need religion—but we ask, what are all the churches, Sunday schools, young people's church societies, the university sermon, the daily chapel exercises, and other things for? Are they not supposed to represent the religious elements in our lives?

Even the motto of the Y. M. C. A. gives the development of the body an equal place with the development of mind and soul. But here in Chapel Hill, the Association officials have chosen to forsake the body altogether. As a result, the Y. has received little support from the student body. Of course we do not doubt for a moment that the officials here think they are going at the thing in the right manner. We happen to have a different viewpoint, and we believe that it is the viewpoint which 19 out of 20 students have. We believe the development of the body should not only be given the place it deserves if the Y. were run according to the principles of the founders of the organization, but also that the body part of the motto should be made predominant.

As to the soul or the spirit, we can see no reason for the Y.'s existence—if that is all it is going to do. There are plenty of churches here, plenty of religious influences are thrown around us without the Y.'s going into the work. Individual Y. men might devote some of their time to religious work in the country districts around here, but even that should not be made predominant.

That leaves the body with which to deal. In this respect, our opportunities are limited. Especially are they limited to men who are not members of fraternities. The development of the body, chances for recreation, for pleasure, for enjoyment, for spending an idle hour under wholesome influences, these are what we mean by development of the body.

Something like this is what we need at the University. We have enough development of the mind and spirit—let us give our bodies a chance! We realize this is advocating quite a revolution in local Y. M. C. A. methods. But it has been found to have an equal place with the mind and spirit in town and city associations; so here, where we have such an opportunity for the development of mind and spirit, why not let the upbuilding of the body have full sway?

What the University is Trying to Do For the State

By H. W. CHASE

It is the University's main business, it seems to me, to send out into the state men who know how to live; who are on the way to becoming masters of the art of living. I do not believe that we can think of education in any lesser terms than in those of life itself. This means, of course, that men who graduate from the University should have the basic equipment necessary to make possible careers which are successful in business, in the professions, in public service, in scholarship; but it means more than that. It means that they should understand something of the fundamental, material, and spiritual characteristics of the civilization in which they are going to live, and of the forces in the past which helped to make it what it is; that they shall have developed keen intellectual curiosity, a passion for truth, and an understanding of the processes by which it is derived, so that their thinking may not be governed by prejudice and blind reliance on authority. It means that they should have an appreciation of the fine expressions of the human spirit in the region of beauty. There is no well-rounded civilization unless such appreciation commonly exists, and, furthermore, great creative art does not grow out of a soil that is barren in this respect.

But insight into life and appreciation of its interpretations in art and literature are not enough. The University must send out men of faith—men who believe in their fellowmen, and in the ultimate victory of those upward strivings of the spirit that have brought mankind thus far in its journey from the cave and the jungle—men who see in and through life a play of spiritual forces that may now and then, it may be, suffer checks, but never any permanent defeat. With faith there must be the disposition and the determination to ally ourselves with the forces that make for righteousness, to set others above self, the greater good above the lesser—in a word, to maintain that right attitude toward life, the expression of which in action we call character.

I do not mean in anything I have said to imply that it is any part of the University's business to stamp men all after the same pattern, like pennies fresh from the mint. University men will have common points of view, common ideals, common purposes, but they should have them because, as individuals, they work them out in a stimulating atmosphere, not because they are constrained to adopt them. It is no part of real education to minimize individuality; it is rather its business to develop it, to set it free to do its unique work in the world.

What I have been trying to say is, in a word, that it is the University's business to help an individual find himself in relation to life. I am well aware that no human institution does perfectly such a task. What gives me confidence and faith in the University is that I believe it is doing this work better as the years go by, and that the fullness of its services to the state is increasing thereby.

I have left myself little space to speak of two other sorts of contributions which the University is making to the state, through the advancement of knowledge and through its extension service. I have done this, not because such contributions are not important, but because the interest of the campus is naturally primarily in the phase of the University's service which I have discussed. Of the University's contribution to truth, I need only to say that no institution in the south equals her distinguished record. Through her extension service the University puts her resources at the direct disposal of the state, contributng to its present progress and welfare in the same spirit and with the same ideals that through her training of men she seeks to develop and to promote the state's future welfare.

What Does the State Expect of the University?

GOVERNOR CAMERON MORRISON

President *ex-officio* of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina; chairman *ex-officio* of the executive committee of the trustees; a hearty well-wisher of the University, and a loyal fighter in all that it undertakes

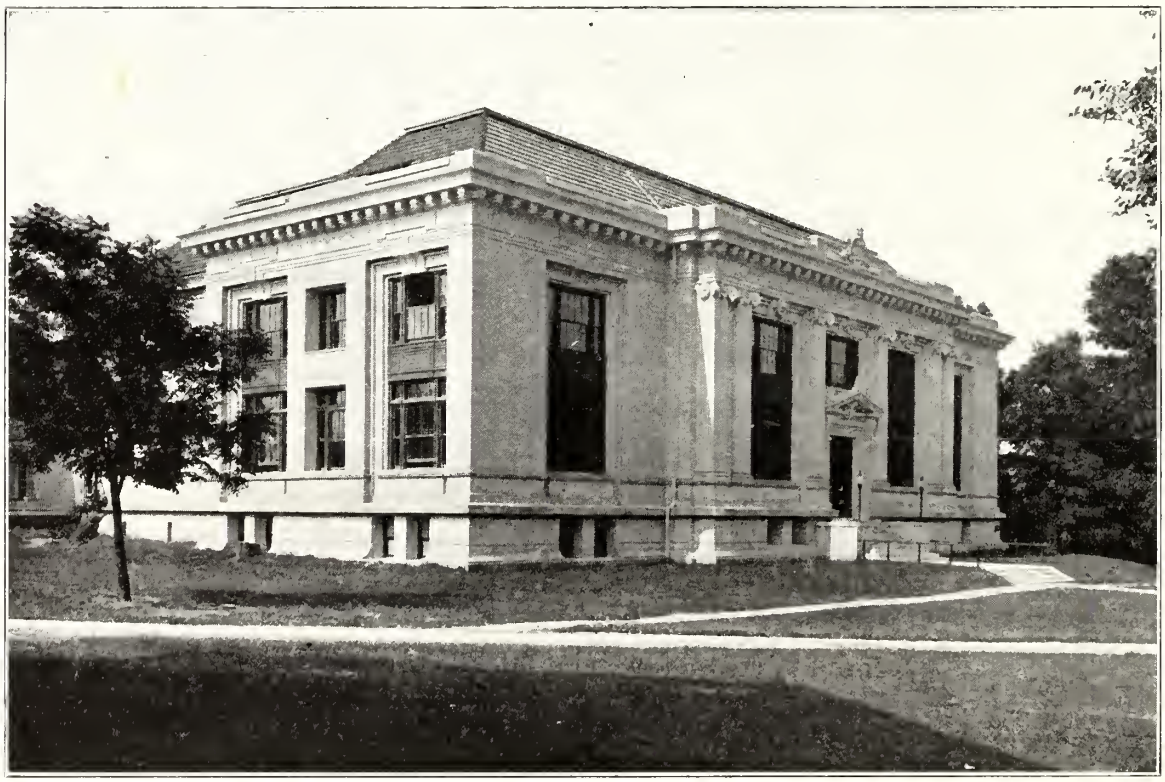
Since Cameron Morrison, governor of the sovereign state of North Carolina, is the embodiment of the authority of the state, he is one person to whom the University must make apologies and look for praise if she fails or succeeds in the work she has undertaken. Governor Morrison is the one who should be most able to say definitely what the state expects of its University.

What does the state expect of the University?

According to Governor Morrison, it expects the University to grow men—men who will be able to go out into the life of the state and assume the leadership—men who will achieve and by their achievements, put North Carolina ahead. The state expects the University to teach men how to live their lives in such a way that the fullest benefits will accrue, not only to their mother state, but also to themselves. The state expects the University to take the average man, the one or two-talent man, and develop him so that he can face the battle of life more confidently and with more hope of success. The state expects the University to head North Carolina's educational system, and to head it in such a way that she need not be ashamed of the leadership.

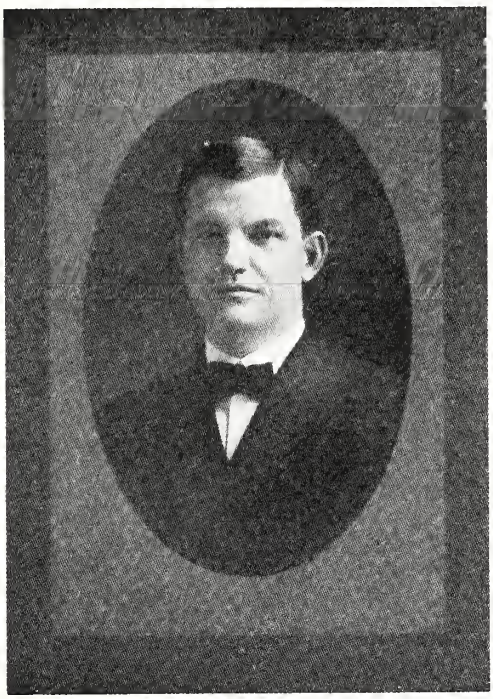
In short, Governor Morrison says that North Carolina is expecting great things of the University. And he says that North Carolina is DUE great things, because she is backing her so well.

Scenes About the Campus



The Legal Profession

By W. P. STACY



JUSTICE W. P. STACY
Loyal alumnus of the University; associate justice of the state supreme court

There is no royal road to success in the legal profession. It is filled with men who press with the ardor of hope. It has some who are faint with the strife. He who would win in this race must first deny himself, learn to worship at the shrine of knowledge and devote his talents to the advancement of the cause of justice. The path of the young lawyer leads by the quarry of hard work. This is the price which he must pay for the privilege of high service.

North Carolina offers an exceptionally rich field to the young college man of ability, honesty and industry, with a reasonable assurance of a satisfactory return. But avoid thinking too much of the harvest. Be careful with the sowing. The reaping will take care of itself. Grapes are not gathered from the thorn bush, nor figs from the thistle.

I have but one injunction, of only three words, to give to the young lawyer: Always do right. That position of mental calm and tranquility of soul—so indispensable to individual happiness—comes only to the man who has lived a righteous life. Success in its final analysis is nothing more nor less than a sense of continued growth. Not every tree in the forest can be an oak, but every tree can grow. Trees are but rooted men and men walking trees.

To the young collegian, who expects to practice law, I extend congratulations and bid him to enter upon his work with high hopes, with a stout heart and with sails set for a stiff breeze.

Should We Have Free Tuition?

By G. D. GOOVER

A bill was recently introduced in the state legislature which would provide for free tuition in the University. Do you want to know what you can do to make free tuition a reality? Read this article.

THE year 1921-1922 marks a new epoch for the University of North Carolina. Many new duties, freighted with much responsibility, must be assumed if it rises to the needs of the great problems that are ever perplexing our heterogeneous population. Drawing its support from the state, it desires to serve that state and the nation to the fullest extent.

A state university, in my estimation, is not like many private schools, established to make money; it is not a technical school whose main idea is to train men for certain professions; it is not a school where theology is exclusively taught with the idea of making preachers. A state university has a broader scope; it must furnish a more complex curriculum to meet the demands of all sections of the state and all people in each section. Like our own government, it must be so democratic in spirit that it can serve the rich and the poor, the Jew and Gentile, provided they avail themselves of the many opportunities offered under its hospitable roof.

We must consider the university a vital adjunct to the state. It is as necessary to the state as the hand or foot is to our bodies; it ought to be considered as much a part of the state as the administrative body is part of a big corporation. The corporation could not exist if it had not men to govern it wisely; and if men did not wish to organize a corporation they would have no need of an administrative body. They are inter-dependent. So if our state is to meet the exigencies of the times we must maintain our university as splendidly as the states of Wisconsin and Michigan maintain their respective universities.

You probably have noticed how the administrative body of a big corporation makes it its business to see that the raw material brought in is manufactured in the most scientific manner in order that the product produced will render the best service to the consumer; just so should the university see that the "raw recruits" who enter year after year receive such an education of mind and heart that physically, morally, and mentally they are better members of the community when they leave the halls of learning. Although the purpose of a corporation is to make money the real purpose of a state university is to render service to the inhabitants of the state. If it can render such to every man in the state, not only will the people themselves be greatly benefited, but the state itself will be a real asset to the nation instead of a liability.

In the golden days of Greece and Rome all political and commercial life centered around their universities. We are in hopes that history will repeat itself and that from this university will emanate all that is high and noble in our political and commercial life.

Rome and Athens were for centuries famous for the broad educational facilities they offered the youth of their respective countries. We are in hopes that our university will endeavor to emulate tradition to the extent of offering to the youth of the south opportunities such as will develop them physically, morally and mentally and place this state on the stellar rôle for advanced ideas of modern thought.

Unscrupulous men—men whose purpose is purely the advancement of their own personal interests—must not find a place in North Carolina. All of us in this university are conscious of the fact that many towns have not progressed as fast as was their due, owing to their selfish leaders. In reading the history of North Carolina after the Civil War, one will find that for the same reason this state suffered a retrogression. It did not have progressive, unselfish leaders.

The very life of this University depends on the actions and the interest displayed on the first floor of the Alumni Building; so the life of the state depends on the action and interest of one or two buildings in Raleigh. Where there is good leadership we find progress. Incompetent leadership means failure. Notice the following from one of the state papers, the Monroe *Journal*:

FOR SHAME!

The senate of North Carolina yesterday passed a bill reducing the personal property exemption from $300 to $100. Whether it will pass the house or not remains to be seen. The senate passed the same bill at the last regular session but the house refused to do so.

This is peanut business of the smallest kind. The same forces that are demanding that we return to the old system of levying no tax upon thousands of acres of unused land in eastern North Carolina and elsewhere held by speculators are demanding that the tax assessors be required to ransack the home of every poor white man and negro who has nothing else and find his little dab of household stuff and his cow and pig and put them upon the tax books. There is prosperity and wealth enough in this state to pay the taxes without resorting to such shameless business as this.

Kemp P. Battle in his history of the University of North Carolina says that "the people of North Carolina were willing to pay for protection only." Today we must pay for protection against ignorance. Does the above editorial mean anything to you from an economic point of view, from a political point of view, from a moral point of view? Do you think we will ever make progress while men in high positions stoop to this kind of work? The people of North Carolina are reaping what they have sown. Perhaps this is natural, but does this mean that we must endure such sufferings indefinitely? How may we remedy the defects? What can we do to be at least "at par" with our

sister states? Every true North Carolinian must see to it that the men and women of the next generation receive a better education than the past generation has received; and that big men, men of broad vision, men who are unselfish in their aims, men who seem to understand human nature enough to see its demands in perspective, are the men put in positions of trust and honor.

From all over the state comes glowing reports of our natural resources and the wonderful opportunities here if the resources were properly developed. Legislators are using every new power they possess to get people interested in this development.

In my estimation the real wealth of North Carolina, the wealth that makes the material wealth possible, the wealth that has made the land yield so bountifully of cotton and tobacco; the real power that runs our factories, that which is the most potent factor in our material success has been lost sight of. I refer now to our most neglected resources—*youth*, the most important figure of the state, and if properly trained, the state's greatest asset.

The state of North Carolina is full of this "raw ore," which, when subjected to proper treatment, will shine forth as the purest of gold. Just as the gold from the mine must be sought for and freed from foreign material, so the youth of today must be put through the formality of a good education to be relieved of ignorance. Just as it is necessary for the gold seekers to invest time, money and energy and risk all to get gold, so it will be necessary for our states to make similar investments if the young men are to receive proper educational advantages. Because all will not profit by these advantages is no excuse for not providing the *means* to the end. We must give the youth of today a chance. One never knows what capabilities may lie dominant in the mind of the humblest country boy. Zebulon Vance came here a country boy. How many then thought that he possessed those human qualities rarely found in men? How many there may be today who outwardly are not at all gifted, but if given a chance for a University career would find themselves without a peer in law, medicine, or the classics.

On the 12th day of October, 1793, a day which made the University of North Carolina possible, the cornerstone of the Old East building was laid. The orator of the day was Dr. Samuel E. McCorkle, head of the "Zion Parnassus" school. Here is his famous speech. You may forget the words of this wonderful oration but you will always remember its real import. It has a message for us today.

"Happiness is the center to which all the duties of man and people tend—to diffuse the greatest possible degrees of happiness in a given territory is the aim of good government and religion. Now the happiness of a nation depends on national wealth and national glory and cannot be gained without them. They in like manner depend on liberty and good laws. Liberty and laws call for general knowledge in the people and extensive knowledge in matters of the state, and they in turn demand public places of education. How can that nation or man be happy that is not procuring and securing the necessary conveniences and accommodation of life; ease without indolence and plenty without luxury or waste? How can glory or wealth be procured without liberty and laws? They must check luxury, encourage industry and protect wealth. They must secure me the glory of my action and save me from a bowstring. And how are these objects to be gained without general knowledge? Knowledge is wealth, it is glory, whether among philosophers, ministers of state or of religion, or among the great mass of people. Britons glory in the name of Newton and have honored him with a place among the sepulchres of their kings. Americans glory in the name of Franklin; and every nation who has them boasts of her great men. Savages cannot have them, rather cannot educate them, though many a Newton has been born and buried among them.

"Knowledge is liberty and law when the clouds of ignorance have been dispelled by the radiance of knowledge; and how this knowledge, productive of so many advantages to mankind, can be acquired without public places of education, I know not."

The state of North Carolina must provide ways and means by which every boy in the state will be within the reach of a college education. It seems to me that it would pay the state in dollars and cents to give free tuition in the Liberal Arts College, thus making it possible for the boy in the cotton mill, in the country, in the town to attend college.

We claim to live in a democratic state. But do we? What is democracy after all? Some think that democracy consists of speaking to everybody, mingling with everybody. That might be hypocritical as it often is. My conception of a true democracy is this: justice to all, opportunity to all, not proportionally but equally.

Is the state of North Carolina affording equal educational opportunities to all? In a democratic society, the son of a laborer has the same chances for success as the son of the statesman who runs a political machine. Each is an integral part of the whole state. How long shall our state remain indifferent to her moral obligations? How long shall she turn a deaf ear to the voices of her children? Virginia supports three institutions, West Virginia one. In Alabama and nearly every other state in the union, at least one fine educational institution is maintained by the state.

The people of North Carolina must wake up to the fact that she must provide better for the educational needs of her children. Some may ask, "What does the state get from the college graduates?" "Why should the state be willing to make a large appropriation for the University?" using President Chase's quotation. Let me answer by asking—who is making North Carolina today? Who has made possible the ten-fold production of land? Who is it that is making history of which we may be justly proud? We lesser folks are willing to use for protection the crown of glory made possible by some of these little-thought-of-college graduates. Nine times out of ten these men had to work their way through college. Yes, the state takes pride in expounding what she has done for them. But she forgets the returns.

Many there are who have to leave our blue skies and go to distant states where they find better educational opportunities. Then they never return to their native state, but take up their life work outside North Carolina. Can the state of North Carolina afford to permit her sons to do this? Can she afford to lose men of this type? I answer emphatically, "No!"

Here is an opportunity for the students of North

Carolina to take steps to see that friends, relatives and members of their family are possessed with the desire of a college education and then take such action as to secure this privilege from the state.

The senior classes can take the initative. The best gift that any class could give its alma mater would be a petition to the state legislature for free tuition in the Liberal Arts College.

As this would take at least a year or two, for the legislature must fight over everything—that's politics, you know—why cannot the University make the real start next fall by offering two four-year scholarships in every high school in the state, to be awarded on general excellence. That would mean four hundred additional students at the University. Can anyone conceive of a greater asset to this institution than four hundred well-rounded men?

I want to close these remarks with the words of Dr. McCorkle: "May this hill be for religion as the ancient hill of Zion; and for literature and muses, may it surpass the ancient Parnassus!" And may this hill be for democracy in its truest sense; and may it be a place where education will be available equally to all—poor and rich alike!

Francis P. Venable

By J. G. GULLICK

IT is not often that you find a distinguished chemist, university president, author, successful teacher, religious worker, leader of men, and cultured gentleman all combined in one man. Yet this is just what we have here in the person of Francis Preston Venable.

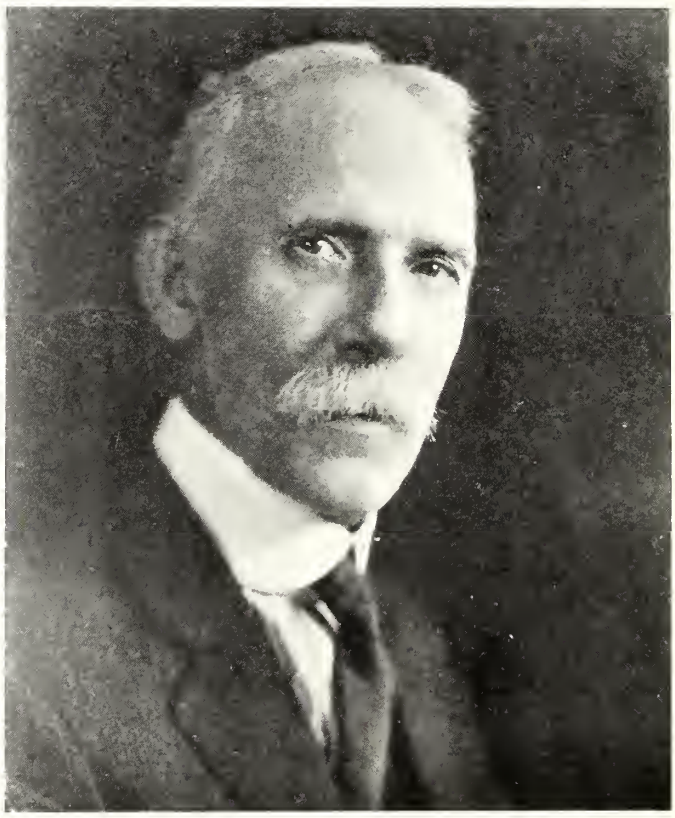
Dr. Venable is a man whose accomplishments, personality and influence, has probably affected as many if not more Carolina men than any other person that has been connected with this institution in years. He has served the University longer than any other man in its history, his term of service having covered a period of 42 years—one-third of the life of the institution, in which his activities for the upbuilding of the University have been manifold.

Dr. Venable is not the kind of man who blows his own trumpet. He is not always pushing himself into publicity, but his work has advertised itself.

While a specialist of the highest type, the ex-president is a man of a well-rounded education, and is an exponent of liberal education. He believes in securing a good foundation before attempting to enter some field of specialization—something which he himself did before taking up his life work.

But Dr. Venable's success has not been confined to any one field. If his career had been limited to any one of the several fields in which he has been engaged he would still rank as a remarkable success. In the field of chemistry he has distinguished himself and has established an international reputation, both as a scholar and an author. As president of the University, he served the institution in such a way that the University enjoyed a marked period of progress and prosperity under his administration. In addition to these achievements he has been noted as a successful classroom lecturer and as a religious leader in the local Presbyterian church. With all this, he is a modest, unassuming, unpretentious man.

Personal touch is necessary to appreciate the personality of Dr. Venable. Every man in the chemistry department knows his willingness to help a student having some problem or difficulty. When he is approached for help he often gives not only the help requested but some in addition, as is sometimes the case in laboratory problems. Here he not only gives the assistance asked for, but proceeds to give other information which he knows will save the student trouble later on in his problem. He is also interested in all student activities which he considers of value in developing men while here on the campus.



FRANCIS P. VENABLE

THE MAN

Francis Preston Venable was born in Prince Edward county, Va., on November 17th, 1856. He was the only son of Charles Scott Venable, professor of mathematics and for a long time chairman of the faculty of the University of Virginia. After receiving his elementary training in the high school of Charlottesville, he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in 1877. He then spent a year in high school work at New Orleans, after which he returned to the University of Virginia, where he completed a year of graduate work in chemistry, natural philosophy, and mineralogy. He then went abroad and completed two sem-

esters at the University of Bonn. In 1880 he was elected professor of general and analytical chemistry in the University of North Carolina. He then came back to America, but in the spring of the following year returned to Germany and received the degree of master of arts and doctor of philosophy, *cum magna laude*, at the University of Gottingen. Soon after coming to the University he was married to Miss Sallie C. Manning, daughter of the late Hon. John M. Manning, professor of law.

From the time that Dr. Venable assumed his duties as a professor, he has been a great force in the development of the University and the progress of the science of chemistry. Before he was elected to his later executive position he was responsible for several improvements in the curriculum and equipment of the University and the betterment of student life. He was instrumental in establishing a chair of history, making a liberal gift toward its endowment himself. He was one of the founders of the University Press. His efforts were largely responsible for the establishing of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society, of which he was the first president. In addition to this, he introduced tennis in the University in 1884 and has been helpful in many student activities.

HIS ADMINISTRATION

In 1900 Dr. Edwin Alderman resigned as president of the University to accept the corresponding position at Tulane. There was one man in the faculty who had not only gained eminence in his profession, but possessed an intimate knowledge and deep interest in the affairs of the institution. To him the trustees naturally looked as the logical man to fill the position, and accordingly Dr. Venable was inaugurated as president of the University of North Carolina. In this position he continued his constructive work in still a greater measure, and within a year after his inauguration a number of improvements were noticeable. Gerrard Hall, then badly in need of repair, was remodeled and refurnished. A new heating plant of the most approved type was installed. A power house, work-shop, and printing house were built. The Mary Ann Smith Dormitory and Alumni Building were completed, providing some of the much needed lecture rooms and dormitory accommodations.

In speaking of the early days of his administration, Dr. Venable recently said: "The University of North Carolina was not thought much of when I entered upon my duties. It was poor and had little support. My purpose was to build it up and secure recognition for it in the educational world as one of the foremost institutions.

"The people had never recognized this as their University. When an earlier president went to Raleigh to appeal for state support he received the answer that it had always been supported by gifts and donations and could continue to do so. Shortly after I became president I went to ask for $15,000 for waterworks. They tried to cut me down as had been their policy in the past. A compromise was reached for $12,500. At another time I asked for $50,000 for a chemistry building and they tried to reduce the amount, but I told them that I would take the sum mentioned and not a penny less, or none at all. Now they have been made to feel that it is their University and are proud of it." Such were some of the difficulties that confronted Dr. Venable at the beginning of his administration. It was even said that the reason Dr. Alderman resigned as president was that he became discouraged over the unwillingness of the state to support its university.

Dr. Venable's whole administration was successful from several standpoints. All through his period of office, the faculty, which at his inauguration numbered 42 exclusive of assistants, steadily grew until it stood at 66 at his resignation as president in 1914. The attendance increased from 566 to 883. Many new buildings on the campus were erected during his presidency. These include the Library, Vance, Battle, and Pettigrew dormitories, Caldwell Hall, Peabody Building, Davie Hall, the Y. M. C. A. building, Swain Hall, and Bynum Gymnasium, more than doubling the number already standing.

During his administration the curriculum was greatly enlarged and the equipment of the various departments increased. But perhaps one of the most far-reaching changes of his administration was the introduction of the student council and the honor system, which was worked out by the students at his suggestion and under his guidance.

HIS SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENTS

Dr. Venable's spirit for research first showed itself when he began advanced work in his specialty and his results were published during his graduate year at the University of Virginia. His doctorate dissertation was considered an addition to the knowledge of fatty hydrocarbons. During his career he has been engaged in research work that has produced some outstanding results which have been recognized as a genuine contribution to the knowledge of chemistry.

In addition to his laboratory work, ex-President Venable has written a large number of books and treatises. His "Manual of Qualitative Analysis," used as a text-book in a number of institutions, has gone through at least three editions. His historical work, "Short History of Chemistry," was for a time the standard text-book on this subject in America and Great Britain. Some of his other works are: "The Development of Periodic Law," "Inorganic Chemistry According to Periodic Law," "Radioactivity," and, in conjunction with J. L. Howe, "Study of the Atom." These works combined with a large number of shorter writings constitute an enormous amount of literature on the subject.

The ability of Dr. Venable has been widely recognized. In addition to the recognition gained by his text-books, he was elected president of the American Chemical Society in 1905. During the strenuous period of the war, when the government was in need of the ablest chemists available, Dr. Venable was one of the five chemists selected from the whole country to serve on the government advisory board.

HIS IDEAL

Dr. Venable's idea of the function of the University is best summed up in his own words, being an extract from his inaugural address: "A shining light in darkness, clearly and patiently directing the course of those who would travel the pathway to knowledge and higher

life; a center of gracious and helpful influence streaming out into the whole land; a strong foundation unmoved by frenzied passion, by the sifting sands of political change, by the bigotry of ignorance, or the selfish bias of wealth, a treasure which cannot be bought or sold away from the people, by whom and for whom it was created; a loving mother of many loving sons, whom it is her pride to help and nourish and lead upwards to the light."

Asked what he thought of chemistry as a field for a young man to go into, he replied: "One should choose a thing because he loves it. I wouldn't advise anyone to go into chemistry who doesn't love it." However, this does not mean that he thinks that there are not great possibilities in this field.

The record of this man should be a source of encouragement for young men not only in his field but in all others, for it shows the great possibilities of those who strive, as Dr. Venable has, for the three-fold development, that of mind, spirit, and body, to make possible the best use of those things with which one is endowed.

Fresh!

By G. WRIGHT LANKFORD

"LOOK here, boys, we've got to get that fellow," came to me from across the hall. The gang of boys in room 23 was planning some new deviltry, a joke of some kind, or laying a plot for the benefit of some poor unsuspecting innocent.

"And his name is Mr. James Van Poole Greene," spoke another voice in the same room. Then roars of laughter, and floating slang that only college boys can use. I was interested with the first mention of the name and crossed the hall to where the boys were having their fun.

"Well, I'll be damned, Blondie, look who's here," said little Runt Sims as I entered and closed the door behind me.

I never had much to do with the pranks these young gentlemen were forever executing, but the case of Mr. James Van Poole Greene was an unusual one and I couldn't resist the temptation to find out what was to be done with him. I don't believe the boys much wanted to share their plans with me, but Tom Haynes came in then and I just about learned the truth of the situation from what Blondie and Runt told him.

"Tom, do you know this young cosmopolitan chap around here by the name of Van Poole Greene who thinks he owns this place?" Blondie asked.

"Why no, I don't believe I do. What kind of looking fellow is he?" And Tom bent toward his friends, full of eagerness at the possible instigation of some new fun. He wasn't a student in the University, but one of these "good feller" types of boys around town and a partner in all of Blondie's and Runt's scheming.

"You know I haven't been on the campus much this summer and I don't believe I've seen him. You haven't found an eligible freshman in the summer school, have you?"

"I'll say we have," responded Runt with emphasis as he took a cigarette from Blondie's case. "Tell him about 'Ye olde Count Van Poole," said Runt, adjusting a silver dollar over his left eye in imitation of some royal highbrow with his monocle.

"Well," began Blondie, "he's a contemptible sort of young ass with an I'm-the-most-important-man-in-the-world air about him. Parts his hair in the middle, uses an unusually large amount of olive oil on it, wears a high stiff collar with black bow tie neatly tucked under its corners, and believe me, under that handsome face of his with those unusual glasses and their little chain this far down, he's the stuff. He changes clothes three times a day. This afternoon he was wearing a gray checked suit with the checks as large as these on this checkerboard. He is forever adjusting his tie, smoothing his hair, and half the time is manicuring those delicately pink, almond-shaped nails of his."

Blondie pulled at his cigarette, grunted disgustedly, and continued in his sarcastic magnification of the charms and graces with which the young gentleman under discussion was blessed.

"And he dances divinely," Runt put in with the silver dollar still over his eye. "He was telling me last night where he learned to dance, and making some suggestions as to how I might improve mine." Runt grunted as if in pain. "And I led the Junior Prom last spring," he sighed. "I wonder if we couldn't get him to start a dancing class?"

"We'll all get to see him dance tomorrow night, and if my plans work out all right we'll see him after the dance," said Blondie. "I've got a swell idea in my head for a jolt to his distinction."

Up to this time I had not said much but I began to tell them of what I knew of Greene. I saw that these boys meant to have some fun out of him, and I planned to see it, and help all I could. Summer school had been going on at my university for six weeks, only two evenings were left, and our friend needed a little taming.

I told the fellows of a conversation I had overheard between him and a pretty little girl he had been going around with. Of course he bored her to death, but somehow she seemed never to be able to get away from him. He had been telling her of his college ambitions, this Miss Paige, and the poor girl had been compelled to sit and listen to Greene's ravings about his desires to make the best fraternity, to be a social figure and a lot of such stuff. Then to finish up with his tale of what he wanted to do he had remarked: "And Oh, Miss Paige, I just couldn't stand the idea of being only a freshman here. That's why I came to summer school. I think I can run with the upper classes when the regular term opens this fall."

When I told the other fellows about this they groaned. "I wanted to tell you that I've never helped to do a thing to a freshman since I've been in college, but you can put me down to help in any humiliation you want to pile on this man's head."

"Man, hell!" snorted Runt. "Why the young ass

ought to be tarred and feathered right tonight. Let's get busy and plan things. I'm going to start to work on a paddle right now and when I get through with it that blamed freshman will have to stand up to eat for a month."

"We'll use a paddle all right and several other means of torture if my plans can be carried out," Blondie said.

"Well, what the devil are your plans, and why don't you tell us about them?" Runt interrupted impatiently.

"Changing the subject for just a minute, fellows," Blondie continued, "I'd like to know when a fellow can be taken into a fraternity in this university. I'm no fraternity man, and, although I've been in this place for two years, I don't know that."

"He can only be initiated in his second year, and must have passed a certain amount of his work satisfactorily," I told him, wondering what he was driving at.

Just at this point I had to leave and I heard nothing more of the plans for having the fun with Greene. I saw Blondie the next morning at breakfast, however, and asked him what I was to do.

"You be at the dance tonight and in the rear of the building after it's over, and we'll take you along," was all I got out of him. Where they would take me and what they planned to do remained to be seen.

And I was at that dance all right, not dancing, but up in the gallery watching. It was to be only a short farewell occasion in honor of the departing summer school students. Most of the men were wearing white flannel trousers and dark coats, but a few were in informal evening wear. Pretty soon I saw Greene enter alone. He was wearing a tuxedo coat and a high white vest, a white bow tie edged in black (where he got it I can't imagine), a straight collar, and I couldn't see much of his shirt for the high vest. But the trousers were of a dark gray with a stripe and he was wearing tan shoes. He lounged around for a few minutes smoothing his glossy hair, and fumbling with his tie. Miss Paige was standing directly under me with another girl and a strange man. Presently Greene saw her and crossed the floor to where she stood.

"Oh, good evening, Miss Paige," he began, "will you allow me the pleasure of the first dance?"

Miss Paige glanced shyly at the man, and, ignoring the young gentleman's question, said: "Mr. Greene, this is the Mr. Norton you've heard me speak of so much."

Greene bowed coldly and mumbled something I could not hear from where I was.

"And this is his sister, Miss Virginia Norton," she introduced, turning to the other girl. Greene's left hand went to his tie and the other one toward the girl. "How do you do. I'm delighted to meet you." Greene declared as he bent gracefully forward.

The music started and Norton whirled away with Miss Paige. I watched them glide down the floor. They were laughing. Greene and Miss Norton still stood just under me. But they didn't stay long, for soon they, too, were in the group of dancers. I sighed for the girl as Greene bumped them into first one couple and then another. Miss Norton couldn't get rid of him, and several times I noticed her shake her playfully clinched little fist at her brother and his partner.

When the dance was about half over I noticed Blondie and Runt over in one corner of the hall with two unusually pretty girls. They seemed to be plotting something. I hastened down and joined them.

"Now, tell him he's the handsomest thing in the world, Mary," Blondie was instructing as I came up. "Runt, get him, and bring him here, and Mabel, you must remember to tell him that he should be proud of the honor we are conferring on him."

I knew the girls, and asked Mabel for the next dance just as Runt came back with our freshman. And, oh, how he bowed, how delighted he was. The girls almost giggled out when Runt, in his most dignified manner, said: "Girls, I wan't you to meet Mr. James Van Poole Greene. He's soon to be a brother of mine."

I couldn't make out what Runt meant by the brother stuff, but everyone else seemed to understand. When the music for the next dance started Greene turned from girl to girl, slightly embarrassed by his desire to honor each of the girls by asking all of them to dance at once. He turned finally to Mary and said: "I'll take the first dance with you," and, then smiling upon Mabel, "You may have the next one."

I nearly choked, but Mabel and I swept in behind them and tried to listen to what they had to say. I caught a word now and then.

"Mr. Greene, you are the dandiest dancer on the floor," I heard Mary tell him in a pretty vampish voice, "you are *so* wonderful."

Even as he danced I noticed him pull at his tie. Once again I overheard a bit of their conversation. It was Greene this time. Something was going wrong with their efforts to dance together. I can't say what it was, but Mary had been Runt's partner at the Junior Prom, and I knew our dear Mr. Greene was giving her trouble. We were in the farthest end of the hall from the music and I could hear them very well.

"You've been leading, haven't you?" he asked her.

"No, why?"

"Well, you've been trying this new step then, haven't you?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Greene. I haven't at all."

"One thing I know though—there's something wrong with the music," he accused, and again they bumped their way out of hearing.

When it came near time for the dancing to stop I began looking for Mabel for another dance when I caught sight of Greene who had taken Miss Paige off to one side and was talking earnestly with her. I lounged up closer to them and got near enough just in time to hear something new and more interesting still.

"Here, my hopes are to be realized before I even enter college this fall," he was telling her. "It's to take place tonight, and when I get here in September I'm to go right to our hall just as the other boys will."

What he was talking about I could not understand. He talked on for a few minutes and finally said: "I'm so proud of it I don't know what to do, and I have been crazy for you to know it, too." He bent toward her, looking for flattery. Just then a whistle blew outside and Greene straightened up. I looked toward the front entrance to the hall and saw Blondie beckoning to me. I started for him, but the anxious Greene was preceding me.

"Go to the rear of the building and join Runt there," Blondie instructed. "Ill be there in a minute."

The little blond plotter then took me by the arm and we followed the celebrated Mr. James Van Poole Greene in the direction of the back entrance. "Man," he said, "it's going to work fine."

"What's going to work fine? What are you expecting to do with this fellow?" I asked. But we had come up to Runt, who was talking rather gruffly to Greene.

"Have you got your fees with you?" he demanded harshly.

"Yes, they're right here. I've got the money in my pocket," Greene answered, fumbling in his pockets as he did so. The lights from the hall were about twenty feet above us here, but their rays streaming out the windows through a sifting kind of slow-falling mist gave us enough light to see him very well. He was shaky and scared, but he drew a roll of bills from his pockets and began counting them out to Runt. There were seven ten dollar bills and a five in the roll.

"I got it this morning," he nervously informed us. "It's my whole month's allowance, but I'm willing to part with it for this."

"Here Blondie, you take the money. You're treasurer, and you can keep it." Runt took charge of Greene. "Now here, you poor fish, put this towel over your eyes," he commanded as he jerked the trembling feshman around.

"Hold on, Runt," Blondie broke in. "Before we go through this little ceremony I want our freshman to help play a trick on that fellow Moore. He has agreed to go snipe hunting with us down near the old pond, and I want Greene to help us. What do you say, Mr. Van Poole?"

"All—all right. I—I—er—I sure will be glad to help out. But what are we going to do?" He seemed to be relieved by not having to put the towel over his optics.

"Well, we're gonna' take Moore down here to the old pond and have him hold a bag for the snipes. We've picked a spot next to the big rock by the water's edge and when he is standing there holding the bag I'm going to shoot a couple of times. You yell that you've been shot and killed and we can all have some fun watching this other freshman run."

So the arrangements were made. Blondie went into the hall and brought out a great big fellow whom I did not recognize at first. When they got closer I did, however, and it was old Bill Dowd, football tackle of two year's varsity work.

"Mr. Greene," said Blondie, "meet Mr. Moore. He's our man and is to carry the bag."

Things went pretty fast then. I was not quite sure of what they were going to do, but I had decided that Greene didn't know all that was going to happen. We went pretty hurriedly to the pond and carried out Blondie's instructions perfectly. I knew one thing—this wasn't going to be a snipe hunt.

It was still misting rain a little, but the light from the full moon back of the clouds allowed us enough light to see the outlines of the trees along the shore of the old pool. It was hardly less than a small lake, this body of water, and the college boys had boats, and often went there for bathing. Now, as we reached the big rock, it stretched out beckoningly before us in the misty stillness. Along its shores rose great slender pines which looked gray and mysterious in the half-darkness. Other gigantic rocks rose above the ground here and there as the hill stretched away from the shores. They looked like strange pale ghosts of some unknown world. I tried to get a good view of Greene, but couldn't see him very well. His face though, seemed as white as his collar and tie, and I am sure he was shaking.

"Lord, but this is a spooky place, ain't it?" Old Bill spoke with as much trembling in his voice as if he were really going to be the goat. It looked to me as if things *were* pointed in his direction well enough, but I knew that Bill Dowd was on to the game and that Greene was to be the sucker.

They got stationed between the rock and the water, Greene next to the edge of the pond, Bill in the center with the bag, and Runt next to the bowlder. Blondie had mysteriously disappeared with the shot gun he had been carrying. I was sent up into the woods for the purpose of running the snipes into the waiting bag. But I did not get far away for I wanted to see what was going to happen myself. However, I beat around among the rocks and pines with a stick, working nearer all the time. When I got back to where I could see them I could hear what was being said.

"They're coming, boys," Runt yelled. "Hold that bag Moore, and don't let any get by on your side Greene."

"I-I—I won't, Runt," the man next to the water quavered. "They won't get by me."

Just then the streak of fire for which I had been looking burst forth from behind the rock. A long streak of red flame shot out directly over the heads of the waiting boys and the crash rang through the stillness of the night. I saw Runt leap up, and then he passed me yelling at the top of his voice as he had been told to do. Bill held his nerve, and, as I pushed my way closer toward them to see what was happening, I could tell that he was acting the scared freshman, he was supposed to be. By some chance of fate Greene, too, was able to recover from his shocked daze and carry on his part of the program.

"Oh, my God! I've been killed," he wailed. I'm shot, and am dying. Run Moore, for God's sake run," and Greene fell over on the sandy ground, "I'm dead. Run! Run! Run! I'm dead." He may have been scared, but he acted his part pretty well.

But Bill didn't run. He looked down at the pretender on the ground, and with the last words from what might have been a departing soul, the big football tackle reached down, took the prostrate figure by the back of the neck and the seat of the trousers, and raised Mr. James Van Poole Greene far above his head.

"Well, it'll never do to leave the dead unburied," he expounded, and hurled the astonished Greene into the waiting pool.

Runt was back in an instant with the towel ready.

"Come out of there, you poor fish," he commanded. "That's what you get for trying to make a goat out of another freshman. Now let's get to the main ceremony of the evening."

"W—w—wa—was that a part of the initiation?" Greene gasped as he dragged himself out of the water to dry land again. Dripping water from head to foot, his usually smooth hair all over his face and his glasses gone, he was the picture of despair.

"What the devil do you think it was?" Runt snapped. "Now Bill, help me put this rag over Mr. Greene's eyes." And the former freshman Moore proceeded to tie the towel as he pleased. Greene shivered and trembled from the ducking and in fear. Blondie joined them and I looked on.

"How's our patient getting along, Dr. Sims?" he nagged. "I do hope he will recover and make us a good brother."

I think I had been catching on to the purpose of all that had been taking place. Now, I felt sure of it.

"We'll walk him around for awhile now to let him get heated up," Runt said. "I think he's about frozen. He can't talk at any rate. What's the matter son? Bill, did we ever tell you this man's full name? It's the stuff, boy—Mr. James Van Poole Greene. Make him a bow Van Poole, make him a bow."

Greene bowed and we all laughed.

"Bill, you hold this gentleman for a minute while I speak to Runt," Blondie instructed. They walked off to one side and I followed. "Runt, we mustn't let this bird down too hard now. He's liable to catch on, and we'd spill the beans. Let's not let him forget his dignity entirely."

"But don't I get to use my paddle any?" Runt protested. "Man, I've got to get a couple of licks at him with that board."

"Yes, but let's act as though he is getting off unusually light. Tell him that he's a privileged character."

Runt seemed satisfied with this and we gathered 'round the shivering Greene. I don't like to tell all that happened to him during the rest of the night, but he got all he deserved, and more, perhaps. He maintained his feeling of importance throughout, and made a little affirmative grunt each time that Bill or Runt spoke up to say: "Boy, you're getting off light. We don't want to treat you too rough for you're gonna' mean too much to us."

It was a favorite tantalizer of theirs to stand him before a large pine or other tree and command him to march forward. As he crashed nose-first into the trees Runt would exclaim: "Come back here brother, you don't half watch where you're going. What's wrong?"

"How much longer are you going to keep this up?" Greene would ask, and, slapping his wet legs and slinging his arms to keep warm he would listen as Runt flattered: "We usually keep them out all night, but we can't treat you that bad."

"Why, when we took Blondie in we gave him a good wetting, beat him up until he couldn't walk and tied him to one of the stones in the graveyard—left him there all night, didn't we Blondie?" Bill would add, and of course Blondie always responded with the desired answer and I think it helped Mr. Greene out wonderfully. But if Blondie had gone through with all that, he wouldn't have been there to tell the tale.

Runt was not allowed to use the nicely carved board until the last act of the evening's adventure. We had beat our way back toward the campus when Blondie gave the word to stop. He punched a small hole in a sandy spot, and brought the soggy Greene up to it.

"Now, find the hole I made. Use your right fore-finger," he commanded. "Get down on your knees and feel for it, son."

Greene found the place and put his fore-finger into it. Runt gave the orders then, very emphatically and dramatically: "My dear James Van Poole, will you please raise yourself from your knees, and, if you don't mind, will you kindly elevate the necessary part of your anatomy for the entertainment of this little paddle? It's a real work of art, the carving on this board is."

The necessary elevation as proposed by the dramatic Runt took place. The still soaky trousers were tight and clung affectionately to the epidermis beneath the most effectively stretched portion of our freshman's informal dress suit.

"I think the manipulation of my board would be less retarded if the lower half of his coat could be thrown back over his head," Runt suggested. Blondie carried out the suggestion, and demanded that our friend Greene walk in a circle around his front resting point.

And he went 'round and 'round, but not walking. I can't tell what he was doing. Certainly it was not a walk, nor a run, nor a dance. Perhaps a combination of the three would be the proper term. Runt made excellent use of his paddle and Greene made excellent use of his legs in trying to evade the flying board.

Greene said not a word. He felt the loss of his dignity more, I think, than he felt the licks that rained down upon his stretched trousers.

"Crow like a rooster, Van Poole," Blondie commanded, and from beneath the flapping tail of the wet tuxedo hanging over the head of the wobbling freshman came a chorus of croaking sounds somewhat similar to the challenge of our famous barn-yard fowl.

"Bark like a dog," came next, and Greene barked.

"Now imagine yourself a cow and see how effectively you can impersonate her," Runt suggested threateningly.

"Oh, I can't do that Runt," the bent gentleman protested—"I can't mock a cow." But the paddle fell with lightning-like quickness and force upon the outer extremeties of the circling Greene and he changed his mind about his ability to impersonate a cow.

"Bray, and stretch your neck as you do it," came the next order,—from Bill this time.

The celebrated Mr. Greene groaned and protested meekly: "Oh Lord, fellows, my finger is ground to the bone. Do let me stand up."

"Change fingers in your pivot, and bray," Bill insisted. The attempted braying began when something else happened.

"Look here, what are you boys doing?" a gruff voice demanded as a large figure bore down upon us. It was the night cop, and I wanted to run, but the other boys didn't lead off, so I stayed with them. No one said anything. If they all felt as I did they didn't feel like speaking. I suppose we all felt guilty, but Blondie finally managed to say what all of us wanted to, but couldn't. He knew the policeman and—

"Well, you see Dugan, we are just having a little fraternity initiation. Taking in a new brother, you see," Blondie told him.

"Initiation in summer school ain't a very common thing, is it boys?" asked Dugan, scratching his head thoughtfully.

"Well, it isn't done very often, but we're taking in a young fellow Greene who wanted to be initiated now. He was here for his first year two years ago, and we

want him in our frat this fall," Blondie continued to explain.

"No, I wasn't—," began Greene, taking off the towel which had been over his eyes since the first little episode of the evening.

"You keep your damned mouth shut," Runt commanded fiercely. He clasped his hands tightly over the freshman's lips. "And put that rag back over your eyes."

"All right, boys. I ain't supposed to bother with your initiations, but I've been here for ten year now an' I ain't never saw one in summer school 'afore," Dugan consented, and walked away.

We all stood in complete silence for a few minutes. I knew that fraternity initiations were never permitted in summmer terms. I knew that there was a ruling which allowed no first year men to become fraternity members. I knew what the boys were doing and that some day Greene would make the same discovery.

Blondie took the situation in charge. "I think we've warmed Greene up enough, boys. Let's go to the room and end this little business there," he suggested.

They led him on through the campus to our building and up to the room across the hall from mine. I eagerly followed, awaiting the next proceedings.

The light was turned on and we all sat down, and left Greene in the middle of the floor.

"I'm willing to call our initiation off right now if the rest of you boys are," Blondie said.

"I'm certainly willing," Runt assented. "I sure am tired, and ready to turn in."

Of course Bill and I agreed.

"Take that rag from over your eyes, and sit down," Blondie commanded. "We've got something to tell you."

Greene did as he was told, and at once began an investigation of his personal appearance. He squirmed around on the chair painfully, patted his wet legs and grinned sillily.

"May I look in the mirror for a few minutes, and straighten up a little?" he inquired, turning toward Blondie.

"Sure, do anything you like," was the reply.

The other boys lit cigarettes, lounged on the beds and watched the young gentleman straighten himself out. He went first to the large mirror in one corner of the room and made an attempt to adjust properly the tie over his wilted collar. He tried to straighten his wrinkled coat. He asked for olive oil, comb, powder, everything. Then taking a penknife from the table, he sat down to manicure his nails.

"Well, fellows, why all the silence?" he asked.

"Nothing much, except here's your money," Blondie exploded. He handed the roll over to the dumfounded Greene.

"Wh—what you giving it back to me for?" he quavered.

Runt laughed, Bill fell over on one of the beds and fairly groaned in his mirth, and I looked on.

"You told me that I'd have to pay this in fees, and—" but Runt broke in before he could finish.

"Look here, you damned freshman," Runt ridiculed, "we don't belong to any fraternity. We just wanted to see if you'd bite at a chance to get into one."

"You can't get into a frat in this man's school until you've been here a year anyway," Blondie added.

"'Oh, I'm shot! I'm killed! I'm dying! I'm dead!"' wailed old Bill sarcastically as he rolled on the bed where he lay.

"Well, what did you take me through all this affair tonight for then?" Greene protested with the silly little grin of misunderstanding still covering his face.

"Bill, is he fresh? Is he a sucker? Did he bite?" laughed Runt from his position on the other bed. "Oh you poor conceited fool, what's wrong with you?"

Greene sat back down from where he has risen in his excitement. I think then, for the first time, he realized that he was not a member of the best fraternity in the university. Still he couldn't quite get the motive which had prompted the evening's entertainment for us.

"But, boys, I don't see why you wanted to play such a joke on me. Everybody knows that I'm not fresh, and that I've behaved myself this summer. I'm as good a fellow as anyone."

From Runt's tumbled bed came sounds like that of sputtering grease. "o-O-O—My Gawd," he drawled out tauntingly, "do send for an alienist, Blondie."

We all watched Greene then. He didn't seem to know what to say or do. Had I been in his place I think I should have gone straight through the floor. But he only grinned his same silly grin, and even in that minute of indecision found a grain of dirt under one of his nails.

"Now, fellows," he tried to explain, "maybe I have been a little too familiar with things here this summer, but I didn't mean to be at all. You may think I'm a little fresh, too, but I'm sure that's because you don't know me."

Runt had been sitting on the edge of his bed, pulling contentedly at a cigarette during our freshman's explanation, but with the last statement it dropped from his gaping mouth and he tumbled back over on his sheets in desperation. But Greene kept right on:

"Now, it's all right with me about the trick you fellows pulled on me. I'm a good sport and don't mind. I suppose all new men catch trouble just this way." He looked around the room as though searching for something. Blondie, have you got a shoe brush? These shoes look awfully bad and sandy."

"Get him a rag over there, Bill," Blondie answered, going to the door. "Brush them off good Greene, and then, let's all go to bed." He opened the door and stood waiting for the polishing Van Poole.

"Sure, Greene, you're right about all new men getting something done to them like this, and you're a fine sport to take it so good," Runt told him with the same old ring of sarcasm. "You won't have to get any more when you come back this fall."

Greene was at the door now ready to leave. I'm sure Blondie wanted to kick him out.

"And I really thank you for it," the freshman bowed as he stood in the door. "Don't you fellows feel bad about this either for I don't mind at all. I still want you for my friends and I'll be glad to be yours. I'll get into my fraternity all right, too. Good-night." And Blondie slammed the door in his face.

"Oh Hell!" Runt exclaimed. "Of all the brilliant and important people I've ever known that bird comes first. He's—He's—" But Runt couldn't finish it—nor could he. We went to bed.

The Disarmament Conference

Although a summarization of the problems and efforts of the Conference would be about as easy to make as it would be to get out a vest-pocket edition of the Congressional Record, this has not been attempted here. Rather, there are a few thoughts on the Conference and its accomplishments and failures

By EARL HARTSELL

As the Magazine goes to press, the end of the Washington Disarmament Conference is in sight. A week or two, no doubt, will see the final treaties signed or rejected, and the weary delegates will be wending their diplomatic courses across the high seas toward their own native shores.

Meanwhile, those of us in America who have not forgotten the existence of this august assembly will be pondering in our hearts the visible results and asking ourselves whether or not the whole thing has been worth the price of even one diplomatic first-class passage on a trans-Atlantic liner. Is the conference destined to go down in history as the most prodigious and ineffectual international bull-session on record, or will it be hailed in succeeding generations as a mighty forward leap toward a new era of peace on earth?

To attempt, in the limited space at my disposal, even the barest outline of the problems with which the conference has been confronted, and to summarize its efforts to meet these problems, would be about as sensible as trying to get out a vest-pocket edition of the *Congressional Record*. There are, however, a few outstanding features of its work which, I think, are vitally significant.

Take the 5-5-3 ratio, for instance, the only thing of direct benefit to America settled at the conference. We are told that, when Secretary Hughes laid that card, America's trump, on the table in the very hour of opening the conference, its effect for a moment was so paralyzing that the proverbial falling pin might have been heard in the hall—if there had been a pin. When the thunderstruck delegates had recovered their wits, they perceived that they were up against a totally different form of diplomacy from that which they had expected. This was no set of abstract theories and logically arranged arguments in favor of armament reduction. It was a practical, tangible scheme for putting theories to work, a veritable Yankee bargain, and not a delegate dared to oppose the principle of the thing.

After thorough investigation by officious naval experts and some bucking on the part of Japan, who thought that her rating had been placed a little too low, the plan was adopted with a few minor modifications. It was a tremendous stroke of diplomacy. Yet its consequences may not be so far-reaching and revolutionary as one might wish.

The fixing of a mathematical ratio by which nations agree to regulate the size of their navies and the declaration of a naval holiday during which no more capital ships are to be built is a very good means of lessening the cost of an armed peace, but it is not an insurance against war. Moreover, in the event of another war, all such "gentlemen's agreements" would, of course, automatically become null and void. In other words, if the United States should become embroiled in a war with Japan, we could hardly expect that country to limit her ship-building activities so as to preserve the 5-3 ratio agreed upon at the Washington conference.

Jap diplomacy has been the sensation of the conference. Back in November when the final negotiations for the gathering were being finished, Japan was regarded by many almost as a prisoner brought before the bar of international justice to render an account for her misdeeds. With this handicap, Japan enters the conference, and by the skillfulness of her maneuvers manages to keep constantly a step or two ahead of all the other powers. It is planned to compel her to get out of the Shantung province and stay out. She forestalls all efforts in this direction by stating that the one thing which makes life endurable to her is the prospect of getting out of Shantung—when she feels like it! The same thing happens with regard to Siberia. And in it all she is clever enough and subtle enough to more than half convince the other powers that she is absolutely sincere.

The Chinese delegates, in striving to thwart the tactics of the wily Japs, have contributed an element of obstinacy to the negotiations which at times has threatened to bring the whole eastern settlement to nothing. In fact, it is an open question in the minds of students of world politics whether there will ever be a satisfactory "eastern settlement." Certainly none of any lasting stability will be wrought by a group of men, the majority of whom know nothing and care less about actual conditions in the Orient, holding forth in a city situated on the other side of the earth from the seat of trouble.

There is more than Shantung at issue; it is a quarrel involving life and death between two peoples. Both Japan and China are excessively over-populated. Japan is faced by the grim necessity of securing fresh stores of natural resources to replace those which have been developed to the limit in her own small islands. Without these, further economic progress is impossible. Given the coal and iron deposits of the Shantung province and a place to dispose of her surplus population where she can still depend upon them for first allegiance, and Japan's rank as a world power is assured. If she is denied these essentials, she has nothing further to look forward to in the line of economic and political development—another way of saying that her decline and death is only a matter of time.

On the other hand, China, awakening from the lethargy of many centuries, recognizes the menace of the ambitious Jap and determines that this expansion, however essential it may be to Japan's existence, shall not

take place at her expense. The Chinese have seen the handwriting on the wall, and no doubt remains in their minds that the success of Japan's program will spell the complete obliteration of China as a body politic. And quite naturally, China has no especial desire to experience the sensation of being obliterated politically, at least not in the thorough manner in which she has reason to believe the Japs would carry out the process.

In speaking of China, I have used the singular number, whereas everybody who is at all familiar with the situaton in the far east knows that China is not singular, but plural; not a republic, but two republics. The Canton government of the south and the Peking government of the north have an affection for one another that is little milder than their affection for Japan. Needless to say, internal conditions are by no means stable, making it all the easier for Japan to explain her reluctance to let go the Shantung railroad.

Is the continued supremacy of the Caucasian race dependent upon continued hostility and hatred between the Malay and Mongol? If so, then it might be advisable to have a disarmament conference every year just to remind the Japs and Chinese of the bitter differences between them. Otherwise the flame of hatred might die out and the two nations so far forget their ancient antipathies as to join hands in an association to be known as the Mutual Benefit Society for Relieving Congested Living Conditions in the Far East. And, to stretch the supposition a little farther, India might, in the course of time, cast in her lot with the rest of the Asiatics. If such an improbable combination should ever be effected, I wonder what insurance company would care to take a chance on the future well-being of the white race.

In thinking of a settlement for the oriental question, it must be borne in mind that the almost stationary population of these countries is not due to a low birth rate but rather to a tremendously high death rate. China's population has remained around the 400,000,000 mark since the days when our fathers studied geography, not because they have become an infertile stock, but because a very fruitful crop of babies each year is offset by a needlessly high percentage of deaths.

Pitiable, it is true, but what is to be done? We are trying to teach them how to save this enormous wastage of human life, but saving them is not finding a place on the earth where they can exist. Literally, these unfortunates have been crowded off the earth to make room for a new generation. Doubtless, it was not mentioned in the conference at Washington, but if the disarmament of the Far East is to be accomplished and famine and disease eliminated by the adoption of modern principles of sanitation, it may be necessary to go a step further and send the Chinese a shipload of books dealing with the subject of birth-control. By this transaction both countries would doubtless benefit, and we would be sharing with them so much more of our "culture and refinement."

In taking a look around the world and meditating on the meaning of all the complex dynamic forces at work throughout christendom and heathendom, it is easy for one to fall into an attitude of pessimism bordering on fatalism. Evidently, that's what happened to the Washington conference. At any rate, instead of binding up the wounds of the world, if it has done anything other than to conceal these wounds beneath a transient coating of powder to be blown off at the first whiff of hostilities, the future is yet to disclose it. But perhaps the powder is of an antiseptic sort and enough of it will adhere to the diseased tissues to bring about some improvement. The enthusiasm with which the delegates were greeted on their arrival in Washington last November has spent itself, and they will depart with neither blame nor glory. They did their best, no doubt, but they were only human. And he who would comprehend, grapple with, and master the vast problems of world politics today must be of superhuman build and dimensions.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE MAGAZINE'S BIRTHDAY

With this issue, the Carolina Magazine celebrates its seventy-eighth birthday. In March 1844, a little group of men started the Magazine on its career. Since then, it has passed through varying stages of success, through varying stages of adversity. Three times has it been forced to discontinue publication. But each time, after a lapse of months, it has valiantly risen and gone forth again to take its place.

In these seventy-eight years, the Magazine has had several stages. For a long time, it was little more than a newspaper and journal of current events around the University, then, by degrees, it became a sort of repository for the history of North Carolina and the lives of her great men. The next stage saw the Magazine blissfully sailing a sea fraught with danger—for men who believed in nothing but poetry and short stories and articles of purely literary value had the helm. Then the Magazine went through yet another process of evolution—it became, along with the literary aspect, that of a journal of student opinion. And this year, the Magazine has largely dropped the literary part, has stepped forward boldly into the arena of campus problems, has continued the campus opinion section and the section of interesting personalities, and is attempting to take on something of the pictorial in its make-up.

We who are here now can little say that we have found the true function of the Magazine —as it lives longer, its place will become clearer. Surely however, it has lost for good and all the purely literary tone—there will never be a resurrection of that.

So, with the passage of seventy-eight years of its life, the Magazine is confident; it starts another year, with hopes of improvement, it is true, but smiling and even anxious to face the trials and problems the year will bring forth.

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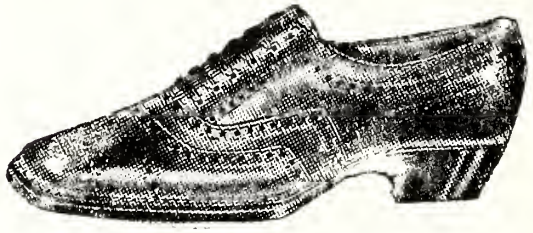

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Magazine

Easter Number

Wm Dabney White

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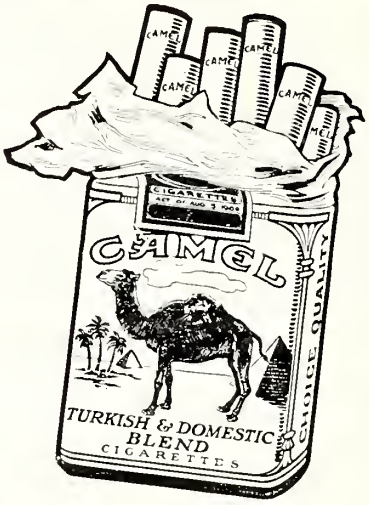

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[EDITORIAL]

SPRING POLITICS

Yet once more, O ye budding campus,
And once more, ye voters gullible
We come to visit you and crave
Again your attention... For spring
Is here, and with it the usual politics.
So bear with us, and review with us
The candidates.....as follows.

With such a siren call, the usual and annual spring pastime of politicing and electing officers comes once more upon us. It is always a hard task to pick men for office, yet this year, candidates for the various positions have been narrowed down until there are only a few available for each position.

We wish we could tell you who is backing these men. We wish we knew ourselves. However, we soon will know, for when the elections actually come off, there can be no hiding of the leaders. If we knew what crowd was backing each man we will review, we would tell you his name. But we do not. We have been trying to find out what candidates Judge Joe Ervin was backing. And by the way, we might name another man who is coming into prominence as a politician—C. L. Moore. You had better watch him.

However, the offices which are to be filled are all important. It behooves us, therefore, to give serious thought to these positions and these candidates, in order to select the best men for the places. There will be other candidates—there always are. But at present, these men stand out.

For president of the student body, J. O. Harmon, J. Y. Kerr, and T. Turner are the ones who are mentioned most. All others seem to have dropped off. You can take your choice from these.

C. J. Parker, J. J. Wade, and perhaps R. L.Gray have entered the race for the editorship of the Tar Heel next year. Wade has been working on the board for two years, as has Parker. Parker's candidacy is only recent. For managing editor of the Tar Heel, E. H. Hartsell and R. S. Pickens seem to have things all their own way.

The Yackety Yack and Magazine elections will have come off before this is printed; so it would be useless to cogitate on candidates for the positions on those two publications boards.

For president of next year's senior class, we are at a loss to even suggest a candidate. Perhaps one of the left overs from the student body presidency election will fall into this—perhaps not. But for president of the junior class next y ar, we see only two men, E. H. Hartsell and C. Y. Coley. The sophomore class president may still be unknown—better wait until freshman baseball gets started before we venture an opinion. However, O. G. Thomas and C. Dockery force their way into our mind.

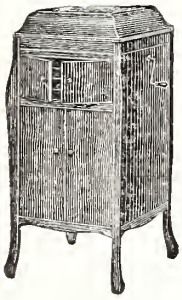
For Y. M. C. A. president, R. E. Brown, W. A. Lillycrop and C. C. Poindexter, and possibly others, will have a nice scrap among themselves. V. V. Young will probably become the first speaker of the Philanthropic Assembly next year, as it is generally recognized that his work in debating merits him the honor. For the first presidency in the Dialectic Society, J. P. Trotter and E. C. Hunt have been mentioned.

There's a whole bevy of athletic association offices to be filled. The presidency will probably go to McGee, McDonald, Carmichael, Morris, or some other athlete. For manager of baseball, Clayton Bellamy and J. T. Barnes are in the field; while for a similar position in varsity track, Charlie Ashford and LeGrande Everett are the nominees. For cheer leader, the campus is looking for a man. If you are that man, practice in your room, and help lead cheers in baseball this spring and you will be elected. At present, P. C. Froneberger is the only possibility.

We wish we knew enough about fraternity politics to venture a word on who will be the next president of the Pan-Hellenic Council. However, it will probably be a law student. Their taste seems to run in that direction when it comes to choosing their president.

The present senior class is even now looking for a nice. looking, handsome, popular, and agreeable young man (or young woman) for permanent president of the class of 1922. There's plenty of room in the ring for your hat, boys!

Politics is a funny business—as you can see from the above.



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The Collegiate Rendezvous

Phone 138 Chapel Hill, N. C.

The question of labor and capital, the question of the place of the working man in the sun—these are questions that sooner or later will come to every college man. And more particularly will come the query as to the relation between organized labor and the college man, if there is a relation.

And because we believe there is a relation, and because we believe it will do good to get one view of that relation now, we are presenting here some views on that subject, written especialy for CAROLINA MAGAZINE by Samuel Gompers, president oi the American Federation of Labor, from which you will draw your own conclusions.

The Relationship Between College Men and Organized Labor

By SAMUEL GOMPERS

THERE should be the most cordial relationship between college men and organized labor.

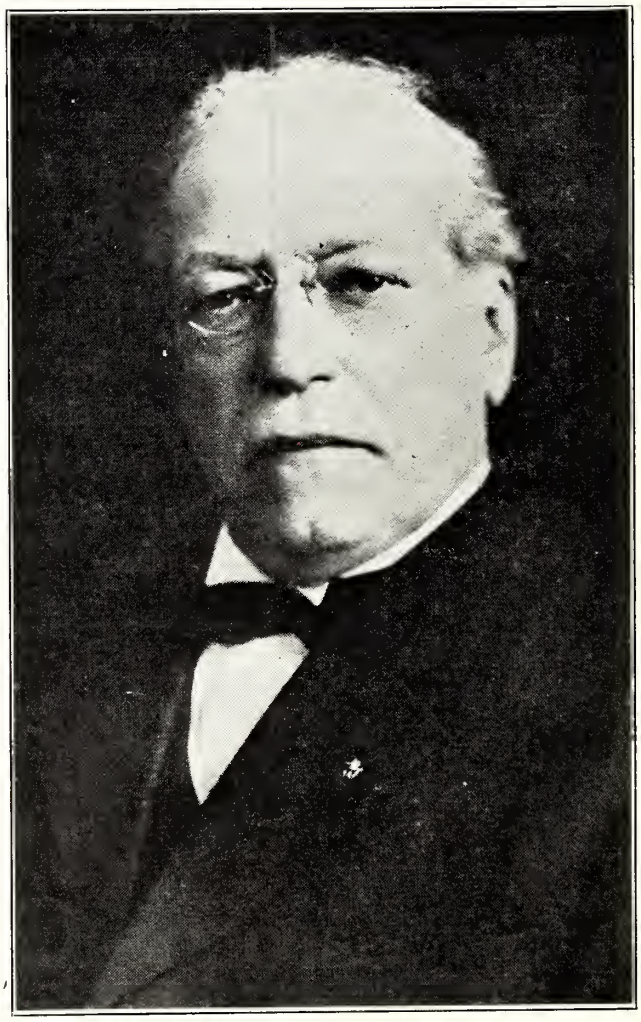
This is evident from the economic viewpoint. It is also evident when we consider our educational and social advancement and the preservation of our fundamental rights and institutions.

Time was when men with a college education secured a much larger remuneration for their services than did the uneducated workers. They also enjoyed greater economic security. But the former superior status of the college men is now largely a tradition rather than a fact. This is demonstrated by the recent unemployment report of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. The 10,000 members of the institute are mostly graduates of colleges and technical schools. And yet, according to the institute's data, engineers who were formerly paid from $2,500 to $10,000 a year have been driven to accept such unskilled jobs as watchmen, while some 5,000 of them are out of work altogether. When college graduates and mill operatives meet on the breadline of unemployment it is idle to talk about the superior status of brain as compared with brawn. Brain-workers and brawn-workers find themselves trapped in the same blind alley from which it is apparent that neither can escape as individuals. They must combine regardless of their educational categories and mobilize their strength to break down the barriers between them and economic liberty and security.

From the educational viewpoint there should also be the closest collaboration between college men and organized labor.

The trade unions were the most effective factor in establishing our free public school system, and today are its most enthusiastic and persistent supporters.

In all industrial communities, by far the larger proportion of the school children are workers' children. In order that our public school system should become a living reality for all the people, the American Federation of Labor's educational program has included compulsory school attendance, free education, free text-books, free vocational instruction and the wider use of school plants for community purposes. The



SAMUEL GOMPERS
President American Federation of Labor

organized workers and the college men and women engaged in teaching are the basis of our public-school system. Working together, there is no attainable height of efficiency which they would be unable to reach.

Their mutual interests as salary-earners and wage-earners and the necessity for the protection of their mutually fundamental rights against employer encroachment is a force that should impel the college men and the trade unionists to the most complete get-together spirit.

To drive a better bargain with employers, the workers organize into a compact group, deal as a group, defend each other's rights as a group. Reactionary employers in private industry unite in opposition to this collective power of the organized wage-earners. They undertake to secure an advantage over the worker by isolating him from his fellows and then driving a hard bargain because of his helplessness.

A few years ago the school teachers, weary of the exactions of school superintendents and school boards, began to organize teachers' unions. Reactionary school boards immediately attacked this effort for economic betterment. The school boards wished to isolate the school teachers and drive hard bargains with them individually just as the employers in private industry undertook to apply the same system to their employes. Certain school boards went to the limit of prohibiting the teachers from associating their efforts with the efforts of the trade unionists. From the inception of their struggle for the recognition of the right to organize and deal collectively with their employers in the adjustment of their labor disputes, organized labor of the United States supported the teachers. Today the American Federation of Teachers is one of the educated workers' organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Moreover, the trade unions believe in democracy—democracy in government, democracy in industry, democracy in education.

As a measure to secure industrial democracy, the unions declare that the workers in industry must be represented by people of their own choice in the management of industry. This is necessary in order that the interests of labor shall not be sacrificed merely to the greed of profit.

Applying this virile principle to our educational system, organized labor insists that the teachers, who do the work of teaching, and the organized workers, who voice the interests of most of the children who attend the schools, shall have effective representation on all boards of education and similar institutions connected with the administration of the schools. When this principle of labor becomes established, we shall have a democratic educational system. College people, as well as wage earners, thrive best in an environment of self-governed liberty.

If we classify the grievances of the educated workers we find that the principles upon which the trade unions are built are the principles which automatically suggest themselves to thoughtful college men in order to secure their own rights and safeguard their own liberties as economic, educational, political or social factors.

Working as collaborators, college men and trade unionists can accomplish wonderful things not for themselves alone, but for the advancement of civilization.

What is principally needed to make the collaboration effective is an understanding by college men of the trade union viewpoint.

The trade union viewpoint is the logical result of the economic conditions in which the workers spend the most of their lives. The viewpoint is a fact. It cannot be altered by argument merely. It cannot be routed by abuse. It will not retreat because of denunciation. It cannot be destroyed by misrepresentation. The fact that the trade union viewpoint is held by millions of workers gives it the status of an institution that should be recognized and understood. It should be understood above all by college men, many of whom become teachers in our schools and colleges.

As a usual thing, one does not find the trade union viewpoint in the average textbook on economics. Nor does one find it in the usual writings of college men. To find it one must go to the trade unions themselves, their literature, their spokesmen.

Probably strikes and the right to strike are the trade union methods most subject to misunderstanding and misrepresentation on the part of college men.

What is the trade union viewpoint of the right to strike? When do they use it? Why do they use it?

Whether the workers are coal miners, machine tenders, locomotive engineers, civil engineers, telephone operators, elevator conductors, school teachers, or college professors, they are all endowed with the most marvelous force known to mankind. They have the power to create wealth, to perform service, to do work. It is immaterial whether this service is the mechanical work of the elevator conductors, the technical work of the engineers, or the teaching work of the teachers or professors.

The combination of physical strength and mental skill, this labor power, is a part of the workers' life. When they render service, when they work for an employer, they use their entire physical and mental being.

The employers desire the use of the workers' labor power for one, and only one, purpose—to produce commodities, to create wealth. This wealth is not the property of the workers who produce it. It belongs to the employers, who use the workers' wealth-creating ability for the employers' private profit.

This wealth-creative work is performed for certain remuneration and under certain conditions. Who shall determine the conditions? Shall they be determined by the stockholders of a corporation who never see the inside of one of their mills? Or shall they be determined by the workers whose brains and bodies are used up in the wealth creative process?

The workers through their trade unions lay down one set of wages and conditions. The employers through their managers lay down another. The two sets of wages and conditions differ. The workers undertake to negotiate the difference with the employers—strike a bargain through compromise. Sometimes the workers succeed in reaching a negotiated agreement. Sometimes they fail. It is only when they fail in negotiating a wages and working conditions agreement that they resort to the strike.

Stripped of the passion and tortured interpretation which has been sinisterly woven around the word "strike" by the enemies of the workers, what, then, is its essential feature? The employer wishes the use of the workers' labor power to create wealth for the employer. The workers fix certain standards for the use of that labor power. To obtain those standards they withhold their wealth-creating ability from the employer until he agrees to the workers' terms.

The workers have not always had this right to quit work. They did not have it under feudalism. They did not have it under slavery. When the slave undertook to impose his conception of working conditions as against the conditions decreed by his owner, he was strung up by the hands and lashed until his aspirations for better terms were smothered in his own blood. The distinguishing difference between the slaves and the free workers is the fact that the latter have the right to quit work whenever the conditions of labor are irksome to them.

When the workers withhold their labor power, when they strike, the simply exercise their inherent right of saying to the employers: We refuse to create wealth for you to own and appropriate as your private property and to sell upon your terms, unless we create it under those conditions which we believe are essential for the economic and social well being of ourselves and our families.

The swish of the overseer's lash as a method to impose compulsory labor is heard no more in the United States. But those who undertake to abolish or limit the rgiht of the workers to strike (the right to quit work whenever in their judgment the conditions make it imperative), are endeavoring to destroy our free institutions by the introduction of a forced labor system quite similar to those of feudalism and slavery.

If college men would study the right to strike with the scientific consideration which this fundamental principle of trade unionism merits, there is not one of them with due regard for his intellectual honesty who would not conclude that this last defense of the workers against employer tyranny shall never be encroached upon either by federal or state laws or by any other governmental legalistic agency.

College men should consecrate themselves to the perpetuation of those free institutions which originally placed the United States in the vanguard of liberty and has kept her face toward the sun of progress ever since. The trade unions have already made this consecration.

To organize the workers, to educate them, to discipline them, to drill them for the ever onward march of civilization, to band them together for the defense of the liberties already won, to secure more liberty everywhere and for everyone—these are the principles for which organized labor stands. They are the principles which the American Federation of Labor is pledged to support.

We shall welcome the collaboration of college men and college women everywhere for the furtherance of the trade union program for human betterment and emancipation. For the workers, college-bred and factory-bred, are, in the last analysis, the predestined sayiours of the world against the tyranny of those who neither toil nor spin.

[*EDITORIAL*]

COLLEGE GREATNESS

Washington Irving has a phrase that aptly fits many men on this campus. The phrase, "Men of importance and swelling magnitude," hits squarely home to many individuals. The first part to themselves at least, and the second is apparent to most people. College honor is a fleeting thing, and to see the importance of a man who goes around in the glory of his new achievements is amusing to all. The "swelling magnitude" men require larger hat bands and more buttons on their vests, for they are the salt of the earth—as far as they themselves are concerned.

Withal, however, this is a good place to enjoy life. To see men come and prance on the stage and enjoy their brief hour of glory is good for us all to see, for in it we behold the shallowness of glory and through it the finer things that life holds for those who dig down deep enough to find them.

A Page of Poetry

On the Recent Extension of the Railroad

Here, where ivy-mantled towers rear up their massive walls,
Where sturdy oaks and poplars stand, the sentinel of years,
There dwells a law of learning and the echo lightly falls,
Of college yells, of college men, whose record now appears,
And shows their life's broad highway,
All their doubtings and their fears;
On the floor.

Here all that's best is nurtured in a newer, broader scope,
Here problems are presented and the critic turns to scan—
Marvels in the steadied purpose, sneers the lividness of hope,
Harbors up the faults and blunders, hurls the cynics scornful ban—
Writes his verdict that we cherish,
For it reads, "Here lives the man."

Yet amongst our dream's fruition creeps the outward world within,
And the shriek and clang of progress knocks unwelcomed at the door.
All our yesterdays of glory—Buried now? Oh once again.
Build for us the perfect structure as it was in days of yore—
Or tear down each worshipped pillar.
Let our name be heard no more.

—MEADE FEILD, JR.

Another Lamentation

I took me into a city of many strange faces
And one face fair beyond all others.
In my heart bubbled little, foolish, tender songs,
And in my fancy grew strange, luminous pictures
Of giant castles built into the air.

I came away from the city of many strange faces
And one face fair beyond all others,
And the face, so fairer than all others, so
Beloved and beautiful,
Was turned from me.
Yesterday and today have been like great grey tombstones,
Heavy on my heart, marking the burial of my little
Foolish, tender songs, that were so precious to me,
But now, are only the dust of a bruising, tearing memory.

Where once I rode in a chariot painted the color of sunlight,
Drawn by silver harnessed steeds through skies of brilliant hues
Where dewdrops reflected the glory and light of immeasurable happiness,
I now plod wearily over hard stoney roads that lead through
Dreary forests of jeering thorn trees.
With each tired, hesitating, hopeless step the
Gloom grows deeper.
There is no light, only roaming, sinister shadows
That close silently, relentlessly
Around the throbbing agony that was my soul.

Hot, hissing winds of despair sweep the broom sage
Back and forth, back and forth,
Across the grave of my dead hopes.
The hoot owls of misery
Whistle and whistle
Over the ruins of my beautiful castle in the air,
While the dust of disillusionment
Rises.....rises
Like spirals of smoke from a thousand altar fires
Over the ruins, the everlasting ruins,
Of a shattered, wideflung dream.

—R. S. PICKENS.

Footsteps

Footsteps pass
My door;
Come, go,
Are no more.

Many pass,
In silence die,
At fading echoes
Wonder I.

Light, heavy,
Slow, fast,
Tripping, running,
Rushing past.

Rising, falling,
Squeaking, scratching,
Faint and louder
Ever passing.

Loud and fainter,
Come and gone;
Ever changing
And anon.

Joyous, sad,
Downhearted, cheery,
Hopeful, hopeless,
Tired and weary.

Sometimes many,
Sometimes few;
Each one different,
Each one new.

Great and little
Pass my door.
Stamp their histories
Footsteps!
Their fitful cadence
Makes me
Drowsy.

—S. M.

Down Into the City of Night

By GARLAND BURNS PORTER

Of all the stories Mr. Porter has written for the Magazine, this is the best. Its vividness of description rivals that of the masters. The plot and the literary texture are good. In short, you cannot afford to miss reading it.

HIS figure was suggestive of *Mr. Hyde*, or Alexander Pope; he was a cripple. The left leg was normal; the right one was cruelly twisted and weak, the knee being drawn forward as if always on the point of kneeling; and the heel of the wrinkled shoe never touched the ground as he walked. The body was thin and contorted. One shoulder was square, the other almost inevident. Hands of contradiction protruded from the sleeves of the horrified coat: one was slender, tapering, fragile, smooth; the other gnarled, burly, huge, corded with muscles.

His face might have passed for Socrates or for Aesop or for Alexander Pope again. There was something of the philosopher in it, something of the moralizer, something of the poet—the poet such as Pope. It would, moreover, have required but little imagination to see it as the mask of the spirit that wrote "Joan of Arc"—De Quincey's "Joan." There was something, then, of the classic *man* in it: the man who forces respect and scorns pity—that was written someway in his face.

He punctuated his way along the water front in that monstrous, frightful way of the cripple. A thick, soft snow was whirling through the night. It scrathed and bit at the drawn face, catching in the eyelashes and sticking there, wet and irritating. The soft, wadlike flakes scrambled against his neck and slid down to the softer surfaces under the ragged collar. He was headed for the Inlet Boathouse. Arriving there he pushed the door open amid a scurry of snowflakes and entered, breathing deeply, eyes shining with chill-inspired tears. He took his wonted place beside the filthy, hot stove and edged his way into the conversation of the men already there. The coarseness of the talk passed his ears unchallenged and went back enlivened after its own fashion. The men there were hard; they played the game of life desperately with the deck stripped clear through the ten-spots. So were they that they had long since ceased to expect any quarter from life. It was the Mr. Hyde of him that they accepted.

They were in what passed for the saloon of the place. It opened on the street and men came and went at intervals. He sat there and swore and cursed and joked and laughed, his face writhing with the changes of emotion. The topics ran the whole range of villainy; they vituperated the boy who tended the fire, finally coming to the youth who had fallen overboard a week ago from the effects of too much rum. They had all known the youth and had liked him. Then came a look over the cripple's face strangely out of place there. The gnarled hand rubbed the slender one and he made no comment. His eyes were bright and straining as the pulling of the body to the dock was depicted. . . .

Singly or severally they departed until near midnight only the misshapen creature remained. The stove was no longer red; the coals had probably crumbled into ashes. He sat motionless on the edge of the chair, the angled leg drawn up before him, the smooth hand out of sight in the breast of the tattered coat, and the burly one resting on the raised knee. His face spoke in a language frightful, awing, tumultuous. Had someone been there with gift sufficient to decipher all that passed over that face, his pen point would have melted in the mighty fire of words.

Empires of men swarmed there in their killing struggle of life; hordes of beasts preyed there upon the lives of one another; flocks of women stirred there driven before the onrush of life . . . No chapter was missing from the vast volume . . . This creature of so strange a mixture of incongruities was in the grip of some monstrous being tonight. Varied and powerful waves surged in his soul. God! if men could only suspect what things flitted through him they would shun him as the ceasless spirit of evil. . . .

But then another thought came unheralded into his mind. A warming thought, light, sweet, tender, like a delicate moth breaking into a desolate night. His face became wistful. Pulling his miserable body back into the depths of the chair, he peered into the dim corners of the ceiling. The eyes sought no object and rested on none; the more indistinct the corner the greater attraction for those strange, errant eyes. One might have taken them for the eyes of Keats as he wrote *"La Belle Dame Sans Merci,"* or those of Poe as he wrote of the land of *"Eldorado."*.. How startling they, in this hideous face and revolting body.

One of those strange dreams was upon him; he had grown to dread them, for they always left him more desolate and lonely. This despised creature, whose every line and contour was a departure from the norm, was of a spirit so violent in its extremes that he was helpless in its inexorable workings. But that which was with him now was the worst; his acquaintances had no better name for it than his "grouch" and they invariably left him to it.

He saw the beauty of the world and his own relation to it—God! his own relation to it! Before him now was the way his fellow man regarded him: he held their curses and jeers and gibes up against the sensitive plate of his soul, pitilessly. His review was

little varied; only one person had ever asked admission into that strange land inside his soul and personality,—and it was not his mother; he had no memory of her,—it was the youth who was now living somewhere beneath the surface of the black, yawning waters out there, down somewhere in the City of Night.

Suddenly the latch clicked and the door opened. Turning he saw framed in the doorway a woman, beautiful, young, vivacious: the spirit of lovable woman incarnate come out of the tenebrous night. The small purple hat, gray squirrel coat, trim shoes—he took them all in with the single vivid glance. She held the door knob in a gloved hand and blinked her bright eyes as she surveyed the room. The solitary, disreputable figure drawn back in the deep chair must have struck her as pathetically comical; for, after a comprehensive sweep of the room, she closed the door, advanced into the place, and laughed. There was silver and melody and warmth in her voice. It stirred the soul of the man, startled and awed at this strange gift of the night. He hopped to the floor and, removing his hat, "Good evening, madam," he greeted in modulated tones, barely recovering from the force of this vision that seemed to speak the language of his dreams.

"Good evening."

He pulled a chair toward the wretched stove, then, smiling, put a hand against the long-cooled sheetiron top. He looked back at her and apologized.

"It's cold."

"Yes; very," she answered, laughing again and regarding him curiously. She shot another searching glance round the room.

His impromptu self-assurance began to desert him; he looked about him helplessly, as if searching for a hole in which to slink from sight. He ventured to turn his wondering eyes on her again. Her skin was marvelously smooth, and warmth lurked in every contour. The thing was too much! a real, warm, beautiful, tender woman.—Those wondering eyes saw all and saw nothing. He gave no evidence of ever speaking again.

"No doubt you are surprised at having a visitor at this hour of night," she suggested.

For some reason words came to his lips:

"I am surprised at the visitor—yes." He was positive that no such voice had ever come from him before.

She laughed.

"You know, men are such fools," she remarked.

He looked at her, not quite getting the connection. Then—ah, well, the world had not changed after all; the thought brought him back, he was still the despised creature.

Regarding him curiously:

"Pardon me; I was speaking of Harry."

Of Harry? He almost swore; if the Mr. Hyde had not been well hidden in the black dungeons of his soul, he would have cursed with marvelous revelation. Of Harry indeed! And who was this Harry? She answered the unspoken question.

"Harry is the craziest person in the world. He told me he was coming here tonight—to get drunk." All the debonaire zest of her entrance began to desert her. "Where is he?" she demanded.

"I don't know—I don't know Harry." He almost smiled.

"Oh, Harry is crazy—*crazy*." She sat down then, suddenly. "This is the Inlet Boathouse isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Where are all the—the drunks?" She looked around the place again, shuddering.

He did not laugh; only looked around too.

"There are no drunks here tonight—why?"

"Uh—Harry said they stayed drunk here all the time."

He was silent.

"Oh, why do you stand there and look at me so?" she burst out, now lost all her curiosity in him.

After a moment he replied.

"Why look at you? I wonder if I could make you understand. Oh, I even wonder if it would be worth while to make you understand. Yes; I wonder that—don't think me crude!" He sank down on a stool and fell to brooding, his face crushed against his hands.

The woman seemed to forget the cause of her visit to this strange place as she watched him.

"And I wonder too."

There was something in her voice that compelled him to look up.

"You are a dream I have been dreaming; you came in echo to it just now," he burst out; then, giving up all contact with land, he plunged out desperately into the sea that has no islands:

"You ask me why. It is because I am a man, because no one has ever taken me as a man, because I have always been pushed from the world of others back into a bleak world of my own—oh, it *is* bleak, you can't know how terrible—and it is because life has been unfair with, and nature has been cruel to me. I have a body that repels people and one powerful side of a nature that repels them; but nature has cursed me worse than that, has given me a side that craves them; that longs to be understood and accepted as one of them—as a man."

She was startled by the fiery speech.

"You think it strange that I should—that I *can*—talk like that?" His look was appealing. "They curse me and laugh, but I have studied, have studied a great deal, have even read Shelley—I know what he means when he cries *Then what is life?* More keenly than he knows, I believe."

For some moments neither spoke.

"I have always wanted something other than the pity of a woman," he continued. "I have tired to death with the light of either repulsion or compassion in their eyes. I want to see them burn with a greater light. I have lived in vain waiting to see it."

He sat there in the dingy and chill room, amid the broken-backed and splint-legged chairs, the bar at which liquor might be bought, the weak light, the cold stove. Because he had always been denied the things his heart so powerfully craved, it all seemed aimed at him alone. The woman, all that he had really cried out for, it seemed then, the very incarnation of her as he had dreamed her—and here she was! The slender hand passed across the hideous face and scorching eyes. The gnarled one writhed pitiably and powerfully. After moments she could speak:

"I had no idea—you saying all that—I didn't think you could—who are you?"

"They call me 'Crip'." Succinctly.

She looked at him oddly; understandingly, he thought.

"Yes; Crip—don't you see? That's all—*Crip!* Even Steve called me that—Steve was drowned last week, we read together, read poetry sometimes. Everybody laughed at that. Imagine me reading poetry!" There was deep irony in his voice. Then in changed tones, "But I threw the book in after Steve last night; I was mad, was *mad*. I get that way often, more often now than I used to, and then the men here are not mean enough for me. When I am that way I hate them all and everything, hate the things that I love at other times—why I would even hate *you!*"

"I understand," he heard her say. "It is cruel; it isn't fair. Life has always treated me differently, but I understand."

He wondered if she really did understand; God, how he wished he *could* believe her—could he? did he?

That cursed body! she could scarcely refrain from shuddering at sight of it. How could a person, a human being, have a face so loathsome? Their eyes met and held each other for an instant, then simultaneously they lowered their gaze.

So violent was the grappling in his soul that he trembled terribly. Had he seen that bitterly familiar sign in *her* eyes too? After all . . . after all.

He stifled the battling in his breast presently and rose to his grotesque height. He spoke abruptly:

"But you came here in search of someone. He is not here. I regret if I have saddened you; for you came in cheerily despite the fact that you were looking for a young man in love with you and who had made some childish threat to come here and get drunk."

She looked at him a bit confused and a bit resentful at his change of mood. She rose, again conscious of her charm, and saw the tribute struggle on his face.

"Yes; I was looking for Harry and he is not here." After a pause she added, "I phoned his club and learning he was out, thought he must have come here as he had threatened. But no matter, he didn't; and I am a fool for trying to find him—but he is so crazy."

He did not speak. The vision was gone now; he knew it. She moved away, but before she had closed the door behind her, she turned to him:

"Please understand me, I'm sorry, so sorry," and she was gone back into the world of which she was a part.

How poignantly he saw it. She had come but for a brief instant into his poor world and had been repelled as all had been repelled before her; she, yes, she *was* that other world—all of it—all of it. And as she had gone she had said, "I am sorry."

"Sorry, yes, sorry—always sorry. I don't want it—it's a pity—I don't want pity," he cried bitterly. He hobbled wretchedly through the side door and to the dock.

The water was ink; the night a soggy sponge torn by a few helpless lights. The snow still fell thickly, softly, relentlessly, falling, falling on the dock, on the lone creature standing there, on the water. How white the settling snow made the soggy sponge of night in contrast with the pitch black of the water. How beautiful the white snow; some of the tiny crystalized flakes glittered like little diamonds there at the foot of the light. As far as the weakening radius extended he watched the lace of falling flakes as if fascinated; how sharply it contrasted with the shuddering surface of the water. Yes; up here it was white and beautiful; down there was the City of Night. . . .

He cast his eyes upward: not a star, no moon, he wished he could see it again. He thought again of the woman; she was now in her world . . . He must go to his . . . He thought of Steve, Steve a phanton like all other things now. . . .

The gnarled hand grasped the poor slender one, and he stumbled forward from the dock, after Steve and after the volume of Shelley, down with a stinging splash through the pitiless surface of the water into the pitiless jaws, the choking chill, down, down, down into the City of Night.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—In the spring of 1921, Mack Gorham and I had an arena fitted out in one of the roof garden rooms of the "Y", there we would sling the lariats after a fashion of high tradition. Mack wrote a poem which he styled "*The Cripple*" and we gave it discussion. The above is my treatment of the situation: ("*The Cripple*" appeared last year in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.)

| *EDITORIAL* |

A DISMAL FAILURE

The Social Committee, composed of T. L. Warren, R. H. Frazier, J. W. Daniels, C. L. Moore, J. Y. Kerr, W. D. Carmichael, and W. E. Horner which was appointed some time ago by President Porter to look into the social affairs of the campus has made the most colossal failure of most any committee we have ever heard of.

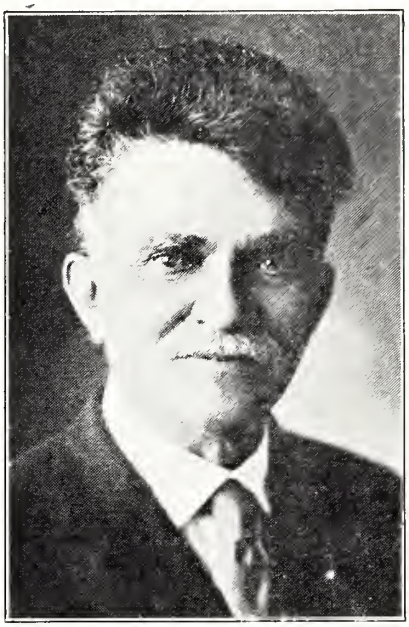
All members of the committee admitted there was a need for bettering the social condition of non-fraternity men—or at least that portion of the campus which was not "exposed" to culture. Some wanted more fraternities, some wanted larger fraternities, some wanted the Y. M. C. A. to be a social center, some wanted recreation rooms in every dormitory, some wanted various and sundry other plans. But all wanted something to be done, and because the committee could not find the truth in a few meetings, it laid down on its job and quit.

It had an opportunity, but it failed. If there was ever a commitee which made a colossal ass of itself, it was this one. If there was ever a committee which ought to be made to pay for non-performance of duty, it was this one. The only thing it did was to talk a little about the matter, and get a few others to talk about it. Perhaps its activity will help a little in alleviating the airs of snobbishness and superiority that a few of our beloved citizens still persist in putting on, but still it did not do its duty.

Leading State Educators

E. C. BROOKS

Superintendent of Schools, Goldsboro, N. C. Professor of Education, Trinity College, Durham, N. C. Author of numerous educational publications. State Superintendent of Public Instruction since 1919.



M. C. S. NOBLE

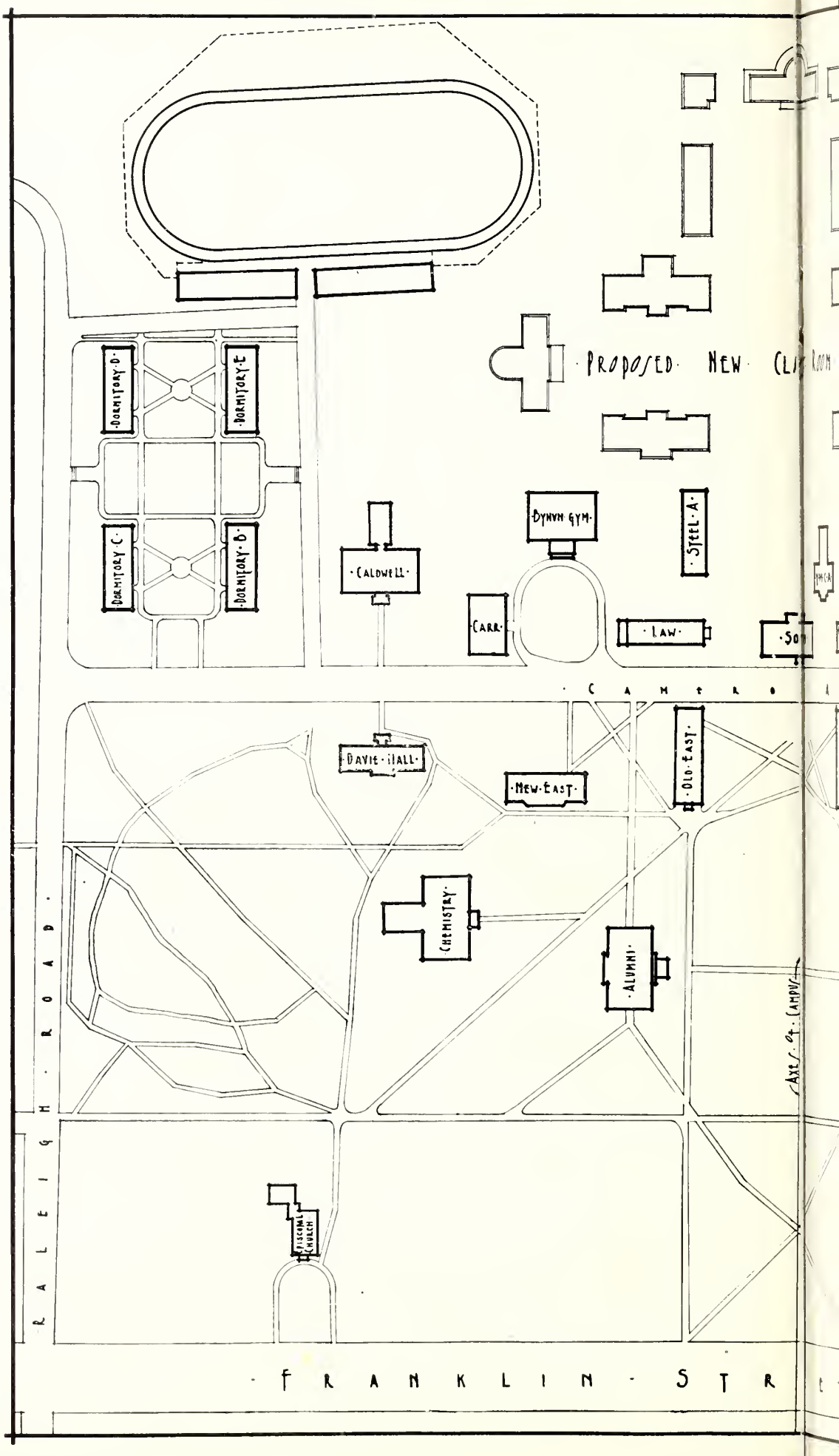
First Superintendent of Wilmington Public School System. Professor of Pedagogy University of North Carolina 1898-1913. *Introduced first correspondence courses given in University of North Carolina. Member of State Historical Commission.*

J. I. FOUST

President of North Carolina College for Women. Superintendent of Schools, Wilson, N. C., and Goldsboro, N. C. Professor of Pedagogy in North Carolina College for Women and President of same since 1907.

N. M. WALKER

Professor Secondary Education, University of North Carolina, Acting Dean of School of Education. As State High School Inspector, 1907-1920, *established our State High School system.*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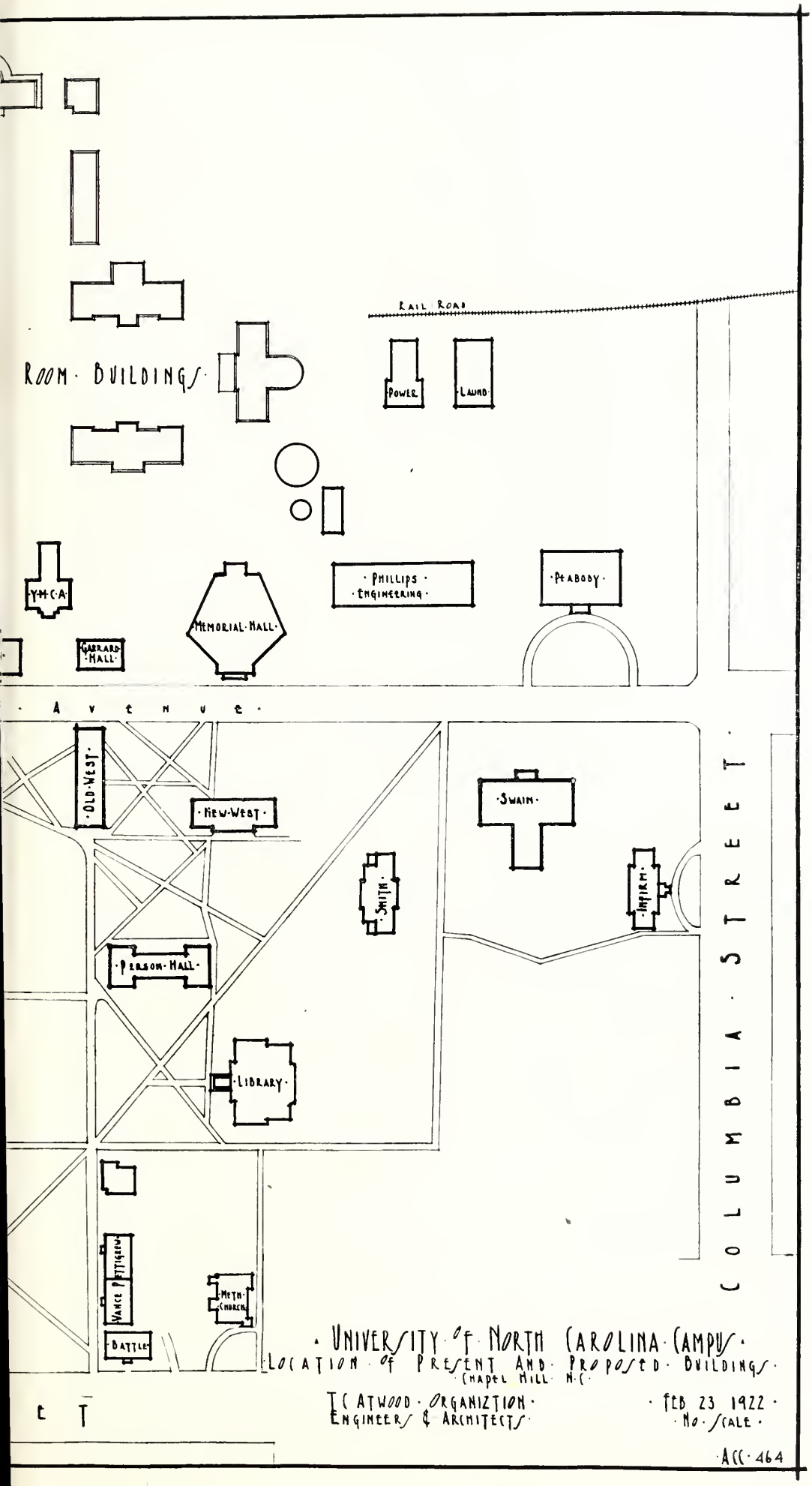
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Three Men After A Boat

Here are the experiences of three college men who wanted to go to Europe last summer—and did. You can get some tips from this article as to how to get your ship. A second article will deal with the voyage across and will be published later

By C. J. PARKER, Jr.

WHAT you gonna do this summer?"

"Gonna go to France!"

And so it was all planned. All planned in advance. George, Red, and myself had told our friends good-bye, and promised to send most of them picture post cards from the other side; left our families in tears over the prospect of our drowning at sea, or something equally dire; kissed our girls good-bye, that is individually of course; and taken the midnight train for the coast—happy and exuberant on the first leg of our trip abroad. As I have said, we had everything planned—everything, except the means of effecting the crossing.

The Hampton Roads ports, being nearest at hand, appeared to be the logical points of embarkation; so it was at Norfolk that we arrived on the sultriest, hottest Sunday morning of the whole month of July, 1921. We had been told by numerous people "who knew" that it would be only a matter of a few hours until we had procured jobs and be installed aboard a ship. Banking on this information, we went, at best, but slightly provided with funds—of course we wouldn't have any trouble getting a boat right away!

But from our very first glimpse of that motley, restless mob which thronged and over-ran the inadequate lobby of the Norfolk Sea Service Bureau of the United States Shipping Board we had just an uneasy inkling that we were up against it. The glowing reports of plentiful jobs and plenty of ships, which had come from the friends who gone before us, faded in one moment from the vast accentuating forces they had been to mere pretty nothings. Before us were scores of experienced seamen—hard brothers—who from the pangs of actual hunger were crying for jobs in the stoke-hole; there were quarter-masters willing to ship as ordinary seamen; first mates ready to sign on as second or third; in all, a heterogeneous mass of humanity ready and waiting to take anything. Things looked bad enough, but surely *college men* could get jobs, we thought.

Our first step in the realm of ship hunting was to walk boldly up to the desk in the Shipping Board office and inquire in a matter of fact tone when the next ship went out, and what were the chances to get a job aboard her.

"Ever been to sea before?" queried the man behind the desk. We were forced to admit that we had not.

"Got your passports?" he immediately rejoined. Again we were forced to reply in the negative.

"Well, get 'em," he advised, "and come back, and I'll see what I can do for you." He returned to the newspaper he had been reading, and we hurried out to the Customs House, where we had been told that passports were procurable.

At the passport office there happened to be several applicants ahead of us, so we listened to the procedure:

"Got your pictures?" inquired the passport man of the first applicant. "You haven't? Well how in the devil do you expect to get a passport without your pictures? Go across the street and have them made." The man dropped out, and the line moved up.

The next applicant was equipped with the necessary three pictures, but was caught on the very next question.

"Got your ship?" shot the man. "You haven't, eh? Well how do you expect us to issue passports to everybody that comes along? Sign on your ship, and come back here and get your passport!" After a few words of useless protest by the applicant the line was shortened one more.

Just at this juncture the passport man stepped out of the room, and we took ocassion to slip out, with no hope left in our hearts of ever getting a passport out of that man.

Luckily for us we encountered an old seaman of friendly disposition in the hall, and from him we got our first real dope on how to go about the thing. He told us that it would be necessary to run a little sandy about being signed on a ship, but that we must have our pictures made. He advised us to look in the maritime news section of the paper and pick out the name of some ship sailing in the near future, and give that to the passport official, as at the time it was impossible to get a ship unless you were already armed with the proper credentials, and this was very inconvenient, since there was a ruling that no passports should be issued except to men already signed on ships.

We thanked the seaman, and dropped across the street to the photographers. Three small pictures of ourselves cost us one dollar apiece, and an hour of waiting, but we utilized the time in deciding that our ship was the "Mackinaw," sailing on the next day for Antwerp.

Armed with the pictures, and the good ship "Mackinaw," we went again into the passport office, and had no trouble at all in securing the document. We were almost jubilant, and as we walked down to the Shipping Board office again we congratulated each other on the fact that nothing could keep us from going to sea now.

We sauntered up to the desk, and proudly displaying our passports, asked when we would get our ship. The man in charge didn't seem half so much impressed as we thought he would be, and merely told us to hang around for a while. We sought the shade of the awning outside to wait as he had told us. It wasn't long before we noticed that there were a hun-

dred or more people doing just the same thing, so we struck up a conversation with a young fellow who didn't appear quite as hard as the rest. In a very few minutes we had gotten earfuls of startling news: The man to whom we were talking was a junior at Wake Forest College. He hadn't a nickel in his pocket, and hadn't eaten since yesterday. He was putting up at the Lutheran Brotherhood Home, and would have to eat at the Salvation Army place that night if nothing turned up. He told us that he had just missed the shipping boom that came immediately after the settlement of the seaman's strike, and that he had been hanging around for over a week, and that there hadn't but one ship gone out. He pointed out several other college men to us, and to our surprise we found out that they were all broke, but determined to stick it out to the end.

We invited two of them out to dinner with us, and we learned right then that all the near-starvation wasn't going on in Russia. One night no less than six college men occupied a single room in a Norfolk hotel!

We crossed the Roads to Newport News and found conditions there worse, if anything, than in Norfolk. We gave up the Shipping Board as a hopeless proposition, and started a canvass of all the offices of the steam ship companies in the two cities. We were well received everywhere, but always encountered the same old tale: "Nothing doing, not a thing now, drop back in a few days and we'll see what we can do for you." We'd drop back in a day or so, and it was the same tale all over again. We got a letter from the Port Steward, and had several influential business men trying to exert sufficient pull to get us a berth of some description, but to no avail—the shipping business was in a complete slump.

Things looked pretty bad for us, nevertheless we still wrote the most encouraging letters home, and always predicted that we would get a ship on the next day. Three weeks before it would have been easy enough—but now, we had hit the game just at the time when all the shipping tied up by the strike had been cleared, and the natural slump was running its course.

Desperation was upon the group of us. Three of the boys lived a whole day upon a single loaf of bread. Then salvation came to them: One shipped as a coal passer on a Norwegian freighter, and the other two got "stand-by" jobs out in the harbor.

A great many of the men who had been hanging about in hope of a sea-going job left. Many men secured what work they could about the two towns, while most of the others found their way home by various routes. We three decided among ourselves that we would make one more canvass of the offices on both sides of the Roads. We tried the Norfolk side with no more success than had accompanied our initial efforts, and then with our hopes at low ebb we crossed over to Newport News.

There, after eight days of patient search, we received our first words of encouragement. By some good fortune we happened to strike the manager of the Newport News branch of a very large British shipping company. He was a young man, and upon hearing of our predicament, told us without any hesitation that he would get us jobs. He made an appointment for us to meet him that afternoon at the historic Warwick Hotel, where we would talk over the details.

In his suite at the hotel we met with the British vice-consul and a large shipper of cattle from New York, and thoroughly went over the matter. Two ships were suggested that were available at the moment. One lay at New York and the other in the Roads. An attempt was made to get us on the latter, but it was forestalled by the skipper, who declared that he would never have another college student aboard his ship. He stated that some years ago he carried two across, and that they had returned and written a series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* which were not at all complimentary. The New York ship was all right though, and jobs were reserved for us on that.

We left Newport News with no misgiving at all, and arrived in New York just ten days after we had left our homes. We went immediately to the shipping office and reported. There we found that we had been signed on as cattlemen aboard the British vessel "Lancastrian," which was to sail in two days. Two of the longest days in our lives were spent in waiting to go aboard the freighter, which we had made a special visit to the docks to see.

The "Lancastrian" was over thirty years old, and was not built after the style of modern cargo boats, but had an unbroken deck line which made her appear very much longer than she actually was. But she looked mighty good to us, and the day of July 16th, 1921, will ever remain memorable in our lives as the occasion when we first boarded an ocean freighter as one of the crew. We put on the roughest clothes we could get hold of before we boarded her, and felt just as hard as any of the crew as we were being signed on in the captain's cabin—as cattlemen, to be paid one shilling per and return transportation. Many of the cattlemen had paid an agency to get them the job, with their transportation as their only pay. Most of the gang were Englishmen who had been laid off on account of the business depression in America and were glad to get this opportunity of a free passage across. We were the only Americans aboard except the three cattle foremen and the third mate. The rest of the crew was composed (besides the Englishmen) of several Scotchmen, three Maltese, a Swede, a Belgian, and a Czech.

Perhaps we struck things extraordinarily hard, and I have only recorded the events of our ship hunt in unexaggerated form. Perhaps this summer conditions will be better, perhaps worse; anyway the experience is worth every bit of the hardship it entails, and not a man of us regretted going through with it. Certainly we can say that one of the happiest moments of our lives was when the old "Lancastrian" had taken on the last of her cargo, blown for the tugs, thrown off her lines, and slowly gained headway as she nosed down East River, past Liberty, and out to sea.

Expending a Million and a Half For a Greater University

By EARL HARTSELL

A YEAR ago, freshman baseball aspirants were pulling down flies and scooping up grounders on the old class athletic field between the Medical building and the Raleigh road. The task of spending—wisely, and not too well,—within the next two years nearly a million and a half dollars of the people's money had just been taken up by the Building Committee of the University Board of Trustees. The air was full of suppositions and rumors concerning the nature of the proposed buildings. Every conceivable structure, from a $150,000 dormitory for co-eds to a fully equipped armory for the khaki-clad warriors of the R. O. T. C., was discussed as an immediate possibility.

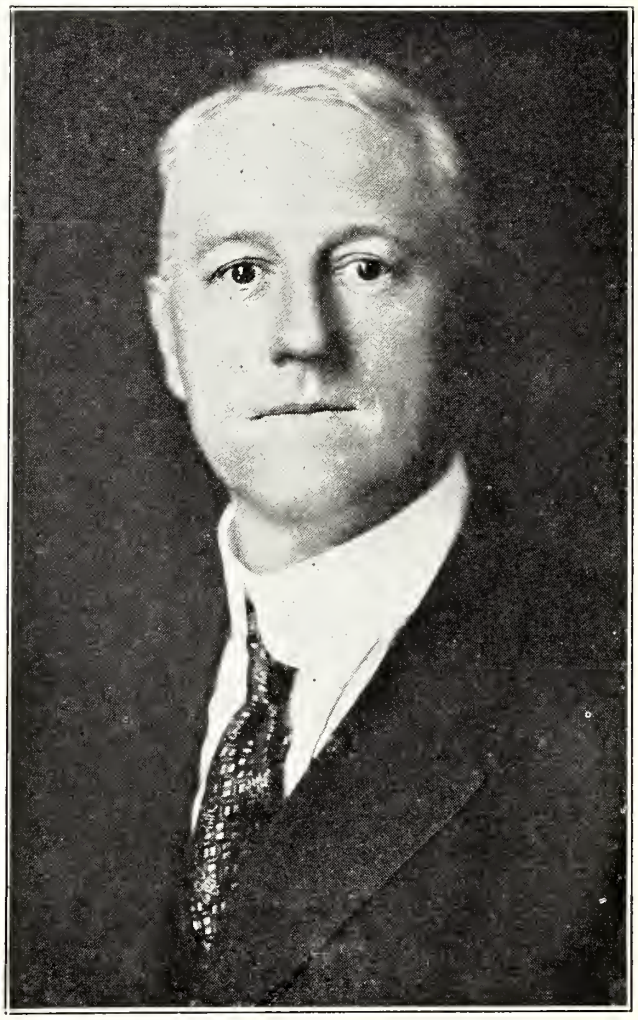
At that time Steele Dormitory was in its painful and inefficient process of construction. Under incompetent supervision and handicapped by lack of transportation facilities, progress on the building was so slow as to be discouraging. One student, not noted for over-scrupulous habits of cleanliness, who passed by the unfinished building on the rare occasions when he visited the gym for a bath, was heard to remark, "they don't make much progress on that building in three weeks, do they?"

Steele dormitory and the laundry were built by State-Architect Salter and paid for with the $500,000 appropriated by the legislature of 1917. The contract was let when building material and labor prices were soaring sky-high. As a result of the general dissatisfaction with the way in which the work was carried on, the legislature of 1921 abolished the office of state architect. The history of the statewide campaign for a ten million dollar appropriation to be apportioned among the state educational institutions is too well known to need repetition. Of that $10,000,000, the University was to get $5,605,000 to be expended over a period of five years. In the face of strenuous opposition the appropriation was cut and a compromise arrived at whereby the University was to get $1,490,000 to be expended over a period of two years, with the guarantee that, at the expiration of the two-year period, as much additional money would be appropriated to the University for building purposes as could be used economically and expediently.

THE JOB STARTED

Thus the job was put up to the Building Committee of the Board of Trustees. Without even one single plan having been drawn, with only a general idea of what particular buildings were most urgently needed and only a vague estimate of how far the appropriation would go toward meeting those urgent needs, the committee was confronted with the task of converting dollars into buildings with a maximum of speed and a minimum of waste.

Speed was an essential factor, not only because overcrowded conditions were becoming unendurable, but also as a means of demonstrating to the legislature that the University had not bitten off more than it could chew when it asked for the five and a half million for the five-year program. At the same time it was determined that the necessity for haste should not lead to the erection of unsuitable, ugly buildings, spotted about at random over the campus. The building program for a Greater University must be pursued with a view to bringing the different parts of the campus into such relation as to obtain a unified, attractively proportioned whole. Moreover, in the matter of class-room buildings it was imperative that plans for their interior arrangement should be discussed and approved by the heads of the schools or departments which were to use them. And because college professors seldom think in terms of architectural designs, it was foreseen that these plans could not be formulated in a single consultation.



T. C. ATWOOD

The men who composed the building committee were J. Bryan Grimes, chairman, John Sprunt Hill, Haywood Parker, W. N. Everett, George Stephens, President Chase, James A. Gray, W. L. Coker, and C. T.

Woollen, secretary. This committee decided that the best way to handle the work was to employ an engineer and architect, who would establish an office on the campus and devote his whole time to designing the buildings and supervising the construction, and who would thus be at all times in close collaboration with President Chase and the members of the faculty.

The selection of a competent man to handle the technical and executive end of the program was an all-important consideration. The success or failure of the entire project depended upon a wise choice. After careful investigation the committee decided to employ T. C. Atwood, of Durham, N. C., a man with a fine record of successful engineering and construction projects such as the building of Camp Merritt, New Jersey, supervision of a ten million dollar water-works job in New York City, the construction of the enormous Yale Bowl at New Haven, Connecticutt, and many other projects of a like nature. Mr. Atwood was instructed to select his own organization, and three rooms on the first floor of Alumni building were assigned him as headquarters. The firm of McKim, Mead and White, of New York, was retained in a consulting capacity.

The question that next arose was, "What buildings are to be erected, and in what order?" The need for faculty houses, dormitories and class-room buildings seemed equally urgent. But before any large-scale construction could be efficiently carried on, it was almost imperative that the slow and expensive trucking from the railroad terminus at Carrboro should be eliminated. A spur line to the campus was the only solution, and, when the Southern railroad declined to build such an extension, the University resolved to do it. Accordingly, the work was so scheduled as to insure completion of the railroad by the time the great bulk of construction should be needed.

Probably the next most imperative need was houses for officials of the engineering and construction forces and for the twenty new additions to the faculty who were expected in September. Everybody knows that you can't expect holders of Ph.D. degrees to sleep in beds stacked three high, and so it was decided to build the faculty houses before the opening of school. Next in order were to be the four dormitories, and last of all, the class-room buildings.

The Atwood organization moved into its offices on the first floor of Alumni building in April about a month and a half after the appropriation had been granted by the legislature. Plans for the first buildings were drafted, and the next step was to get a construction company on the job. When the committee announced that the entire work would be let as a single contract, there was a concerted howl from many of the smaller contractors in the state. They charged that there was in the nature of the contract a discrimination against state contractors in favor of outside firms. As a matter of fact the only discrimination was against the little two-by-four concerns, who would have bid on parts of the work if it had been divided up, but who had neither equipment nor capital to handle it as a whole. Many North Carolina firms, as well as these from other states, submitted bids on the project, and the contract was finally awarded to T. C. Thompson & Bros., of Charlotte.

The nature of the contract, as drawn up by Mr. Atwood, gives the building committee, through the engineering organization, direct supervision and control over the work. It has been aptly described as a plan which "takes the 'plus' out of 'cost plus'." The new dormitories will cost less than $1,000 per student housed, whereas Steele dormitory was built at an expense of over twice as much per student.

Work on the labor camp and the dwelling houses wast started in July. On October 12, exactly 128 years after the laying of the cornerstone of Old East Building, the North Carolina Grand Lodge of Masons laid, with appropriate ceremonies, the cornerstone of Dormitory B, and the Greater University Building Program was launched in dead earnest.

THE WORK DONE

The smoothness and rapidity with which the work has proceeded is attested by the expressions of delighted amazement from visitors in Chapel Hill. Both the construction company and the engineering organization have come up to all reasonable expectations, the former keeping well up with the schedule, and the latter supplying plans and blueprints as they are needed and exercising a strict supervision over every detail of the construction.

For one who visits today the former class-athletic field it is exceedingly difficult to imagine a game of any description being staged there. The eye is struck by a scene of apparent confusion, in the midst of which a small army of black and white workmen moves about, each man engaged in the particular task assigned him, and the visible result of their combined labors being four rectangular brick buildings in varying stages of completion. Building materal is piled up on every available spot and more being unloaded from the cars—real life-size freight cars, backed right into the midst of Carolina's academic seclusion! It is more like the erection of some great manufacturing plant than the building of a university.

These four dormitories, the first of which is scheduled for completion by April 15, and the last by August 1, are to be completely fireproof buildings of three stories and attic, each building containing sixty rooms and accommodating 120 students. They have reinforced concrete floors and columns, brick and tile exterior walls, and tile partitions. The roofs are of steel frame covered with gypsum blocks and slate surface. The cornice is of terra cotta, the entrances and window sills of Indiana limestone. The design is of the corridor type, with ample toilet and shower rooms on each floor. The exterior is of the Southern Colonial style. The same general style will be followed in the class-room buildings, all being fireproof and with ample provision for entrance and exit. The architectural effect is to be obtained by careful study of proportions rather than by the richness of material.

A score of miscellaneous smaller projects have been finished, or are now in process of completion. From a cheerless, barn-like structure, Memorial Hall has been transformed into a comfortable, well-lighted auditorium. A new class-athletic field has been constructed between Emerson field and the cemetery. A modern sewage disposal plant has been built in Battle Park. Steam lines have been laid underground

from the Power House to Memorial Hall, Swain Hall and the Infirmary. The plan to remove fraternity houses from the campus has been furthered by the construction of a modern brick house for Sigma Alpha Epsilon on the west side of Columbia Avenue. When the severe drought last summer threatened to delay indefinitely the opening of the University, an emergency water supply was installed in record breaking time.

FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

So much for the work already done or actually under construction at the present time. Reference to the map on page 18 will show that the future trend of campus development is to be southward. Of the proposed class-room buildings, three are included in the present two-year program. These, to be finished in the order named, are History and Social Sciences, Law, and Language. Work has already started on the first of these and the schedule calls for its completion by the middle of September. The Law Building is due to be finished by December 15, and the Language Building by the first of February, 1923.

There is far from being a spirit of harmony and accord among the members of the faculty concerning the location of the various buildings. Naturally, all the deans and department heads are agreed that the arrangement of the buildings should be carefully worked out with regard to logical, convenient grouping, as well as architectural effect. But when it comes to deciding what constitutes a logical arrangement, there are almost as many different opinions as there are departments concerned.

The question of determining the location of class-rooms is not the only difficulty encountered. In his annual report to the President, Dr. L. R. Wilson, Librarian, points out the absurdity of expecting the library, in its present out-grown housing to minister to the needs of a rapidly expanding university, all departments of which are dependent upon the use of library facilities. Besides, the proposed southward extension will leave the present library building almost on the edge of the campus, rather than in the central location which its importance as a common repository of knowledge for all schools and departments would seem to deserve.

The principal objection to Dr. Wilson's plea for a bigger library building in a more strategic location seems to lie in the supposed difficulty of adapting the present library building to the needs of some other department. Just how far this difficulty could be overcome by slight interior alterations has not received the consideration, perhaps, that it should have received. Dr. Wilson believes that either the Law School or the Social Sciences could very readily be accommodated in the building.

The location of the proposed Graham Memorial Building is another bone of contention in faculty circles. The committee for this building has about $65,000 in hand, with a fair certainty of being able to secure at least $35,000 more as soon as they announce that they are ready to start building. It had been planned to put $150,000 into this structure, to be used as a social center for the student body and as headquarters for student activities. The committee has decided, however, that it will be best not to wait until the remainder of the sum can be raised, but to go ahead and construct a building of such type that it can be added to when the money becomes available. As this article is written, no definite location for the proposed building has been agreed upon, nor any specific architectural plan adopted. Several sites have been proposed, among them being the place left vacant by the burning of the Inn. The principal objection to locating the building on this spot is the same as the objection to leaving the library where it is at present, it would be left on the edge instead of near the center of the campus. Some have even been so bold as to suggest that Person Hall, one of the most offensive eye-sores on the campus, be pulled down, and the Graham Memorial erected where it now stands. Such an act, however, is recognized as impracticable so long as the University is in such dire need of class-room space, and so long as the building is at all usable.

The proposed alteration and extension of Swain Hall has been definitely abandoned for the present. The building committee has decided that so long as the cafeteria and the private boarding houses can take care of the alimentary needs of the student body, the state's money will be put into class-room and dormitory buildings, rather than into dining halls. Swain Hall will be retained at its present capacity and operated by the University as a means of holding a check on the price of table board in town.

The future physical development of the University along the lines of modern buildings and up-to-date equipment seems assured. When the things that have been done within the past year and those which are to be done within the coming year are brought to the attention of the next legislature, it is inconceivable that there will be a lack of further liberal appropriations to carry on the work so prosperously begun and to bring about the complete fruition of the plans for a Greater University.

[*EDITORIAL*]

WHAT'S WRONG?

About the craziest thing we have heard about for some time was a recent action of Dean Francis Bradshaw in regard to the holding of nominations during chapel period for the Y. M. C. A. presidency, and also for the managers of athletic teams. Heretofore, nominations for these offices have been held in chapel; this year, the Dean put his foot down and said in substance: "What? Take up the time of 1,100 men while you have nominations for a Y. M. C. A. president!—Not a chance."

Of course, Dean Bradshaw is the boss of chapel and we, as a mere student, have no right to say anything about what he does. So, requiescat in pace.

Enter L. J. Phipps

This man decided when he was a freshman in high school that he would be president of the senior class in the University some day. Well, he is

By DABNEY WHITE

I LISTENED to him for a long time—he talked smoothly but he was not fascinating. Then I began to realize that Jim Phipps has more than a vocabulary—he has a soul. And locked up in that soul lies a will that has made him accomplish things in the face of serious difficulties. Jim Phipps' ambition has been to be a Man and what a man really wants to be is what he is. Incidentally he has acquired about as many honors as a student can acquire in four years. They range from a Phi Beta Kappa key to membership in the Golden Fleece.

Jimmy Phipps is a fellow to make friends. His genial nature and his earnestness go a long way towards winning you. And then he is a hard-working student. A Phi Beta Kappa secretary usually is, but still Phipps has found time to take part in college activities and in odd moments to work his way through the University.

Jim, as he says, would make an admirable two-yard stick if he wasn't useful for anything else and weighed less than 155 pounds. In high school he made the football team and since coming to the University has played on the class teams during his sophomore, junior and senior years. Other work has kept him too busy to try for varsity.

Luther James Phipps was born in 1898 about a mile and a half from Chapel Hill. He was the second of nine children. His father was a farmer and he did not have a very good chance to attend school. In 1913 Jim accepted the job of office boy in the office of Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt in Chapel Hill. During 1914 and 1915 he attended high school here but kept his job. In the day he took Latin and English and at night the principal taught him algebra. He did not complete the school year of 1915 because it became necessary for him to help his father with the large family at home. For two years he worked with the Chapel Hill Hardware Company. Then in the summer of 1917 his parents moved to Durham, N. C. His assistance in the family was no longer needed and acting on the advice of Mayor Roberson of Chapel Hill, and others he again started to high school in September, 1917. That year he finished both the ninth and tenth grades, made an average of 95% on his work, and made both the football team and the debating team. During the summer of 1918 he managed the Chapel Hill Hardware Company, since the manager was in the hospital most of the time. His leisure time was spent in studying and at the end of summer he was able to stand examination on and pass off two required subjects.

When the University of North Carolina opened in 1918 the government had charge. Under the S. A. T. C. régime only 12 units were required to enter. Jimmy Phipps had these and he entered as a freshman. In December the S. A. T. C. was discharged and the government returned the University to its proper authorities. Since then Jimmy Phipps has been financing his own ship. With the exception of $80 from home and a donation of $100 a year he has paid all his expenses. During the first two years he waited on a table in

L. J. PHIPPS

Swain Hall and at odd times worked for Mayor Roberson. Later he dropped the job at Swain Hall and during his junior and senior years has been manager of the Pickwick Theatre.

Last year and this he has been collecting what the University could offer in the way of honors and offices. When he was a freshman in high school Phipps decided that he wanted to be president of the senior class when he got in college. Well—he is. When he came back from vacation to his junior year in college, he determined to win Major Cain's Math. Medal—and he did. He is a member of the Student Council and the Campus Cabinet. He holds the Carr Fellowship and is one of the business managers of the *Yackety-Yack.*

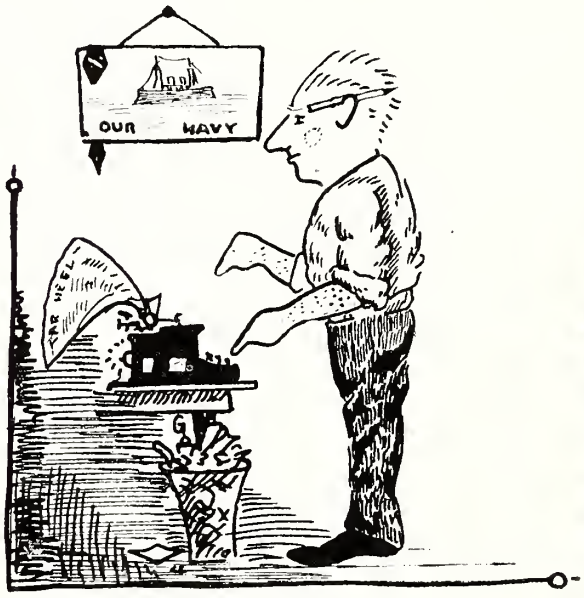
"My biggest surprise," he said, "was when I received my invitation to become a member of the Golden Fleece. I had no idea of being elected."

And yet with all these honors he has not let social fraternities slip. He is a member of Kappa Pi and also of Epsilon Phi Delta. He is as democratic as any and though his head is not small it was the same size when he started in the University.

In his junior year Jimmy became treasurer of the Philanthropic Assembly and president of the Orange County Club. This year he was again elected president and also became a student director of the Y. M. C. A., and member of the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society and of the William Cain Civil Engineering Society.

He has been taking civil engineering and is planning to remain here after he graduates and work for his M.S. degree. His ambition is to reach the top in civil engineering. He is headed somewhere.

KAMPUS KARAKTERS



DICE DANIELS

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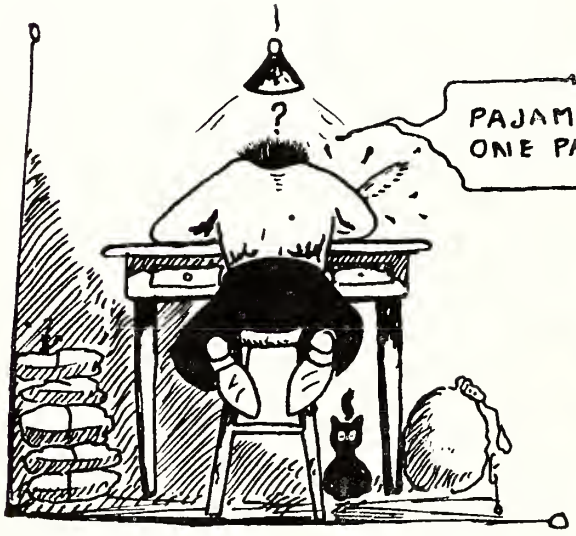
A "Last" Man



P. C. FRONEBERGER
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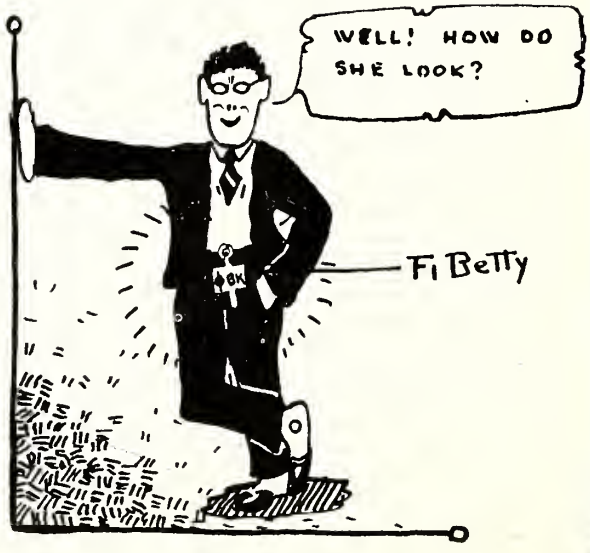

M. E. LAKE

Advice to Co-eds

Second of a series of articles, the purpose of which is to give the co-eds an insight into how they should conduct themselves on different occasions

By WADE ATKINSON

DEAR EDITOR: What kind of shoes and stockings should I wear during the winter months?—SUSIE."

DEAR SUSIE: Your question calls for great ponderation. The kind of shoes and stockings you should wear depend on what kind of a girl you are. You did not send your photograph with your question, so decide which of the following suits you best, and follow the recipe. (Note: This may be of interest to the more timid of the young ladies.)

If this is your second, third, or fourth year away from home, and you are not rooming in the "Hen Roost" we would suggest the following for clear days, either hot or warm. Imported French slippers with six-inch heels, drawn lace stockings rolled to comply with your conscience, and a little knee rouge, if needed. Should it be a stormy day, wear regular black dancing pumps, and black silk hosiery. If you live in a muddy section of the city use your own judgement about rolling them.

Should this be your first year off at school, and men don't mean anything in your life, we would beg to suggest high top boots and long wool stockings, for all kinds of weather. They will protect you in more ways than you will ever realize.

Perchance you are an aesthete and room in the "Hen Roost." If this is the case, no shoes and stockings must you wear. By discarding these unnecessities, people will realize that the soul of artistic expression has at last found an outlet via—well let's say "sobaja partes," as Ibáñez most likely would not.

Let us hear from you again, Susie. You can think of questions as only an experienced person can.

"EDITOR: Could you please tell me if the Book Exchange, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, sells powder and lip sticks?—MADELINE."

Now, Madeline, if you have lived in Chapel Hill this long and done without these necessary weapons of coëducation, we would advise you to leave them alone. Moreover, we haven't the courage to ask such a question of that "veneered" institution, The Book Exchange.—EDITOR.

"DEAR EDITOR: I am going to freely unbosom my heart to you, and desire your help in this matter. I am desperately in love with a certain student, and do not know his name. At present writing he's growing a—a-hair lip, I believe you call it. He wears knickers and walks like Pa's hired man, but OH, how I love him. Can you tell me his name?—CLEMENTINA."

Clementina. Your first sentence scared us, but our sympathy goes out to you, for we know your plight. His name has been sent to you in a sealed envelope. Just a hint though, and you will be sure to land him. The next time you pass him on the campus, murmur, "The sunset gray of your hosiery," or "Her pale, pallid, panting, palpitating" (here let your voice become inaudible), and gaze dreamily into the future, or toward Carrboro, and he'll be yours for keeps.—EDITOR.

The above questions were picked as representative of several hundred that came to our attention. We are glad to hear from you girls, and also want to thank you for the photographs. Hereafter get them taken at the local snapping station, so that we will get our ten per cent royalty.

During the spring quarter there will be many events which you may be unfamiliar with, so we offer a little advice. The first momentous question that will bother you will be the age-old custom of sending Easter Cards. Be sure and send all your profs., whether married or unmarried, a good-looking one, with a tender inscription upon it. Address it in the same handwrting that you write your quizzes in. That will insure your passing this quarter. Also send one to all the boys who have taken you to dances or to the Pickwick. This will not mean an expenditure of over twenty-five cents. If it should, you are popular enough, and will not need to send these little tokens of amour. By no means forget to send Johnnie, who came to see you last quarter, a big red heart. You will receive one of a similar nature from him, several days after you have mailed yours.

Wear a red scarf and other articles of personal adornment of the same color on the good day. You will be all the rage. Mail yourself a dozen or so cards that day, and open them all in front of the post office. Cleopatra would not be in the running with you after this coup d'etat.

Girls, you must hie yourselves to Raleigh to at least one of the baseball games that our team plays over there. If no one asks you to go with him, make your plans to go to that game which the largest number of your friends attend. Wire Johnnie to meet you in Raleigh so that he can take you to the game, and say in the telegram that you have something to tell him. Should no student ask you, you must rely on Johnnie. He yet may be your savior. You can tell him that you wanted to see him once more. Be sure and parade him up and down Fayetteville Street. By this time he will be more collegiate looking, and you will not mind him so much. Do not forget to shoot him that line, though. It means everything to you, if you hope to succeed.

This quarter you will most likely be having a laboratory in some course. If so you stand on the threshold of opportunity. Have your lab work up before time, and let the boys copy it. They will appreciate it and perchance a box of candy or a "Listen Lester" will be yours some day. Pick out one fellow especially, and help him more than the rest. If he is dumb looking, it may lead to an offer of marriage, and you must not spurn such an offer too lightly. They are few and far between in the life

of a co-ed. However the nuptials will not be celebrated this year, possibly they will be next year, but in all probabilities never. But, if he has the kale, think how much of that vegetable and publicity you could get, should the marriage not take place, and your heart is wounded. Do not let him take you to Gerrard Hall to propose, though, he might fool you.

And last, but not least, in this article of advice, let me advise you young ladies that you must look out for your health and well being during these stormy winter months. We have a simple solution for this great problem which stares you in the face. Go out for the co-ed hop-scotch team.

By doing this you will benefit both yourself and the University. It will benefit your health, reduce your avoirdupois, and get that gunny sack shape out of your form. In the course of time you will get your letter, and think of the honor! You will help the University by conquering rival teams, by arousing the Carolina spirit in attendance at your games, and by increasing the gate receipts. For the latter, the business manager may give you a discount.

Cogitate on this matter, girls! Order your togs from "Lucille," and get down to work. It will prove a pleasant, profitable, perilous, pulsating, pugnacious, prudent, permanent, pastime, for the long spring days.

Why Tarheelia Can't Go Republican

By C. Y. COLEY

Snowballs are unable to long stay in certain places, and it will probably be a long time before they produce enough lasting power to sojourn even a few minutes. Mr. Coley believes the chances of a Republican victory in North Carolina within fifty years—if ever—are equal to those of one snowball.

IN order to appease the seeming wrath and anxiety of the Republicans in this state as to the G. O. P. victory that they were so confident of in the last general election; and that they had hoped for so longingly and consistently, I would like to state the following facts. People of every political affiliation laud the Republican party and its organization in convention for its meritorous action with regard to the age-old negro question in the sunny southland. The Republican party has made great steps forward in the evolution of this problem. It would be folly to presume that the Republican party in this state acted according to its own conviction with reference to this almost insolvable problem in our state and nation.

In the state of Virginia several months ago, at a meeting of the Republican convention the delegates of the convention went on record as barring the colored delegates from their convention in Richmond, Norfolk and other places in the state of Virginia. This of course was done through the national organization of the great Republican party. We all eulogize the Republican forces for the change in their platform and party policy which will be seriously regarded and observed in the future. And we have no reason to doubt it. It is the greatest and biggest step forward the party has ever made in the evolution of the racial problem in this country. It is the only solution for it in the south. And I am convinced that they are doing this in all the southern states. So, the Democratic party and the Republican party are now united in a great common cause to make both parties lily white in their broader and firmer pristine development.

It is physically impossible as well as reasonably impossible for the Republicans to *oust and root out* the strong and fortified Democratic party in this state within the next half century—if ever in the course of human events and human possibilities. The Democratice forces are destined to control the regions of government in this state solidly for at least a half century, and eventually for time unborn. There is no plausible or even legitimate reason why North Carolina will ever go Republican again; but even at that we allow for the miracle, unforeseen and unaware, to really come to pass.

In order to form an accurate forecast like this attempt, we must throw the microscopic analysis on the annals of human history and convince ourselves of the impossibility of a G. O. P. victory in Tarhelia within the next half hundred years, if ever. One institution of learning is enough to show conclusively the condition of other colleges in the state with regard to the number of Republicans in college. And the object of this investigation and research is two-fold. First, to show the approximate number of future Republican leaders and voters; and secondly to lay open before your eyes the acute shortage of Republican voters and future leaders of the commonwealth.

There are 1650 men (in addition to some fifty-three co-eds) at the University of North Carolina enrolled as students. Of this 1650, 61 have allied themselves with the Republican party in North Carolina. So, you see that it is very obvious how absurd the Republicans' contentions and claims are for victory in the state. The foregoing statistics are nakedly unravelled and revealled to you clearly and fully. And, it wouldn't be amiss to state for the sake of the very inquisitive that the University of North Carolina is the most representative of the institutions of learning in the state. It is very representative of the political affiliation of the young men of the state because it has from one to 80 men from 97 counties out of the 100 in the state. As clearly and explicitly illustrated by facts, the Republican party cannot forge and plough

its way in office when it is materially handicapped by a strikingly pronounced shortage of future voters and leaders.

Besides this, the population in North Carolina is not transitory as it is in some other states in the union. Our people are nearer one hundred percent American than any other in the union. The people in this state are permanently located here, and the ashes of their bones will rest beneath the soil of old North Carolina because this is their home now and forever more in so far as they have jurisdiction. Therefore, the people of this state have a firm anchorage in the fundamental, bedrock principles of the great Democratic party. And their faith in the Democratic party is unshakable and unchangeable; let come what will. The Democrats (and by the way they have an eighty thousand majority over the Republicans) are unswervingly loyal and true to the high and give out lofty idealistic principles of the chaste Democratic party in this state and nation. And I want to write forcefully, dynamically, the fact—not a boast—that all *Hades* couldn't possibly uproot the Democratic anchorage in this, the mightiest and grandest commonwealth of the American union.

Now, add the women. High, sublime and pure womanhood has done one thing for politics that couldn't have been done without their enfranchisement. And, the women of the state make impossible a victory for the Republicans in no small way since they have been enfranchised. Woman, the fairest handiwork of God, has put a *soul* in the politics of this state and of the nation. What more could we ask of the womanhood of this country than to put a soul in the realm and arena of our political life and political heritage and existence. The women of this state and of other states for that matter will bring politics and possessses out of the low, mean station that it now holds into the exalted place to which it belongs properly.

In thinking of woman suffrage, I am reminded vividly of the rôle those daring, patriotic representatives played in the legislature when they championed the lost cause and fought like wounded soldiers in gray or khaki for what they believed to be right and for the best interest of the people of this state and nation. North Carolina through her representatives refused to ratify the nineteenth amendment to the constitution for no good reason; and did it after thirty-five states had already ratified the amendment. But, Tennessee weighed in the balance, ratified the amendment and crowned herself with a wreath of glory. Now, the women of the state have allied themselves with the Democratic party and they are going to stay in that party, because they believe it to be what they want and earnestly desire politically. It is true that the poet Virgil said, "Woman is always a fickle and changeable thing," but this inference was to her amorous affairs and not to her political affairs and affiliations.

I am firmly persuaded and dare avow my judgment and opinion that the ratification and adoption of the nineteenth amendment, which provided for the emancipation and enfranchisement of women is the greatest blessing that has come to our country since the abolition of African slavery. Emancipation, it is for the females, because in all ages and in all countries, more or less, the women have been in slavery and in servitude. It is a matter of common knowledge to men everywhere that women have been relegated to a sphere below that of their husbands and sons. Women are in the Democratic party and they are there to stay. She has at last taken her rightful place, man's equal, in all respects as to privileges, as to civil rights; and she now has the ballot in her hand and the right to cast it for those who shall be vested with the power elected, to make and enforce the laws as God gives them the wisdom to do so.

And so, with the college men on one hand, the solid substantial voters of the state on the other, and last but not least the glorious girls, it seems that Cousin Marion Butler and Uncle Morehead will not be able to lead the Republican cohorts to victory during their lifetime And in fact, it seems that at least their children and possibly their grand-children will be unable to do the same thing.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE PROSPECTOR

Although we do not go in for that kind of stuff, yet we feel that the class of English 21 has made a contribution to the literary life of the campus in the first issue of THE PROSPECTOR. It is a worthy publication, and judging from the many favorable comments it has received, it has achieved a distinct success.

If there is a field for such a publication, we sincerely hope that THE PROSPECTOR will take immediate steps to assure the continued filling of it. As far as we are concerned, we have no inclination or desire to fill such a place. Our ideal of The Magazine is as a vital and dynamic publication, full of life and vigor. For the purely literary we care little, because we believe a monthly dose of the half baked efforts of college amateurs is too much for this campus; and we might add that the failure of the old Magazine attests this fact.

However, THE PROSPECTOR gives hope of having an interesting publication, and at the same time, a literary one. It is to be expected that this would be the case, inasmuch as it is directly under the control of the English department. If the English department can cut out a good magazine, we bid it Godspeed. So long as it continues its present policy, it and the Magazine will never conflict. We believe the present Magazine has a place; let the PROSPECTOR create its own place and then fill it.

The Fetzers and Athletics

By J. J. WADE

GO to it boys. I'm with you, and believe that you will come through with the goods. Play hard, but cleanly. Play for Carolina." This is the characteristic advice given by Coach Bill Fetzer before sending one of his athletic teams into a contest. And said teams, after hearing these words from Mr. Fetzer, have in the past with remarkable consistency gone into the games and done exactly what they have been requested to.

The remarks of the other Fetzer, Coach Bob, assistant to his brother, who is head of University athletics, are ditto. There are no dammits, nor threats, nor oaths of any kind. There are simply a few little last minute warnings, a few words of inspiration, and expression of confidence, and then Coach Bill and Coach Bob sit back and watch their teams fight while in their eyes one can see that they are proud of their men, whether victory or defeat results.

It was a big day for the University of North Carolina when the Fetzer brothers signed a contract to take charge of the Tar Heel athletic teams. It truly marked the beginning of a new era in athletics here, and the inauguration of a new system of athletic supervision, which so far has been marked by remarkable success. Since the Fetzer brothers took the helm last spring with the baseball season, the baseball state championship was won for 1921, the football season of 1922 was highly successful with a brilliant victory over Virginia to crown it, and the 1922 basketball quint won the southern and state championships.

Success, so far as victories won, is not the whole thing, by any means, in the way of athletic success. We know of teams that have met foe after foe and turned them all aside eating the dust, and yet we do not envy their victories because they are smutty. The Fetzers do not care for any such teams. Coach Bill is none other than the gentleman who made Davidson College known throughout the south as the producer of the cleanest athletic teams possible, and yet they call their teams the "Fighting Wildcats." The Fetzers have endeavored to instill just that spirit into the Tar Heel teams. "Fight," say they, "but fight cleanly."

The Fetzer reign began last season with the baseball season. Coach Bob was still at Woodberry Forest, where he was head coach in football, baseball, and track, but the elderly Fetzer took active charge of coaching the baseball team in the spring of 1921. He was blessed with a fine array of material, his squad inheriting the stars from the famous first year team of the season prior, and Coach Bill did not fail to make use of his legacy. The team began to win games from the start, and when the season ended it had to its credit sixteen victories and one tie, and was chalked down with only four defeats. The schedule played was the most elaborate ever faced by a Tar Heel nine, and it included an extensive northern trip with foes worthy of the best. So when Dr. Charlie Mangum began to consider that team in retrospect, with the other University athletic authorities, he must have chuckled, and all of them doubtless patted each other on the back with self congratulations for acquiring the services of the Fetzer brothers.

BOB FETZER

Then came the 1922 football season. And with it came Coach Bob Fetzer to assist his brother in training the eleven. The two showed early that they make an ideal working combination, and that working in coöperation with each other, they are at their best. Coach Bob furnished most of the technical advice, and it was due for the most part to his initiative that the many beautiful plays, including the famous Tar Heel aerial attack, were worked out. While he developed and exhibited the fine points of the game to that ambitious football squad, Coach Bill endeavored to put the stuff across. He has the power to instil, to work in, to inspire with fight and speed and stamina. He can talk to the men on his squad, man to man, and he can tell one what is trumps, with the inevitable result that trumps are played.

A good football team was developed. There were, of course, many handicaps, drawbacks, and upsets. There were one or two disapppointing games, but the season, nevertheless, was a striking success. The victories over Maryland and V. M. I. were the kind that make one's heart beat faster for love of Alma Mater, while the trimming handed the Virginia eleven on that memorable Thanksgiving day of 1921 was the kind that makes us sing "I'm a Tar Heel born—" with a sort of choking love.—Well, we all remember, we cannot forget.

And now Coach Bill Fetzer has had the Carolina basketball quintet at Atlanta, where the team fought its way to the championship of the Southern Intercollegiate tournament. Basketball is not Coach Bill's game, and many had doubts as to whether his training could produce a winning team, even with the splendid material on the squad. But Coach Bill's words of encouragement, his ability to instil the spirit and the fight has had a lot to do with the season's success, regardless of his small knowledge of the technical side of this sport.

In the meanwhile, where is Coach Bob? In Memorial Hall, showing an enthusiastic track squad some

things they never knew before about the cinder path sport, or driving over to Durham making arrangements for the first indoor state track meet ever to be staged in North Carolina. Coach Bob knows more about track than most men ever learn about anything. He was a star in his own day, and he knows the makings of a star. He is a live wire, a busybody, and he has the initiative and ability that so often is minus in coaches.

Coach Bill isn't so keen on this publicity stuff. When I first came in contact with him I marked this down: "Here is a man with a grouch, always with a chip on his shoulder. He may be a good coach, but he ought to snap out of this grouch." Then I asked some of the members of the team what they thought of him, and they laughed at me. "You simply don't know Coach Bill," replied one. "That's no grouch. He doesn't play for publicity. There never was a more genial, talkative, agreeable, person, once you know him." I later learned that every man on all his squads think the world of Coach Bill, and of course that explains pretty well much of the success that has been attached to his coaching.

In Coach Bob we find another personality. He is much easier to know, and one invariable likes the younger Fetzer on first introduction. He likes to see his team written up, and he wants publicity for his men. He says it does them good, makes them work harder.

The Fetzers are unaminous in their opinion about professional athletics. They can see none of it. With reference to this, Coach Bob says:

"'Sport for sport's sake,' the English motto so forcibly proclamied and so strikingly exemplified by Bevil Rudd, the Oxford athlete and Olympic champion in the 400-meter distance, is a motto that should furnish the basis of all our athletics.

"Too much emphasis is often placed on winning, while the score will need little consideration if the other features and lessons taught by a whole-souled and sportsman-like participation in athletics are thoroughly learned.

"To learn not to whine in defeat, nor exult at another's expense in victory; to learn that true sportsmanship, generous rivalry, and consideration for our team-mates and opponents, and the consciousness of having done our best and given all we have to give, means infinitely more than victory; and, finally, to learn the hardest lesson, not to be satisfied with a good performance but, to realize that a best today can be improved tomorrow—all these come before victory, but they are true stepping stones to real success, both in athletics and in life. For success in athletics as in life is in proportion to what we give.

"'It isn't the victory after all, but the kind of a fight we make'."

The coaches were questioned as to their opinion of the Southern Intercollegiate Conference, of which the University is a member. Both stated that they believed if the same spirit can be kept up as that shown in the beginning, the organization can be made a fine thing. The Fetzers want to see the day when the colleges will fight each other only on the athletic field, not over eligibility clauses and petty grievances and the like. A friendly rivalry makes for all that is good, but a bitter rivalry tends to cause all that is bad—this is the Fetzer code.

The University faces a bright athletic future with

BILL FETZER

Coaches Bill and Bob to train its teams. They plan to do great things, and they hope to see the day when there are no bad years and disastrous seasons. What they want most to see right now is absolute coöperation by the students, and a development of a college spirt that an institution like Carolina ought, by all means, to have. The two coaches are well pleased with the attitude the students have shown so far, and with the fine spirit demonstrated on all occasions. But they believe that this can be developed to an even greater degree, when in victory or defeat the unaminous decree of all students at Carolina will be pronounced with the finest there is in sportsmanship.

Many elaborate plans are outlined for the future. Coach Bob has gone to work this season to make track have as much significance here as it has at many other institutions, and he is endeavoring to make it a major sport in more than name only. He has made appeal after appeal for interest in track, and the men on his squad declare that they had rather work for him, and get more out of his coaching than any track man they ever came in contact with.

Coach Bill spends his time working on ideas for baseball and football mostly. He believes the day is here when Carolina will turn out winning teams in these sports with consistency. He has an idea that from now on victories over Virginia and N. C. State on the gridiron and diamond will be the order rather than the exception.

Doubt

Is this Image of God but vagrant dust
    On winds of chance so aimless driven,
That having life, forgets the dust,
    And having death, forgets the living?

—EDWIN MATTHEWS

At eight o'clock we had a drink;
At nine o'clock the world was pink;
At ten o'clock the blow did fall;
The whiskey was wood alcohol.

She—"Are late hours good for one?"
He—"No, but they're fine for two."

[*EDITORIAL*]

TO THE CAMPUS CABINET

We think that it has long been a recognizable principle that a man should be made to pay only for those things he wants or has got to have. In the latter case, some power other than the man forcibly takes the money from him, but even then, as in the case of tuition, the state and University provide certain means whereby a man who has not sufficient money may be given free tuition. The other principle, that of buying what you want, applies equally to peanuts, the Tar Heel, Pickwick trips, a suite of bed room furniture, or the Y. M. C. A.

In spite of this well established and fundamental principle, the Campus Cabinet has proposed a plan which would make every student a subscriber to five activities on the campus. The fact that every man is not asubscriber now both proves that all these things are not absolutely necessary to the welfare of any man, and in addition that there are some things that he does not want. But say the Campus Cabinet, if the student body votes these things on itself, what right have you to object? Simply that we have no right to say the thousands of students who come here year after year will have to subscribe to these activities. It must be remembered that we are not only acting for ourselves, but also for future generations.

The whole proposition is wrong in principle; besides, it is impracticable. Why should three copies of the Magazine go into every room? You don't take three copies of the Greensboro News! You don't have to join the Y. M. C. A. in your home town. A blanket fee might work elsewhere, but we have never yet heard of a college where 70 per cent of the student body supported itself either in whole or in part! A blanket fee should not be levied, for it is only one more step away from the democracy we have prided ourselves in.

So gentlemen, we hand over the plan of the Campus Cabinet with the simple admonition: vote it down.

When in Durham make our store your store

Clothing, Hats Furnishings

For Men, Young Men and Boys

Durham Men's Shop, Inc.

111 W. Main St. Durham, N. C.

J. IVON BECK — MANAGER

The Home of Schloss Bro's and Company Clothes

DON'T LET THE

HORSEMAN OF FAMINE

GET YOU

Eat at the

University Cafeteria

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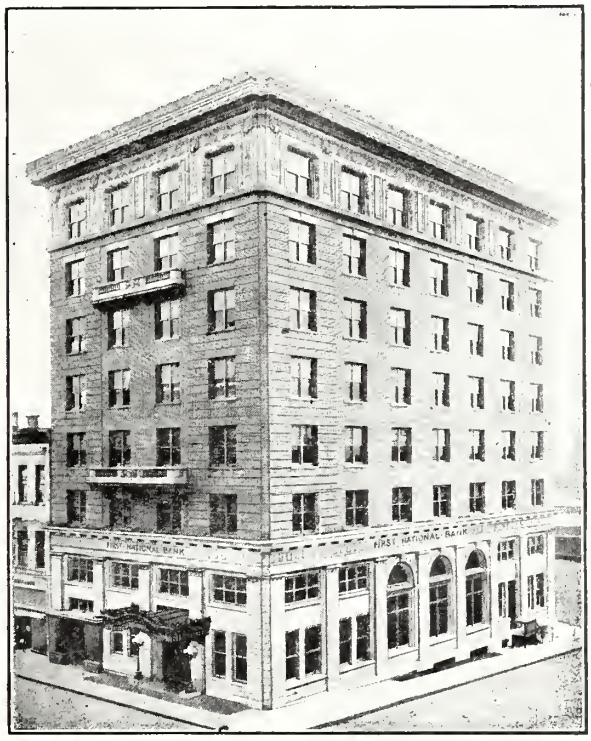

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On April 1st, 1835, under the able guidance of Judge Willard Phillips, founder and first president, the old New England Mutual was chartered. In 1843 after a period of conservative preparation, it began active business. During seventy-nine subsequent years this pioneer company has been under the guidance of but three presidents. During all the years of its growing usefulness, the Company has maintained the traditions of its founders, pure and undefiled.

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Gross premiums	$1,392.07
Returns of surplus (1845-1915)	1,231.89
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Our new Perfection Policy not only replaces the earning power of human life but aims to provide for the ever-increasing danger to health, life, and limb. It is the most complete embodiment of modern life insurance service. Under its protection you can pursue your active career —as student, business man, home-maker—with greater courage and confidence.

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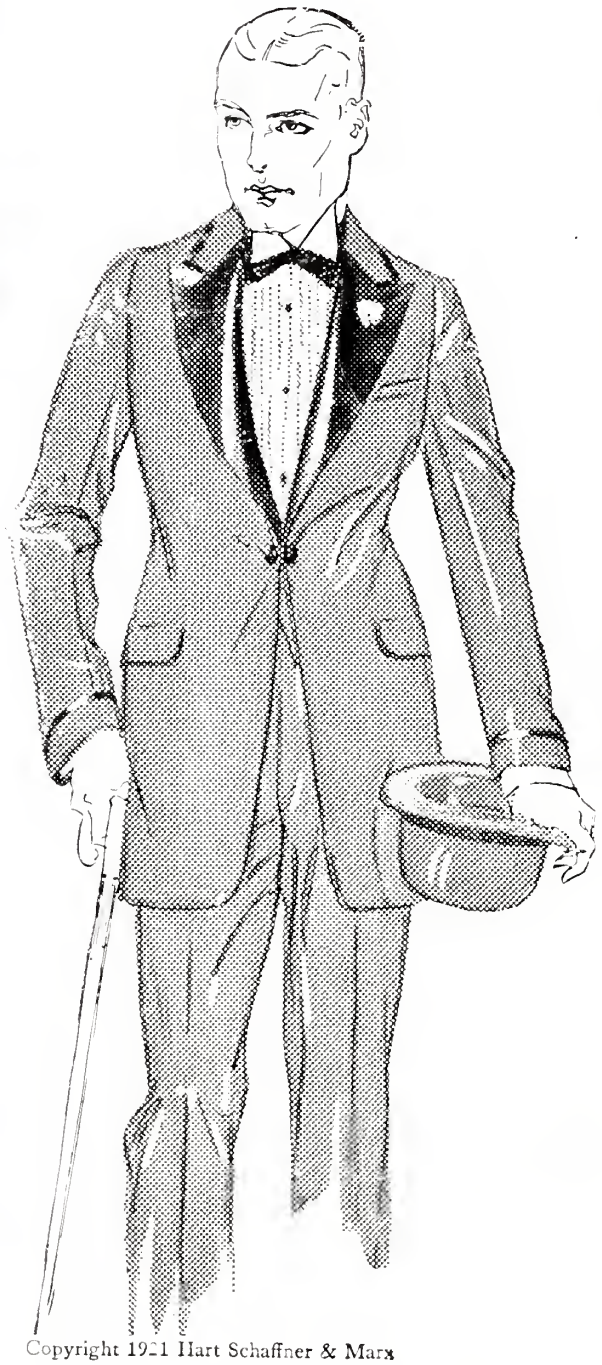
Full name .....

Address .....

The "dinnercoat" is the thing



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Many good things can be said for the comfort and convenience of the Tuxedo; more for the particular kind we are selling---

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They're correct to the minutest detail, the last word in style; tailored of the finer fabrics that make graceful drapings possible. Priced very low at

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DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

May, 1922

CAROLINA

Magazine

William Dabney White

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and his theory on relativity have nothing to do with *good grub*---but we have fed Carolina Students for the

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And Still Guarantee Service

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Hot cakes and waffles a specialty.

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To the public that we have bought from Essie Brothers their business enterprise and shall continue to operate in the same place, but under the name of the

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We will carry a complete line of HOME MADE CANDIES, fresh every hour. Our Ice cream parlor will be for your use and you are invited to try our cream. All kinds of fancy packages our specialty. The Carolina Confectionery is the place of heavenly eats and delicacies. Our place is conveniently located and CAROLINA STUDES are invited to make it their meeting place.

Our Program is Quality-Goods and Service

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That we
Have the best
Cook in town
We hate to admit it
But they've
Got the dope on us

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And if some one should show you

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The Carolina Magazine

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TO OUR PATRONS

All material carried in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is released for the press directly upon publication.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., October 1, 1921.

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The first Olympic games ever held in the United States

Durham, N. C.

May 4th, 5th and 6th

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Friday, Holiday Will be Declared
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Track-Field, Baseball, Cross-Country, Volley Ball, Horse-Shoes, Boxing, Wrestling, Swimming, Tennis, Golf

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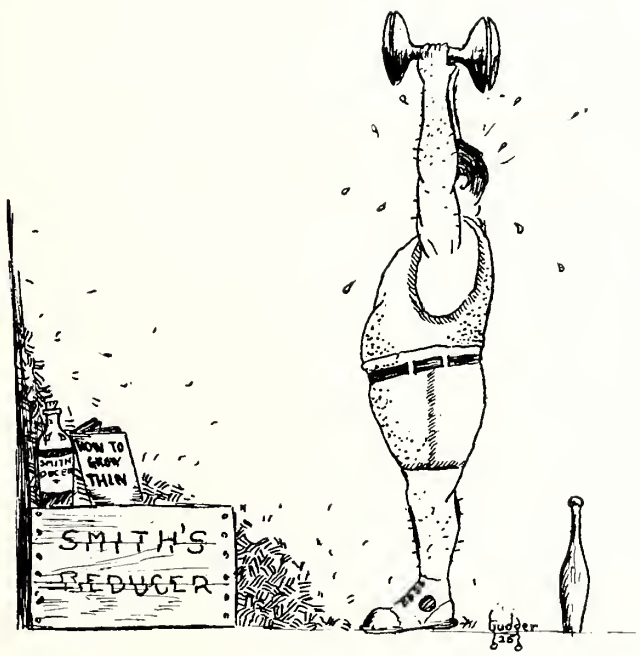

C. L. MOORE

J. P. TROTTER
"I'd rather suspend the Bible than the Di Constitution"

Sweeping the Thirteenth Judicial District

Friends of Hon. F. Donald Phillips will tell you of the steadily growing enthusiasm and interest in the success of the campaign for the nomination of

PHILLIPS FOR SOLICITOR

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Phillips Hits the Line Hard

The many friends of F. Donald Phillips in the counties of Richmond, Scotland, Union, Anson, Moore and Stanley are running strong, network I N T E R F E R - ENCE for this great exponent of democracy. Reports from every nook and corner in the district indicate a TOUCHDOWN for Richmond County's soldier candidate.

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"He would not be Solicitor of a class, but of all the CITIZENSHIP which he loves with a passionate devotion. He knows the people and he has spent much of his time in going in and out before them, discussing the policies of his party. He is candid and fearless. Don Phillips represents all the people because his sympathy will always be with the people. He has been a potential factor in the material and political life of this district—always trying to better the social, educational and political conditions."

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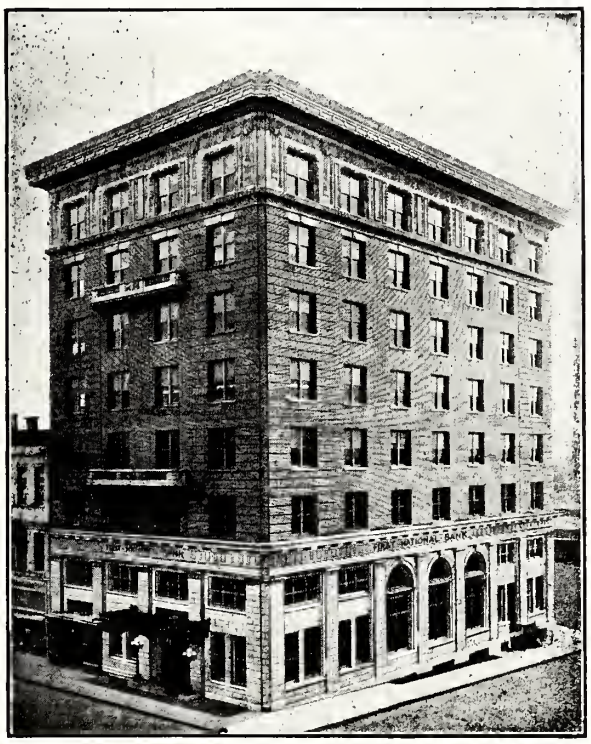

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Our Leader Speaks

Discussing the Aspects of the Greater University, President H. W. Chase Shows That He Is Thoroughly "Master of the Ship." It is Such a Discussion As Proves the Fact That In No One Could the State and the Student Body Repose Greater Confidence.

When we asked President Chase, some month or so ago, to express his views on the Greater University, we did not realize just what kind of a leader the University has. We did not realize that in the person of H. W. Chase the state of North Carolina has a servant who is not only thinking of education in the practical terms of courses and buildings but is also moulding and developing in Chapel Hill an institution and a spirit which will turn into the life of the state a steady stream of men—REAL MEN.

But when President Chase handed us his views, we saw at once that here was a man who who was in thorough mastery of the ship of the University. A reading of the article gave us hope and confidence, yea the knowledge, that the University would never become a mere machine; but would continue to impart to her students that thing, that spirit, that has made the University rich in tradition and in love and that has made University men succeed where men from other institutions, with just as good an education, have failed.

In short, we saw that President Chase was a man who saw the problems of the Greater University but was not blinded by them; we saw that President Chase was looking into the future and had already worked out in his mind the plan that would make the University as great in size as the western universities and as great in spirit as the Carolina of ten years ago. We saw that President Chase is doing for a BIG UNIVERSITY what E. K. Graham started to do for a college of six hundred men.

The Greater University

By H. W. CHASE

THERE are so many things to talk about in connection with the greater University that it is hard to know where to start. I might begin by saying why I think the University is growing so rapidly. I should put first here the growth of the public high school system of the State. More than eighty per cent of our students come from our own public high schools, and the number of graduates of these schools is more than four times what it was five years ago. This condition of rapid growth in the number of high school graduates seems likely to continue for years to come, for reasons that it would take too long to outline here. The main point is that there is every reason to suppose that the growth of the University has really just begun. We must add to this fact, of which I think we ought to be proud, that the faculty, the students, the alumni, and the trustees of the University have the respect and confidence of the state. And, while I am speaking of the state, I want to say that it is meeting squarely its responsibility to the University, and I think it is up to every one of us here to realize that fact, and to see to it that the opportunities the state is giving us are realized to the full.

Rapid growth will mean, naturally, more buildings. Our prospects of growth are such that I think we shall have to continue building at our present rate for several years to come. We must not only add new buildings, but we must thoroughly renovate and bring up to date the older buildings on the campus. Living conditions, especially in the older dormitories, ought to be radically improved at the earliest possible moment; in fact, nothing less than the physical re-building of the University is before us. We are trying to go at the task in an intelligent way. McKim, Meade and White have been retained as consulting architects, to pass on questions of location, the type of architecture adopted, and so on. They are one of the best known architectural firms in the country, and I feel that physically the future of the campus is in safe hands. We certainly want to make it a place of beauty and dignity, as well as of utility. We need, too, in addition to classroom buildings and dormitories, a new gymnasium, a larger library, an enlarged athletic field, more space

for games for the students generally—in short, we need so many things, and need them all in such a hurry, that to plan an orderly building programme is like trying to fit together the pieces of a puzzle picture. One great reason, of course, is that we are years behind in provision for our physical needs, so that we do not start even by any means. We are going back to the legislature next winter and ask them to continue the programme, and I am confident of the result.

But, after all, physical equipment is only a means to an end,—to make possible the doing of a better educational job. I do not think that anything is more certain than that the colleges and Universities of the country are on the eve of an era of educational reconstruction. Education, like any other phase of activity, must respond to changed conditions. It is only a dead institution that is satisfied with itself. And the University is far from dead. I do not mean by educational reconstruction that we need merely to add or subtract a course here or there; I mean that we must consider the question of University education as a whole and ask ourselves what, intellectually, the man of today ought to have at the end of his University career, and how he may best get it. A group of the faculty is hard at work trying to think through some of these problems, and it already has in mind certain suggestions of a rather fundamental sort, though it is too early yet to make any definite statement about them.

One thing which is clear is that much thought must be given to keeping personal contacts as the University grows in size. I hope that the time may never come here when the individual is lost in the machine, and we are doing a lot of thinking along that line.

So far as personal contacts among the students themselves are concerned, I am expecting a great deal of the Graham Memorial Building. It is the universal experience of institutions that have such a student building that they don't see how they ever got along without it. It means much to the social life of the institution. It is very gratifying that the trustees have decided to begin work on the building in the immediate future, and I hope that it will be so constructed that it can be added to from time to time as we grow larger.

The University is constantly trying to deepen and widen its service to the state through extension, as well as through teaching. The extension work of the University was started about ten years ago, and it has steadily grown in usefulness. Its great difficulty now is to come within measurable distance of meeting the demands on it, so firmly has it taken root. Its activities cover all sorts of things, from helping a high school student find material for a debate to giving courses to business men on investments. The *News Letter* alone goes weekly to nearly twenty thousand addresses, carrying facts about the state, and it is only necessary to follow the editorial columns of the state press to see how stimulating its influence is. The extension work as a whole has now reached the point where we must seriously consider adding to the faculty men whose main task is in the field, lecturing to and teaching special groups through the state, in the attempt to meet what the state is more and more coming to ask of us along these lines.

I think, to sum it all up, that every one of us ought to feel that he is a part of a live, vital, growing institution, the Greater University that is and will be in fuller and fuller measure as the years go by. The University just now is like a boy who is growing so fast that he no sooner gets a suit of clothes than it gets too small for him. Growth like this has its problems, and puzzling problems they are. But I don't believe there is one of us who wouldn't rather puzzle over problems of growth than over stagnation. It is a big job for any of us to try to keep up with it all, and to attempt to understand it, and to see the intelligent thing to do, when the pace is so rapid. But I think we ought always to remember this—that the building of the greater university isn't any one man's job, or the job of any one group of men; it is the common task of us all, students, faculty, alumni, trustees. Every man here on the campus has his part in that job; what the Greater University is like will be in part because of what he does or doesn't do. It is a big job—physically, educationally, socially, in every way. Let's every one of us be certain that he is pulling his share of the load.

For a long time, we have looked for an article that would give us a true interpretation of a football player's view of life. We believed tha there was something about football that showed a man's real worth, but we were not sure. We wanted to believe that the training a man got on the football field showed something of the REAL BRAIN POWER AND STRENGTH OF MIND that was within him, but we could never find whe her this was true. But when we got this article and read it through—twice because it interested us so—we discovered the truth, and now we know that when a man displays the stuff on a football field he will display it in later life. And we also know tha' it takes the same kind of stuff to win in life that it does to win on the football field. Have YOU got that kind of stuff?

The Game of Life From A Football Player's View

By C. C. POINDEXTER

IT goes without saying that almost every man in the University has sometime in his life taken an active part in athletic games of some kind. Some are gridiron stars, others have won laurels in basketball, baseball, and track. Some few are perhaps all-around athletes, taking part in all these sports. However, there are some men here who have never taken any part in athletics, either because their parents object to their taking part in them, or because of some physical disability. Regardless of what the stand has been with regard to athletics all are members of the world's team in the great game of life. Fathers and mothers may object and sweethearts may prove untrue, but this game of life goes on forever. The men here in the University are the first substitutes who will soon be called on to fill the places of their fathers who are making their last touchdown, or receiving the knockout blow.

Isn't it true that if fathers have been stars in this game of life, it is your sacred duty to live up to their record and carry the banner still higher up the path of glory? You will fail in life unless you raise the banner higher than your fathers held it. On the other hand if your fathers have failed to make good their opportunities, you have a double duty to perform; for the world is looking to you to not only make a record for yourself, but also mend the broken link left by your fathers.

Since this game is always on and since everyone must play a part, it is highly important that one starts early and learns thoroughly the fundamentals of the game before he is called on to take the place of someone who is taken out of the game, either because he has played his full time, or because he is unable to endure the responsibility placed upon him. One does not know but that he may be sent in at a critical moment of the most important game of the season, and if he has not mastered the fundamentals of the game, he will be a hindrance rather than a help.

To quote the 1908 Yackety Yack, "American football is typical of the world at large. When a boy starts out for his first football practice, he then begins in truth his training for the world he is to go out into later. He is taught to think and to think quickly, to act on his own judgement and to act quickly; to control himself and to control others, or to submit to control; to act in conjunction with others and to lend his strength and body to make a part of one great power that is striving toward the end—success. And above all things he is taught to love fair play and to fight to the last.

"As we look around us do we not see the football team typified in business life? Here is the man who as full-back backs up his line, watches the play of his opponents, forestalls the trick plays, and throws himself in the hole through which, but for him alone, the opposition would have secured a great gain. Here we see the fast, flashy half, who following his interference, circles the ends for long gains, is tackled but struggles on till overwhelmed—or the stocky line-bucking half, who, when called on, with head low, would dive into the line were it a stone wall, and with sheer strength gain his distance. In this man, manager of great railroads or corporations, we see the great quarter-back, the general of the team, who finds the weak spots in the enemy's team, and hurls his team, now here, now there, handling it as though it were one great body and overcoming all obstacles. The fast end, too, is seen on whom we depend to go down the field alone, and alone tackle the runner in his tracks and prevent the hoped for gain, or break the interference so his teammates can throw the runner for a loss. Here and there we see the great, hardworking giant, well termed the guard, who, refusing to be pushed aside, stands like a rock against the rush or throws himself under the oncoming play. Perhaps it is the tackle strong and quick on whom the general depends to make the hole, or the center, who not content with doing his work surely and well, must needs break through and tackle with the ends.

"And we may go still further; for on the side lines we see the substitutes, men who may be good but in whom there is something lacking that keeps them from being on the world's team; or men who are waiting, just waiting for someone to weaken, to give out, and then they will have the chance to fill his place—and perhaps fill it even better than he did. And in the grandstand are the men and women who paid their

way in and perhaps some who did not pay anything at all. They sit back and calmly watch the struggle and yet do nothing toward the great end.

"The world is the gridiron and the game is always on. Each one must fill some position and someone must decide which."

If you should ask me to state in one word what I consider the most important factor in a successful football team, I would without hesitation say *teamwork*. I would likewise say the same about the game of life. Teamwork is an absolute necessity both in football and life. Just as in football it is impossible for a halfback to advance the ball without the help of his teammates, so in life it is impossible for any one or two individuals to put through a great measure for the uplifting of humanity.

"We found that to win we must stick together—each for all, and all for each—I guess that goes anywhere," is the way "Bo" McMillin puts it.

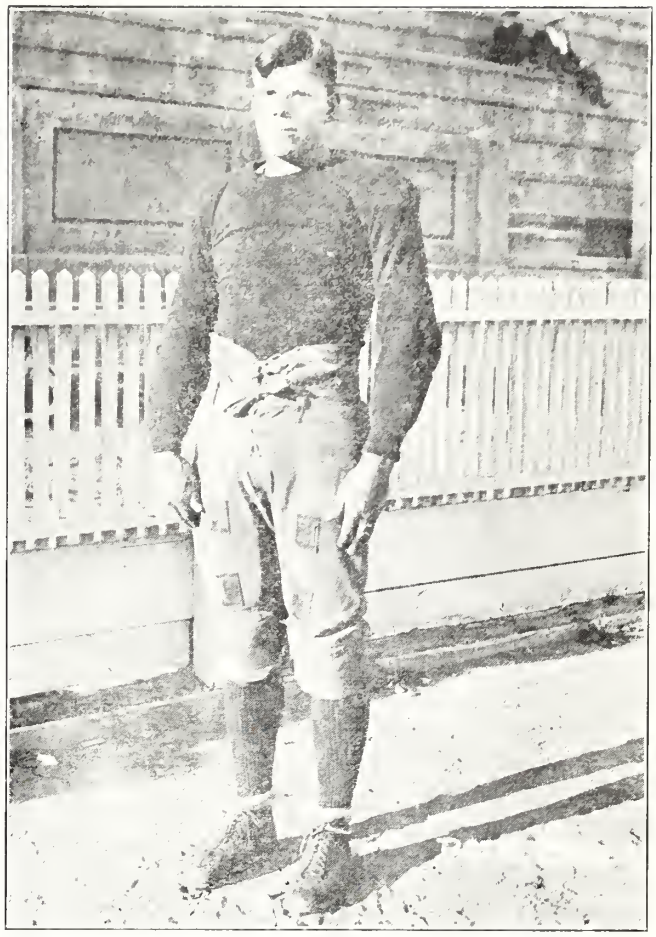
"Boys, it's a hard job." These were the only words that Dr. Roberson, of Durham, a former football captain at Carolina, could say when called on by Coach Fetzer to say a few words to the team just before we left the gym to go out on the field for the Virginia game Thanksgiving.

It *was* a hard job. It took eleven men playing as one for sixty minutes to beat them. But the last whistle left the score seven to three in our favor. The game of life is a hard one and it does not stop at the end of sixty minutes but goes on continually; one's part ends of course with his life. And what a grand and glorious feeling one will have when he comes to the last day and stop to look back over his career, he can join with Paul in saying "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."

A good football team is also characterized by good interference. Most anybody can carry the ball if he has good interference to follow. We need more and better interference in the game of life. I mean that when one citizen starts some worthy movement for the good of the community, every other citizen should fall in line just as the football guard who runs interference for the half-back.

A football coach is continually telling the players to break through and stop the play before it gets started. Out in the world every citizen should consider it his sacred duty to break through and stop the impending evils of his community before they get started. So in football if one can get through and tackle them before they get under way, they will be easily stopped, but in case they do get started before they are sized up, one should not hesitate to throw his influence across their path just as the football guard throws his body across the path of a play that is coming his way.

A football player must not be afraid to tackle and tackle hard. Also, to speak to you directly, in order to be a good citizen you must not be afraid to tackle the many problems of your community. The spirit that you have got to have to go into football and life is expressed in a letter written by his coach to "Bo" McMillin. He puts it thus: "Listen to me, old animal life! I would smoke a cigar under a gasoline shower to see you beat Harvard, and I would climb bare-



C. C. POINDEXTER

legged up a honey-locust tree, with a wildcat under each arm, to have you hand the same kind of dose to the rest of them."

In order to play football successfully, you must keep fit. You will have to sacrifice many minor pleasures in order to do this, but it is absolutely necessary if you are to be able to play the game to the end. For instance during the football season which lasts from about the first of September until the last of November, the football player is not allowed to use tobacco in any form, drink coffee, dopes, intoxicating liquors, eat sweets, or eat between meals. And his meals, which come at regular hours, are composed of only certain substantial foods selected by the coach and physical director. He is also required to be in bed by at least ten thirty. You can readily see from this that a football player has to sacrifice certain minor pleasures. Of course the coach does not follow him around to see that he keeps the training rules, but he can very easily tell who has kept fit when practice or a game is on. It is even more important that you keep fit for the game of life; for it is far more strenuous than the football game and, as I have said before, it does not stop at the end of sixty minutes. If you are to give the world your very best in service, you must at all times keep fit for any emergency. President Jordan of Leland Stanford gave this admonition to young men recently:

"In all our colleges we are taught that the athlete must not break training rules. The pitcher who smokes a cigarette gives away the game. The punter

who dances loses the goal, the sprinter who takes a convivial glass of beer breaks no record. His record breaks him. Some day we shall realize that the game of life is more strenuous than the game of football, more intricate than pitching curves, more difficult than punting. We should keep in trim for it. We must remember training rules. The rules that win the football game are good also for success in business. Half the strength of young America is wasted in the dissipation of drinking or smoking. If we keep the training rules in literal honesty we shall win a host of prizes that otherwise we should lose. Final success goes to the few, the very few, alas, who throughout life keep mind and soul and body clean."

In football every player must know the signals and rules of the game. If one player misses a signal the drive of the whole machine is killed. So it is out in the world. When one citizen fails to do what he should, the whole working of society is handicapped.

In football you have got to keep your eyes open and watch every move of your opponents. You must be quick in sizing up plays and shifting to meet them. The same is true in the great game of life. You must keep your eyes open and be ready at any time to shift to meet the changing needs of society.

You have got to go into football and life with the everlasting determination to give whatever it takes to win. If you go into the game believing that your man can handle you, the chances are that he will; but if you go in with the determination to do more than you are mentally and physically able, you are sure to handle your opponent, or at least show him an interesting time regardless of his size and strength. It's the spirit of *never give up* that wins in football and life.

The football player must learn to submit to the control of those over him such as coaches and other officials. A good citizen must also learn to submit to the laws of his state and nation.

Finally, when the season is over and the time comes for awarding letters, choosing the all-state, all-South Atlantic, and all-American teams, you can hardly wait to see whether you have made any or all of them. If you get your letter, you make known the fact immediately by displaying a monogram on your chest, or you may send your sweater back home to that one who has proven her loyalty by sending you wires and special deliveries all during the season. If you are chosen for the all-state team, your pride is again swelled. Amid all this rejoicing you forget the many bumps and bruises that you received during the season. But after all you were not playing for honors. They came merely as tokens of your faithful services. You were really playing because you loved the game and wanted to help add to the glory of your Alma Mater. After your athletic career is ended, your name is inscribed in the hall of fame alongside of those who have gone before you and you pass on out into the real game—the game of life. And if you have thoroughly mastered the game of football, the game of life will be fairly simple for you because their fundamental principles are the same.

[*EDITORIAL*]

THE COMMUNITY BUDGET

About the only argument that supporters of the so called campus pooled budget are bringing forth is that the interests of the campus demand such a budget. The supporters say that every man on the campus must lay down his right to buy what he wants when he wants it, and must become a subscriber to five campus activities.

They say that no matter whether you ever go into the Y. M. C. A. or not, you must pay about $3.00 a year towards its upkeep; they say you must pay about $3.50 for a Yackety Yack every year, no matter if you are a freshman and don't even have your picture in it; they say you must buy the Tar Heel, no matter if your room-mate takes it; they say you must subscribe to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE, when perhaps you are not in any way interested in the kind of stuff it puts out.

And they justify this by saying that each is a campus activity which is important in the life here and which should be supported by every man. We say the Y. M. C. A. is important in the life of the campus, but not important enough to make every man pay for it, no matter whether he uses it or not. Why not support it by a membership fee, as President C. J. Williams suggests? We say that the Y. M. C. A. is not so important that the co-eds should pay for its support. If the Tar Heel is absolutely essential for the welfare of the campus, why is not the Greensboro News just as essential to the welfare of Greensboro? Why, therefore, does not the town government of Greensboro make every family buy the News?

And so you could go on with the other activities. All of them do count for something in the upbuilding of the campus, but none is so important that every student MUST subscribe to it. Even tuition is not so important that every man has to pay for it. Numerous scholarships are given, and the state is considering a bill to give free tuition.

If these things prevail in the matter of tuition, which is the most important thing here, why should a bigger step be taken in the field of these activities. Perhaps some class will in the future endow "student activities scholarships," to enable those men who can't pay the fees to stay in college!

It seems that the campus and the University authorities have started on a blanket fee spree. One high official, seeing the advantages of the activity fee, suggested that each student pay at registration a certain sum which would be distributed among the Red Cross, the Armenian relief, and all the rest. The whole movement is away from the democracy of the campus—a fine democracy in which every man is his own master, and buys and pays for what he pleases, no matter whether it is cigarettes, the Red Cross, Pickwick tickets, silk underwear, or the Tar Heel.

We have no doubt but that it will be voted down; there are not 801 men here who believe in such a scheme.

Through a Cheer Leader's Eyes

The best Carolina cheer leader of all time tells how YOU look and act during a game

By E. E. RIVES

THE crowd called for a yell for the team and responded readily to a yell for the *visiting* team. It called for a yell for Johnson and gave its best in a yell for Lowe. It wanted to sing "Hark the Sound" but followed readily with a feeling of real pleasure the new song of Carolina which begins "Carolina, Carolina, plunge right through that line." Leadership is all that it asks and it must have that. It wants action and plenty of it. As a cheer leader throws himself into a yell—to the left and to the right—and watches the crowd as it responds with a spirit which gives the leader the assurance that the crowd is behind him in his every effort, it gives him a thrill that lasts throughout the game and gives him reason to continue his work.

The team comes on the field. The men in the stands stand and cheer until it seems as if they will yell their very throats away. A freshman throws his arms approvingly around a senior, a student who never "cracks" a book strikes a Phi Beta Kappa man heartily on the back and yells loudly with him for "Carolina". The excited sophomore grabs an old professor by the shoulder and shouts loudly in his ear these words: *"Get up old man and shout."* The college drunk waves his borrowed money in the air, loudly calling for a bet. And lustily the Chapel Hill negro lets out his old yell for the man when he has served in the boarding house.

The game starts. The crowd becomes a little more orderly and expectantly watches every movement of the men on the two teams. A series of cheers is given, everybody yelling almost mechanically while eyes are often on the men on the field instead of on the leader of the yell. The noise goes on. A plank in the bleachers breaks and no one notices it. A weak hearted student faints and is carried off without even the man within a few feet of him knowing of it. Yell after yell is given. The men are standing, yelling individually and collectively for the team and the individual players.

A touchdown for Carolina has been made. Hats are thrown into the air never again to be recovered. Men push each other from their places, then themselves fall and all shout the name of Carolina. The cheer leader is helpless if he tries to call the crowd down in order to give concerted yells. After a ten minute demonstration when the voices have seemingly given out, the leader calls for a yell for the man and for the team and the crowd responds in a manner which would make one believe that it had reserved all it's power for this one yell. Men watch the cheer leader and try to make the yell as perfect as possible. As the stands quiet down the men hug each other, and look with disgust upon the individual who immediately came forward with plenty of money to bet on the winning team, although he has been very careful to hold it until Carolina has scored.

And then the critical moment comes. The ball goes to the opposing team and our backs are to the wall. The opposing team is approaching our goal and the stands cry out to know just how much longer they must endure what has turned into mental torture. All eyes are turned for a moment from the game to the cheer leaders, who are attempting to send a wave of strength out to the team on the field.

Time is called to give attention to an injured player and after a yell has been given for that man, the crowd cheers loudly and madly to their men to fight and save the game. Yell after yell is given, and when the team enters again into the fray they seem to have a reserve strength that only thought waves from their supporters can give. The gambler shakes nervously, the profane man utters oath after oath, and the rest pray. The call from the stands to "fight, fight," rings out clearly to the players, and *they do it*. The ball is lost on downs and the game is saved, for there are only a few seconds to play.

The game is won! A concerted yell is given and the men rush madly forward to their players and attempt to carry them on their shoulders, but the players fight them off. One man throws his arm about the captain's neck and kisses him profusely. Hats that can be found are thrown away, and a mass of shouting, cheering and happy men leave the field carrying with them the spirit of the Carolina campus—gentlemen winners and game losers.

This is a clipping we found the other day:

DO things—
Without hesitation
Mental reservation
Or secret evasion of mind.

We believe that any man who will follow this mode of procedure will be sure to succeed in life. There's too much side-stepping of issues and facts and too much lack of backbone in the world for it to be otherwise.

Twelve North Carolina Authors and Their Works

By J. W. BROWN

Everybody in the state, from laborers in the mills and factories, to students in the colleges, is interested in North Carolina writers and their works. Presented here are sketches of twelve North Carolinians who have achieved national recognition on account of their work.

"O. HENRY"—WILLIAM SIDNEY PORTER.

O. HENRY is the best known of all recent North Carolina writers, and perhaps the best short story writer that North Carolina has produced. He was born in Greensboro in 1862, and died in 1910.

When young, O. Henry went to Texas, where he received most of his education. He was a reporter for some time on the *Houston Post,* and this was when he first commenced to write. Because of a mix-up with robbers he fled to South America, for some years. When he returned, he lived in New Orleans for a while and this was where he started to write short stories. His stories "took" because of his unusual way of handling plots, and the types of stories he wrote. In a few years he became very prominent, and then moved to New York, where his best works were produced.

O. Henry's best known volumes of short stories are "Heart of the West," "Roads of Destiny," "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," and "Strictly Business." Much has been said and written about O. Henry, and the story of his life is known to all North Carolinians. His style has never been equalled by any writer, and his works have been translated into many languages.

The twenty best short stories written each year are printed in one volume called "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories." This shows the high position he holds among American short story writers of the present century. O. Henry spent very little time in North Carolina after his childhood days.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Mrs. Olive Dargan was born in Graynon, Ky., about 1870. Both of her parents were school teachers. She was prepared for college at the age of thirteen, but could not go on account of financial reasons. Five years later she went to Peabody Normal College, Cambridge, Mass.

The year after this she spent in Nova Scotia teaching. It was while she was teaching that she had several articles accepted, and decided to devote herself to writing. She worked so hard for the next few months that she had a nervous breakdown, and went to Georgia to continue her work and recuperate. While here she met Pegram Dargan, of Darlington, S. C., and they were married in 1898. Since then they have been living in the South, spending most of their time in the mountains near Asheville, where they have a home. Mrs. Dargan is very interested in helping the mountaineers.

"Semiramis and Other Plays," was her first work to appear, and this was published in 1903. "Carlotta," the next volume to appear, was a play about the Mexican monarchy under Maximillian. It was largely historical. In "The Poet," Mrs. Dargan attempts the solution of the mystery of Poe. "Lords and Lovers," a drama, deals with the reign of Henry IV. The characters are very human, but the play is not suited to production. "The Siege" has a very rich setting and many beautiful lyrics, but it lacks the human qualities. Her best known book of prose is "Highland Annuals." From time to time Mrs. Dargan has had many poems and sonnets printed in the leading magazines of the country. She is the most creative figure among living North Carolina writers, and her work will live because of its beauty and charm.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

Thomas Dixon, Jr., known all over the world for his book, "The Clansman," was born in Cleveland County, North Carolina, in 1864. He was the son of a minister. He was educated at Wake Forest, where he graduated in 1883. After studying at Johns Hopkins for several months, he returned to North Carolina and entered the legislature.

From 1885 to 1895, Thomas Dixon was a minister, and was pastor of churches in Goldsboro, Raleigh, Boston and New York. In 1895 he left the ministry and became a lecturer, writer and play producer. His first book, "The Leopard's Spots," published in 1902, caused wide comment. The north hated it, and the south did not praise it very much. In one year there were sold 100,000 copies, and it was translated into foreign languages. It was a historical novel, dealing with the Civil War and Reconstruction.

His next book, "The One Woman," was a socialistic book without literary value. Two hundred thousand copies were sold on his reputation from "The Leopard's Spots," and then the book fell flat.

"The Clansman," Dixon's third book, is his greatest. It is a historical novel dealing with Reconstruction from the southern point of view. He is especially bitter on the north, and vividly recites the woes of the south. The women in "The Clansman" are the weakest part of the book. They are not natural, but they suit his purpose in showing the horrors of Reconstruction. Later this book was made into a motion picture,

perhaps the greatest picture ever produced. "The Traitor," his last book, is of too tragic a note, and written very badly. Despite these facts, it has enjoyed a large circulation.

J. C. McNeill said of Dixon: "He paints with a broom. He has interpreted in his own passionate way the life about him. This is Mr. Dixon's distinction, and is the only claim of himself and his works to fame." At present Mr. Dixon lives in Raleigh and New York He is giving lectures, writing articles, and producing plays.

ISAAC ERVIN AVERY

Isaac Avery was born in Morganton in 1871, and is a graduate of Trinity College. In 1894 he went to China in the Consular Service, and remained there until 1898. During this time he was corresponding editor of *The North China Daily News,* an English newspaper.

In 1898 he returned to this country, and became city editor of *The Charlotte Observer.* He held this position until his death in 1904. His personal column "Variety of Idle Comments," was one of the best columns of any paper in the country. Avery found his themes and inspiration in the everyday life around him. He is noted for his good description, his recital of events, and his analysis of peoples' moods. All his writing was done hurriedly, and his mixture of humor and pathos are like Chaucer and Holmes. He was a very widely read man.

After Avery's death in 1904, his works were collected and published under the title of "Idle Comments." Alphonso Smith said of him: "In his ability to invest the commonplace with beauty, and to reproduce it with charm, his work is a heritage not only to literature, but to life."

"CHRISTIAN REID"—CHRISTINE TIERNAN.

In the MAGAZINE of last May, a complete sketch of Christian Reid was given, and just a short review will be given of her now. In 1871 "Merton House," her first novel, was published. This book did not enjoy much success. "Valerie Aylmer" was her first book to be enthusiastically received. This dealt with southern life and standards, and in these things the interest of the book was centered. The description of southern home life was very realistic, but the book as a whole was poorly written. It showed that she had not yet attained a good style. Among other of her early books were "A Daughter of Bohemia," and "A Question of Honor." In 1879 she went to Europe for several months, and "Hearts of Steel" was written about this trip.

After marrying in 1887, she and her husband lived in Mexico and Santo Domingo for many years. "The Picture of Las Cruces" is her best known work published during this time. In 1898 Mr. Tiernan died, and she returned to Salisbury, where she lived in seclusion for ten years. During these ten years she wrote only for her church papers. She was a very devout Catholic.

"Princess Nadine," which is her best novel, appeared in 1908. The style of this novel was French, but her characters and models were those of English classics. The book has "a purity of purpose and delicacy of sentiment that is rarely found." Mrs. Tiernan said of her purpose in writing: "My purpose has always been to inculcate high standards of living, and to influence none to do wrongly." She is considered the best novelist of this State.

BENJAMIN SLEDD

Dr. Benjamin Sledd was born in Bedford county, Va., on August 24, 1864. He entered Washington and Lee in 1881, and graduated from there in 1886 with a degree of master of science. The next year he went to Johns Hopkins to continue his studies, but had to give them up on account of his eyes. From there he went to Wake Forest, where he became instructor of modern languages. At present he is head of the language department at Wake Forest.

Besides being a scholar, Dr. Sledd is a poet of note. He is at his best in his lyrical poems. His narrative poems are not as good, but all of them are pleasing to read. Among the best of his poems are "The Mother," "In the Valley of the Shadow," and "The Watchers of the Hearth."

HENRY JEROME STOCKTON

Henry Jerome Stockton was born in Chatham county, in 1858. He graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1889. The next year he became instructor in English, and remained on the faculty until 1896. At that time he joined the faculty of Fredericksburg College, where he remained until 1900. After that he moved to Raleigh, where he has lived since.

"Fugitive Lines," written in 1897, is his only volume of verse. All his poems have a grace and feeling about them that is not often found. Besides this volume, he has written many poems for leading magazines. His sonnets are considered his best works.

HATCHER HUGHES

Hatcher Hughes, formerly instructor in English at the University, and now living in New York, is one of the authors of "Wake Up, Jonathan." This is his first play, and it has had quite a long run on Broadway. At present it is touring the country.

CORNELIA PHILLIPS SPENCER

Born in Harlem, New York, in 1829, Cornelia Phillips Spencer's family moved to Chapel Hill when she was very young. Her father was professor of mathematics for many years. In 1853 she married James M. Spencer, and they moved to Clinton, Ala., where they lived until his death, in 1861. After that she returned to Chapel Hill, and lived here until 1894, when she moved to Cambridge, Mass., with her daughter.

Mrs. Spencer wrote many sketches for THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE besides hymns and college songs. It is thought that the songs were printed in pamphlet form about 1880, but there is no authentic trace of them. In 1886 her first book, "The Last Ninety Days of the Civil War," was printed for a text book by the *Charlotte Observer.* Some politicians got hold of this book before it went to press, and changed it to suit themselves. Her other book was "First Steps in North Carolina History." These two books showed a very clear insight into matters of her day.

"Her writings convey an impression of an author who has enjoyed the best society among men and books, and who out of a full mind writes with unself-

ishness, security, and strength, in the interest of truth and human good." Mrs. Spencer did not like publicity, and continually shrank from it.

"HOLWORTHY HALL"—HAROLD EVERETT PORTER

Holworthy Hall, as he is known, was born in Hyde Park, Mass., in 1887. He graduated from Harvard in 1908, and worked with a publishing company in Boston until 1915, when he entered the army. He remained in the army until 1918. Since that time he has lived a great part of his time at Southern Pines, and it is here that he does most of his writing.

Among his best known works are "Henry of Navarre," "Pepper," "Help Wanted," and "The Six Best Cellars." He has also written many short stories and articles, which are appearing all the time in *Harper's, McClure's, Everybody's, American* and the *Cosmopolitan.*

JOHN CHARLES MCNEIL

John Charles McNeill was born in Scotland county in 1874. In 1898 he graduated from Wake Forest, and from there went to Mercer, where he was an assistant professor. From 1900 to 1904, he practiced law in Lumberton, and from that time to his death was connected with the *Charlotte Daily Observer.*

The Patterson Cup was awarded to McNeill in 1905 for doing the best literary work in the State. He had a very good knowledge of the negro dialect, and his negro dialect stories were considered the best in the United States. Also McNeill was one of the foremost poets of the early part of this century. His poetry is noted for its sympathy and tenderness. His poems were printed in most of the leading magazines. "Love's Fashion," and "Pardon Time" are the two best known.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

Dr. Henderson was born in Salisbury in 1887. He graduated from the University, and has studied in Europe and this country since then. He was knighted by Queen Victoria for his mathematical researches. Also Dr. Henderson is widely known as a critic and article writer. Many of his book reviews and articles appear in the *New York Times.* His best known volume is "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works."

A Prismatic Surface

By "BULL" FINCH

FACET NUMBER ONE

Vague rumblings, dissonance—"On to Greensboro!"

Plans, plots *ad infinitum.* Dates and designs, hope and heliotrope. Letters to the "finishing schools" signed "lots of love." Temporary flurry among the brewers of malt beverages.

Preceding night. Pep meeting. Bawling and bellowing. Speeches about spirit by persons who looked as if they wanted to bite some one. Surging thrills. Freshman longings for the girl at N. C. C. to see them, even now, as they sing "Hark the Sound." Steals over them the knowledge, irresistible, that they are "the stuff."

Saturday: Throngs of youths with embroidered shoes and striped cravats. To train and Greensboro. Dumb, driven herd—"University men." The crack of Scrubby's whip their *deus ex machina.* The game over, then to the O. Henry. Intoxication. To N. C. C. W., G. C. W., or the dance. Amorous exultation, love's declaration.

Back to the Hill. Tired as a ditcher, effete, satiated. The reserve cells on strike, the active ones jaded. Sleep.

Tomorrow, work. Damn work! It interferes with one's college career. Fellow said I was a fool for not going. I thanked him.

FACET NUMBER TWO

The flutter of hope's wings—"On to Greensboro!"

The aims and actual plans. Letters dispatched to Greensboro to some lady fair. And then visions, the sweet fever of anticipation sure of fruition. The arrangement of dates at the colleges for young ladies.

Then the night before. Gerrard Hall with its quaint old corners, speaking of the past, of 1916, of Bill Powell, and others. And we,—we are there. Those speeches—how they fire us. Those cheers, so near, so dear. Carolina, so fine, so big. And what a privilege just to be there.

Morning and the ride to Greensboro. Intermittent overflowing of joy, laughter and cheers. Then the walk up from the station. What thrills, what exultance, what bigness.

And then the game and tenseness and hope, relaxation, defeat's sting, or victory's exultation.

Don't weaken. Forward to fill the engagement so fondly anticipated—the dance or what not. Forward to see her, the lady with cheeks that are "lilies dipt in wine" and lips a sheeny thread of scarlet. Good-bye—a kiss, mellifluous, lingering, soft, yielding.

Return: Drowsiness, and then the dear old bed back on the Hill. Tomorrow priceless memories and yet more plans.

FACET NUMBER THREE

South bell tolls again while some mix corn liquor toddies and others talk of souls. And whether the bell is like those which rang in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day or those in Philadelphia on that first day of Independence, who can say? And I did some of the both of them and lighted my pipe and said, "Aw, hell!"

Personality Sketch of A. W. McLean in Next Issue

Sandwiches

By J. E. HAWKINS

This story, and the one following it entitled "A Persian Herod," were the winners in the short story contest recently held by the Odd Number Chapter of Sigma Upsilon. "Sandwiches" won the University freshman contest; while "A Persian Herod" was returned the winner from many manuscripts submitted by high school pupils from all over the state.

Most people would have considered it a glorious day to remain indoors in cozy warmth. For outside an inquisitive wind whipped about the streets, somewhat thinned of traffic because of it, with all the poetic shrieks and roars in its varied repertoire, and with that subtle note which spells COLD. It was a wicked wind and sinister; it resented the presence in the murky sky of a moth-eaten moon, and the moon, as if in fear of the madly itinerant wind, peeped but occasionally from behind the low-hung and fleeting clouds. But I am constructed differently from most people. There is in me an inherent love of conflict, a joy of battle born of a long line of fighting ancestors, which makes me glory in the wrath of the elements and enables me to enjoy to the utmost the wind's little game of "Now I nip you, now I don't."

That afternoon I had a hunch, one of those delightful little premonitions which tickle the heart sometimes and whisper charming little prophesies in one's brain; so I put away a dry article that I was writing and, after donning my greatcoat, I tramped an untold number of blocks, in the teeth of a gale which craved my very life blood. Shortly before six o'clock I was headed for Bryant Park, that pretty little oasis which shares a city block with the New York Public Library in the very heart of Manhattan Island.

Quite often now I wound up an afternoon's walk with a little trip to Bryant Park, if, perchance, I was in its neighborhood at six or seven, as a sort of mental sandwich before a drab evening. Down in the southeast corner in a wonderfully secluded and sheltered spot, considering that it was less than four blocks from the very busiest street corner in the whole world, gather every evening at six a group of tattered and weather beaten derelicts of the great city, a heap of human driftwood tossed together by the winds of circumstance. They form perhaps the poorest club in this great village of ten thousand clubs—the Sandwich Men's Club. They are mostly old men who wander aimlessly and always in stolid silence about the city's streets, between two flapping boards which bear advertisements of divers sorts. Theirs is a sordid lot and so each evening whether in rain or snow or sun, they gather from six to eight in this corner of the park in an effort to extract a wee bit of joy from their grey life. At no other time do they speak to a living soul. Hence, it is quite a privilege to be present occasionally at this, their moment of relaxation from their incessant plodding, plodding, through wind or hail or sleet or snow, before they scatter to their fifteen-cent lodging houses, and to listen to the talk of these men who know the life of the streets as few others do. Most of them once moved in a higher plane and now they live with the ghosts of the past. Drink and drugs brought many here, while sudden calamity or the whim of circumstance has trampled upon others. Some fought the battle of life squarely from first to last and, having found the foe too strong, still stalk onward with tattered banner waving. They clutched at life and missed by a hair. Many are the weird tales which pass around the circle concerning the incidents and events which are now but history to the teller. Some of these are indeed wonderful studies of human passion, devotion and sacrifice.

It delights me to go, now and again, and listen to these stories and to reconstruct them later in my metropolitan note-book, with such embellishments as I choose to give them. I enjoy a modicum of popularity among these gaunt men because of my acquaintance with several of them in former days and because I have never abused their confidence in my published writings. Indeed upon one or two occasions I have been of material assistance to some of the members.

I hoped this particular afternoon to acquire one or two good bits for my note-book, which I had sadly neglected during my ramble, and I had a feeling that I would not be disappointed. Wind or no wind, the show must go on, I mean to say I must have material for my "human interest" corner of the *Daily Standard* whether my mind was working in well-oiled fashion or whether the imps of satan were making boilers within.

When I arrived at the "clubhouse," the "gang" was there, not so many as usual, but withal a goodly number. I was welcomed with a few curt nods and several "Hullos!" and, without so much evident effort, "Chirp" Rogers said, "Good evenin', Mister Blake." I greeted them and settled myself upon a bench, drawing within my greatcoat as much as possible, and prepared to listen to their chatter. They were talking, the most of them, of a fellow sandwicher who had died the previous day. They extolled his virtues, prattled of his faults, and thoroughly aired his life and character.

Presently Chirp, so called because, unlike his ilk, he was talkative, cleared his throat in a way which I knew to be the prelude to a story.

"What's on your mind, Chirp?" I asked.

"I was thinkin', sir, it was jist such a blow as this a dozen year ago that Larry McDougal figgered he'd come a cropper in life's little game and jumped inter East River. Yuh know, Mister Blake, Larry was the only sandwich man what I ever knowed to commit sooicide. Most of us passes out wit' our boots on, but not so Larry. He loved the shiny simoleons as well

as any other Scotchman, but he hadn't never been able to 'cumulate none, an' when a filthy wop hooked sixty dollars what he'd hoarded up by scrapin' his nails to the quick, it was too much for him—he hopped off th' end of uh pier.

"Larry didn't have no love for wops anyhow, and this particular one had been like a grain o' dust in Larry's eye. He used to take a queerish sort o' delight in tormentin' Larry whenever the two of 'em met. He throwed mud on Larry's boards more'n one time an' once when a lady, which was a-slummin', gave a five-spot to a little girl to give t' Larry, he snatched it an' run. But this warn't the main reason why Larry hated him. 'Twas becus' o' this same tiny gurl. He loved her better 'n anything else in th' world, even money, an' he was savin' a crop o' cash to give to her just afore he blowed his candle. Her folks was dead an' she lived with a fambly what didn't treat her like no rose atall. She had a uncle livin' in Scotland, but nothin' had been heerd o' him for years; so Larry figgered he was the man o' the hour hisself.

"Well, one day when Larry was settin' on a stoop with his boards leanin' 'gainst the wall a'watchin' little Mary playin' on the sidewalk, this here wop came prowlin' by. Mary poked her tongue at him an' wit' a mighty leer at Larry, he kicked her full in the side; so 's she lay all black an' gaspin' for breath. Larry wasn't no youngster an' there's never a cop about when yuh want one; so, in course, the dirty hound got away. Larry told me all about it nex' day an' swore he 'ud fix that wop some day if it took his last drop o' blood.

"He was always plannin' ways to git even wit' Tony, but none ever showed itself. It got to be a favorite trick o' his to tell us guys what he was goin' to do to the wop when he got th' chance. It got so th' sandwichers laughed at 'im an' called 'im Wop-sided Larry.

"An' then Larry goes home one night an' finds, instead o' his little roll o' bills, a scrawl what says, 'Thanks for the kale. Tony.' Right away Larry goes balmy. He went back inter the night an' begun to walk an' walk; he never said nothin' to nobody nor stopped nor et nor slept, but jist walked. For two nights an' two days he done this an' then of a sudden he lopes inter where I was eatin' a bite in the basement o' the Day & Nite Quick Lunch, whose visitin' cards me an' Larry sported fore an' aft. He begun babblin' an' rantin' an' it took me nigh an hour to worm out o' him even a dim idee o' what d' happened.

"At the very time whilst Larry an' me was gabbin' in the basement, in a little room on th' third floor, Tony Benito was gloatin' over the proceeds of th' sixty dollars. He was a member of some filthy Eyetalian secrit society an' there in th' middle o' him an' three o' his cronies was a little machine about th' size of a beer bucket which would've blowed half th' block to th' last day o' th' twentieth century. They was plottin' t' blow up that night a ship which was lyin' in East River, waitin' to dock in th' mornin'. Becus' some bloody cuss what had done the society wrong on th' other side was aboard in steerage, they was goin' to blow a thousand souls to eternity.

"Well, I couldn't git much sense out o' Larry in th' basement an' of a sudden he jumps up an' runs inter th' street, nigh bustin' his neck when his boards caught against th' door jamb. But he ambles off afore th' wind, which was blowin' hearty from th' west He'd clean forgot everything, even Mary an' his vow to revenge hisself on Tony, an' his mind was as vacant as a ice factory in Hades.

"It must've been some past midnight when Larry reached the East River docks an' takin' off his boards an' settin' 'em together on th' end o' th' pier, jumped inter th' dark waters o' th' river. Becus' close to one o'clock Tony an' his pals slid from under that same dock in a rowboat with one of 'em holding that bomb on his knees in th' middle o' th' craft. I mean t' say they slid *almost* out; 'cus when they was part way out that rampin' wind blew Larry's boards off the end o' th' pier an' they fell plumb onto th' bomb.

"The nex' day th' cops found th' upper half of Tony floatin' far down the river an' stickin' fr'm his chest was a piece of a sandwich man's board wit' th' words 'Also Try Our Italian Style Hash at the Day & Nite Quick Lunch."

Chirp paused and glanced around at his listeners. One matter-of-fact fellow immediately piped up, "What became uv th' gurl?"

And slowly Chirp replied, "Mary's uncle from Scotland was aboard that ship an' about three month ago she married the third assistant district attorney of Noo York."

Figuratively speaking, I was rubbing my hands in ecstasy—it was too cold to rub them in reality. Here was a gem of a story which I could build upon and mold into quite a decent thing. Chirp should have a fiver when I left and more if I sold the story.

But another of the group was speaking. He was a small man and looked as if he might once have been rather handsome. His clothes were unspeakably shabby, but when he spoke, one knew at once, even with his cracked voice, that he had not always been a sandwich man, that somewhere in the dim past he had been something much better. One felt instinctively that it had been something fine and worth while. Why, then, was he thus?

But—

"Chirp," he said, "you have been giving the wops hell. It is my turn now to mete out a little praise for a wop whom I once knew, very soon after I squeezed in between two boards as a means of livelihood.

"We sandwich men are a silent lot, but little Pietro was the most silent I have ever known. A half dozen words in a day was a handsome accomplishment for him. He had the soul of an artist beneath those dirty rags, and I know it must have been blackest torture for him to spend his days encased between two heavy boards. For his heart was not the kind which takes joy from the little things of life, laughs with the world, and sees art in the ever-changing panorama of the city street; his was the soul of a dreamer, of a seer of visions. He was built for the great open places where he could dream and live with things ethereal and never, never for the crowded avenues of a city. He who had basked from birth in the artistic aura of unmatchable Florence was all but lost in this vast materialism of the New World.

"When I met him first, I was in much the same plight as he: a wanderer in a world of which I knew little. Sitting there on that bench in St. Gabriel's Park, there was something in his very attitude which spoke volumes to me; so we made friends at once. Our friendship grew apace and soon we were plodding the streets to-

gether on our never-ceasing tramp. In fragmentary instalments he told me of his life, and something of the inner workings of his mind and soul, of his hopes and dreams. And I, in turn, endeavored to perfect him in the language of his adopted country and to initiate him into its ways.

"After we had progressed thus for a number of months, it suddenly became so that Pietro could not well stand our day-long journeys. He would falter sometimes and wish to rest, and his face became a little pale. I asked often if he were not ill, but he always answered, 'No, eet ees nothing.' It seemed to me that he became a little weaker and paler every day, but he would never admit illness or anything unusual. Finally, he almost fainted one hot day and his face grew deathly pale.

" 'Pietro, what is it, what *is* the matter with you?' I asked in terror.

"Eet ees nothing,' he answered, 'but you mus' coma to my room thees night.'

"And he would say nothing more.

"After an hour's rest, Pietro grew better and we went and had our evening snack. Then we climbed to his tiny room, high up in a dirty garret, and Pietro lighted a gas jet which shed a dim light over the tumbled room. When my eyes became accustomed to the half-gloom, I beheld upon an easel in the center of the floor, although not yet finished, still quite the most marvellous painting I had ever seen, truly a bit of heaven transplanted to earth. It was mostly of a wonderful, wonderful shade of red, and Pietro called it 'The Soul of An Artist.' I cannot describe the picture—that glorious red glow is beyond description. I was amazed, awe-stricken, but even then I marveled at the paint and asked Pietro where he had got it.

" 'Ah, my friend, that ees my secret,' he said, with a smiling flash of his brilliant teeth. And with that I must rest content.

"I told him very emphatically, however, that he was working too hard, that he was losing too much sleep, that he would be desperately ill if he did not go slower with his work. Oh, how ignorant I was!

" 'Ah, well, my friend, you advise goot," he answered.

"We made our rounds as usual for ten days after that, except that Pietro seemed to grow weaker and paler each day. I was growing alarmed, and then one morning he did not appear. I rushed to his room and found him lying at the foot of his easel, brush in hand; dead with the last stroke.

"When they undressed him at the morgue to prepare him for burial, they found over his left breast a wound whose edges had hardened. Death, who seals all things, had drawn them together and sealed them up.

"That is all, gentlemen."

The little man stopped speaking. For moments I was speechless under the charm of his narrative; then I asked, even as the other man had asked, "What became of the picture?"

"In those days," said the little man, "my mind and my pocketbook were not all that they might have been; so Pietro's landlady took the picture for his long-unpaid room rent. It has since won the Grand Prize at Rome and now hangs in Paris."

"Yes," I exclaimed in wonder. "And who are you?"

"Before I hit the pipe and then the toboggan," said he, "I was considered the most promising art and dramatic critic among New York's fourth estate. Now I am simply a sandwich man."

The sandwich men were leaving rapidly; so I presented each of the story tellers with a fiver and set out to look for a vacant space at a table in the great book dispensary close at hand. As I mounted the library steps I thanked heaven for the little hunch god who dwells within me.

[*EDITORIAL*]

WAKE UP THE COMMITTEE!

We are reproducing below the words of the University catalogue with reference to the Carr Fellowship.

> **The Julian S. Carr Fellowship, endowed in 1916 by General Julian S. Carr. A fellowship valued at about $300 to be awarded at Commencement each year to a member of the rising Junior class or Senior class who has shown by the high scholastic quality of his work that he is worthy of help, and who, during his first years in college, has earned his way in whole or in part. The holder of this fellowship is selected by a faculty committee, and applications should be made before May 15.**

Every year there are several applicants for this scholarship. The fellowship is awarded by a committee, which, if one can judge from their action of last year, deserves to be discharged for gross incompetency and neglect of duty. For notwithstanding the real meaning of the Carr Fellowship—that it is to be given to a man who needs it—the committee of last year awarded it to L. J. Phipps.

Now Mr. Phipps unquestionably measures up to the requirements in scholarship and self help, and in addition is an excellent man. But the fact remains that Mr. Phipps made enough money last year for it to be necessary for him to file income tax returns with the United States government. There were several applicants for the fellowship last year who did not file tax returns—they did not make enough money. Therefore it can reasonably be adduced that some of them needed the money more than did Mr. Phipps.

If the committee knew that Mr. Phipps was filing tax returns, it did a grave injustice in giving him the fellowship; if it did not know it, then it is time for it to wake up.

At any rate, we hope that such a bonehead play will not occur this month, when the fellowship is awarded for next year.

A Persian Herod

Winner of the state high school short story contest conducted by the Odd Number Chapter of Sigma Upsilon

By JOHN YONAN
Charlotte High School

IN the city of Batum, on the shore of the Black Sea, there lived a Persian Prince. He was a very rich man, and his beautiful palace was built near the sea, where he had three hundred wives, as it is the custom of the Mohammedans.

One sunny day this great prince went hunting with his servants on the slope of a beautiful mountain. While he was crossing through the field of a Russian peasant, he saw a young girl picking flowers. He stopped and asked her, "Who are you and what are you doing here alone?"

With a smile she said, "I am the daughter of Admiral Levan, who is the governor of the Batum; every day my father lets me come here to pick flowers." At the same time her father with a number of soldiers appeared there. Then the Prince left her and turned back to his palace.

Next morning he called those servants who went with him when he went hunting, and said to them, "I want you to go to the same place where we met that girl; look around; if you do not see any one, then take her on your horses and bring her here to me." They did what he told them. You must not be surprised about this, because a rich man in that country can do anything he wants, especially in the case of marriage, though he had three hundred wives. In the evening this great man was on the porch of the palace waiting for their coming. Before the sun set they came and brought with them Marine Levan, a beautiful girl of eighteen years, with golden hair, black eyes, rosy cheeks and a sweet personality which would attract any one.

Day after day passed, as time will go; and every morning Malloom would go into her room which he decorated for her with pictures and beautiful rugs; he would call her, "Marine," and she would open her eyes, and look with a smile on that old face of Malloom. Among those three hundred wives she was the only one who was loved by him.

Now Malloom had a son, twenty-five years of age, who fell in love with Marine. He was in a great struggle because she was loved most by his father and so he could not marry her.

After a few years a great war began between the Mohammedans in Caucasus, and the Russians. So Malloom sent his son, Bacur, as a general to the war. The war was won by Bacur. Before he returned home Malloom prepared to give a reception in his honor to the leaders of the nations. In time the messenger came with these words, "I will be home at seven in the evening." Everybody was ready while on the table a feast was spread. The son entered and every one stood up in his honor. While they were at the table his father arose and said with a proud voice, "My son, you have won the war and kept the name of your father high, I will give you anything you ask."

Some thought he would ask for a sword; some thought for a gun, and some thought for his property, but that was all in vain. The son rose, and cried with a loud voice, "Father, don't you see this sword? I have fought and won the war, for one thing only, and that is Marine." Every one shuddered at his answer. His father paled and trembled; he could not control himself then, because the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He went out in the front of the palace and wondered what he could do for that promise; it was very hard for him to break it, because it was made before the leaders of the nation.

When the reception was over, every one left. Then the son left, too, and as he reached the door he saw some one walking in front of Marine's window. He knew that was his father. He approached near to him. For a while they talked, then his father said, "Son, it is impossible; wait here for a few minutes; I will go and bring her. Let us take a walk near the shore and ask her what she wants to do." So his father went into the room very softly and called her. She was in great fear for what would happen.

All three together left the palace. It was very dark, the skies were covered with clouds, and the sea was roaring. Very awful was it to leave the palace at that time, but love must be followed to its end.

They talked over the matter, and the son told her all, but she was silent.

Now they approached nearer and nearer till they reached the top of a ridge; the father stood on a rock and looked down in the depths of that roaring sea; it was terrible, but it was to be decided. The father opened his lips and said, "Son, let me free from that promise; do not be the cause of a death."

"No! Father, you have promised." Then with a breaking heart the father took Marine in his arms; she smiled from not understanding the coming danger. He stepped again near the mouth of the rock and held his hands up. At once he threw her down into that depth. After a second he threw himself after her. The son shouted, but all in vain; his Marine was in the depths of the sea. He said to himself: "My Marine and my father are gone; can I live any more?"

There were three when they left the palace, but he came back alone. It was about one-thirty A. M. when he reached the palace, went up to her room, and stood behind her bed. "Oh! Marine is not here; she is dead, I cannot live any more." Then he threw his hand on his revolver and shot himself.

When speaking of loving your enemies, hold in mind that they are the ones who never bother us about borrowing money.

Father—"Why is it that you are always at the bottom of your class?"

Son—"But, dad, they teach the same thing at both ends."

North Carolina's Troubadour

Of all the men on the faculty, perhaps the one who is doing North Carolina the greatest present and practical service is E. C. Branson. He has his hands on the pulse of North Carolina, and he knows how to interpret her every heart beat.

By J. G. GULLICK

HERE is a unique man in a unique field. When Eugene Cunningham Branson decided what he would make his life work he didn't enter a field—he made one. He has developed a new phase of a social science and has made it of incalculable aid to the state of North Carolina.

Dr. Branson, as most readers of the MAGAZINE know, is Kenan professor of rural social science, editor-in-charge of the *News Letter*, and a state-wide authority and general information bureau on almost everything anyone wants to know about economic, social and civic life in the state. His department is now an important service agency of the state, and is looked to by the people out in the state for a definite service which no other department in any state or private institution can supply.

But to fully understand Dr. Branson and his point of view, it is necessary to go back and see some of the events of his early life. He was born at Morehead City in the year of 1861. His college training was received at Trinity College (N. C.) and Peabody Normal College, receiving his degree of master of arts from the latter institution in 1899. He later received the degree of Litt. D. from the University of Georgia.

Dr. Branson began his career in the teaching profession, in which he is still engaged, although some of his most valuable work has been done outside of it. His early positions carried him to country schools in North Carolina and to the superintendent's desk at Wilson, N. C., and Athens, Ga. In 1897 he became professor of pedagogy at the Georgia State Normal and Industrial College, which position he retained until 1900, when he was elected president of the Georgia State Normal School. A person who knows Dr. Branson today and his characteristics would never have thought it, but during the early part of his presidency he taught the classics. Later he gave these up and taught psychology and philosophy.

But by this time Dr. Branson had become restless. He had been devoting his time to teaching more or less static subjects, while the thing he was really interested in was the current of life as it was at the time. He became impatient with the dead languages and courses that dealt with the past and also with the metaphysical sciences of the present. He was interested in progress! He wanted to deal with the movement and flow of life day by day. In the social, civic, and economic life he saw conditions that needed to be studied and remedied. He saw that there were evils to be remedied, reforms to be enacted, and improvements to be made which would lift the daily life of the people up to a higher plane.

Having "lost interest in learning unless it was related directly to life," to use his own terms, this man decided to take a big step. He resigned as president of

DR. E. C. BRANSON

the institution and set himself to work studying those conditions which he was convinced could and should be altered. The trustees of the institution heartily approved his plan and made a special appropriation, with which he was to develop this new field. Their confidence was shown by the fact that the appropriation they made for this purpose was larger than that made for any other department in the college.

Thus, resigning from a position higher than most people in the professional world ever reach, E. C. Branson began his real life work. He spent two years developing his department at that institution, after which he was invited by President Graham to transfer his work to the University of North Carolina. Dr. Branson decided that the opportunities for developing such a field were much better here than at the Georgia institution and accepted the offer.

Since his coming to the University in 1914, Professor Branson has filled a real and definite need in the state. He is a teacher, but the other ways in which he has served the institution and the state have undoubt-

edly outweighed his actual teaching work. Teaching is only a part of his work. The University News Letter, The North Carolina Club, the dozen or two bulletins and pamphlets that he has written during the last eight years, the big seminar library of his department, and the dozen letters he receives every day from all parts of the state requesting information, advice, etc., bear testimony to the service that he has been rendering.

Dr. Branson knows North Carolina. This has been the major part of his study for the past eight years and his methods of study have probably been more effective than any other ever devised. He is as much of a student as a teacher. He keeps his hand on the pulse of the ever-moving current of the social, civic, and economic life and affairs of North Carolina. His studies are based largely on a constant inflow of information. This information comes from a thousand different sources, mainly questionnaires, state and national reports, the census bulletins, monographs and books, professional journals, magazines and newspapers. Every newspaper published in North Carolina comes to the desk of Dr. Branson, and by means of his clipping system these have been of considerable aid in building up the seminar library of his department, which is recognized as the biggest and most complete library of its kind in the nation.

Dr. Branson is also an orator and editor. In addition to the various volumes and pamphlets which he has published, he has edited a newspaper, the *News Letter,* which has reached a circulation of 20,000, going not only to every part of the state but all over the United States and to many foreign countries.

In a tribute to Dr. Branson published by the *Asheville Citizen* recently, James Hay, Jr., sums up Dr. Branson in the following manner:

"He is of incalculable service to every North Carolinian every day. He is a Tar Heel Booster. He is a builder of North Carolina. He is the greatest press agent the state ever had. He brings money into her borders. He teaches her natives how to increase their wealth.

"But he does more than that. He has the vision of the prophet and there is within him the romance of the poet. He puts his hands on the souls of the people. He writes of idealism and points the way to better living, nobler service, happier efficiency. He is Tarheelia's troubadour, a singer whose song is heard far beyond the confines of the south. . . . .

"He edits, and writes most of all, a paper that treats of nothing but the needs, achievements and genius of North Carolina. But he does not stop at authorship as a means of serving the state. He is a lecturer and orator of singularly moving power. He inspires and puts over movements for all sorts of reforms and improvements in the life of the people."

But Dr. Branson is no black-clothes, long-faced reformer. He is not that kind. He studies out and perceives those fundamental needs, the greater needs, in our present-day civilization and points out the way to remedy them. He sees conditions in North Carolina that are not as they should be, and his dominant desire is to see a better and brighter day ushered into the life of North Carolina.

There is another thing in addition to his far-sighted and progressive qualities which Dr. Branson is noted for. This is his originality. As every person who knows him can testify his stock of original phrases and expressions, always fitting and expressive, is so large that if you would pick up a piece of his writings in Calcutta you could not help recognizing it—some of the expressions would never occur to anyone else.

Dr. Branson's main contribution to the science which he teaches in the University is the development of the practical side of the subject, or that phase of it which has direct bearing on the life of the people. There have long been teachers of rural economics and sociology who knew the theoretical and technical phase of it, but it was left for Dr. Branson to come along and harness it up to serve the needs of the great democratic masses. While his science is called "rural" social science, his field is far from being confined to rural conditions. The country and cities are inter-dependent and inter-related and he is as well posted on city as he is on country affairs. His study carries him into practically all phases of the social-economic life of the state, such as her resources, advantages, opportunities and achievements, the production and retention of wealth and the conversion of wealth into welfare and well-being, markets and credits, organization and sanitation, with all the problems of urban and rural life—the whole round of conditions, causes and consequences, forces, agencies and influences, tendencies, drifts and movements that have made the history we study today and that are making the history that will be studied tomorrow.

As can be seen from the foregoing, *progress and prosperity, welfare and well-being* are watchwords with Dr. Branson. His name is synonymous with progress and his work cannot be measured in terms of present achievements, but will live after him.

[*EDITORIAL*] **A CORRECTION**

In justice to Dean of Students Francis F. Bradshaw, we feel constrained to correct an impression conveyed in the last issue of the MAGAZINE, when it was stated that Mr. Bradshaw had refused to allow the president of the Y. M. C. A. five minutes in which to receive nominations for the Association offices.

It is learned that although Mr. Bradshaw was reluctant at splitting the chapel period by having the nominations, he wished to give a whole period to the Y. and the athletic association together for nominations, or in case this could not be done, was willing to give the Y the time desired.

Our information before came from what we thought was a reliable source; incorrect facts were given us.

A Page of Poetry

PROVIDENCE.

Dark and drear the night swooped down
Upon the dying day;
The frigid north roared o'er the ground
Where a deathly whiteness lay.

The screeching trees bent to the blast,
And groaned out their despair;
And the cold, cold flakes came settling down
Like feathers from the air.

Near yonder spreading, storm-racked tree,
Ah! What form comes stumbling there?
And what those devilish howls can be
That the distant breezes bear?

'Tis the form of a fleeing maiden,
Alone in the wild, white waste;
And those distant howls with hate so laden
Are wolves who closely chase.

Like a fleeing phantom in the night,
She stumbles slowly on;
Two hundred eyes now gleam in sight
By a hundred devils borne.

Ah!—Can she make the cabin's door
And gain her way within?
Or shall the snow be blushed with scattered gore
When the brutes her body rend?

My God! Run on! Ill-fated maid!
Will no heavenly power descend?
The bounding brutes leap through the glade
They scent their journey's end.

Now her darling sits at ease inside
And smiling sees her face;
He thrills to himself with the holy pride
Of her beauty and her grace.

"Now she is near her dearest friend,
Her mother and brothers round;"
Ah! Never a warning to his fancies lend
Of that screaming, screaming sound!

She could never resist the silent call
Of her husband there alone.
And, so heedless of the dark and horrors all,
She'd flown back toward her "own."

The crouching pup whined shrill and low
And stole up to the fire;
His master's face seemed all aglow
With the look that dreams inspire.

No more she steals her steps along!
She, gasping, stands for breath!
And a choking shudder's o'er her borne
As she, freezing, faces death.

She vainly tries to breathe a scream:
It stops within her throat;
The crouching pup whines low again,
And fear his eyelids bloat.

Ah! Pity that drooping mass of gold!
Those eyes dilate with fear!
Fate's fatal wheels of chance so roll,
No warning comes him near.

With a final, choking breath she cries,
And falls into the snow;
The brutes survey with burning eyes,
And, whining, on they go.

"Confound that beating, beating blind;
Will it creak forevermore?"
He casts his eyes with wrath behind,
And strides up to the door.

Can the winds wail out that screaming sound?
Can the trees those snarls create?
A moment he stops—then with a bound!
My God! He'll be too late!

The straining hounds unleashed set he,
They shoot like arrows on!
Wtih a husky cry from his soul set free,
He speeds by wings upborne.

He finds her there crushed in the snow;
He can not see for tears;
The huge old hounds whine shrill and low,
And whining speak their fears.

A tiny, drooping, bruised form,
He speeds her to the fire.
And trembling all with passion's storm,
He looks with fancies dire.

A cold, soft hand stole o'er his own,
His eyes with grief went blind;
A weak, weak voice in feeble tone,
Sent the horror from his mind.

—*C. Z. Merritt.*

THE MAN SHE THOUGHT

"God keep you pure, and clean, and good,"
That's what she said to me,
"And make you just the man I thought,
And know you used to be."

And the prayer I'd like to add to that,
Tho' I've followed wayward creed,
"God make me like the man she thought
In action, word and deed."

"God make me true to love itself,
And ne'er from straight path stray,
But live to love and play the game
As she has shown the way."

—*Jack Spruill.*

Three Men on a Boat

By C. J. PARKER

The previous experiences of these three men were told in the last issue, there having been described the ways and means employed in securing passage across. If you are figuring on going across this summer, here is a chance to get some first hand information.

There is a prevailing misconception about the manner and amount of manual toil required of one working his way across. From the various random speculations which one hears it would seem very probable that the majority of people get their idea of a modern seaman's life from Dana's justly celebrated "Three Years Before the Mast," which, though a true picture of its period, is in no way representative of the present era in sea transportation. The seaman's life is necessarily a hard one, but it is far from the perpetual orgy of toil and hardship which the majority of landsmen are prone to regard as characteristic.

When, on the day of July 16th, 1921, we weighed anchor and passed by Liberty out to sea, it was with considerable apprehension that we dared think of the fortnight at sea before us. We had been told that American ships were bad enough, and that by dint of much suffering we might be able to survive the voyage; but that British ships, or "Limeys" as they were called, were insufferable in that if you weren't worked to death you were starved into a similar condition. So there was nothing else for us to do but to look for the worst, since we had shipped as cattlemen on the British tramp "Lancastrian."

We left New York late Saturday afternoon, and since the cattle had been well fed and watered before being driven aboard there was nothing to be done until the following morning, except to roam about and get acquainted with the ship and crew, which we did. We found on the ship many comfortable places to lounge, and met several of the crew, who were all extremely friendly and anxious to show us about and explain anything with which we were not familiar. This was rather surprising, as everyone had told us that the "Limeys," as the British sailors are termed, were a hard lot, and impossible to get along with.

By two bells, which is nine o'clock ashore, we were pretty well orientated, and ready to turn in, since the foreman had told us that we would get up at 4:30 in the morning and do our first turn of feeding and watering. The weather was clear and warm, and the sea like a mill pond, so we decided to bring up our mattresses and blankets and sleep on deck. It seemed that we had barely turned in before the foreman came around awakening us. With many a groan and yawn we got up into the chilly damp of the dawn and began our first day of sea routine.

The fact that the day was Sunday made no difference; not one of us remembered the fact until after we finished the day's work, which in many ways was a revelation. It was not nearly so hard as we had been led to believe, and there was not so much of it. After

THE SHIPS CREW

getting up we went into the fo'c'sle and got a cup of hot coffee or tea, then started about watering the cattle, of which there were 115 assigned to the three of us, Red, George and myself. We watered them out of buckets which we filled from short hose placed at intervals along the deck. The watering was the worst part of the job, and took by far the most time. Each steer would drink about eight to twelve buckets a day, and turn and spill at least one.

After watering them we hayed. In the morning we distributed ten bales of hay among them. By the time we had finished haying it was breakfast time, and we would wash up in one of the same buckets that we had just finished watering the steers in. Then we went into the foc's'le for whatever breakfast was available. Of course, we were so hungry that we devoured with avidity everything we could lay our hands on, but the food was not palatable, nor did it get so later on; yet we never failed to eat our full allowance. The combination of salt air and strenuous exercise never allowed our appetites to lapse, but still the fare was miserable, and constituted the only grounds for complaint during the entire voyage.

After breakfast we rested until ten o'clock, when all hands were assembled for the purpose of drawing up the next day's feed from the hold. This took the rest of the time until dinner, which was at twelve o'clock. After dinner we lounged about until 3 o'clock, when we commenced feeding for the night. This usually took until about 5:30, when we got "tea," as the crew called it. After tea we were free until the next morning at 4:30, when we began all over again.

We were two days out, and just getting on to the routine, when the incident which caused the entire crew to be held in Liverpool on a technical charge of murder took place. Our foreman, an old-timer by the name

of Caffery, had been boozing it up ever since we left New York, and by the second day was pretty far gone. Nobody will ever know how it happened, but during the night he disappeared. The next morning he was reported missing. A thorough search of the ship failed to locate him, nor did he appear during the remainder of the voyage. It was generally thought that he was seized with the tremens and went overboard. Anyway, his loss left us without a foreman, so for the rest of the way we were more or less our own bosses, being only under the supervision of the general foreman.

The weather was warm and the sea was calm until we came within five days of the Irish coast; then we began to get the chill of the northern currents, and had to give up sleeping on deck and take refuge in the fo'c'sle. The sea began to get so rough that we had to sleep with the ports all closed, which made things extremely uncomfortable, as there were two Maltese, a Czech, and a Swede who during the voyage had declared a positive moratorium on baths, but we managed to struggle through. The cold weather kept us below deck nearly all the time now. We had left New York and its 101 degrees of summer heat with no thought of this arctic temperature, and consequently were no better prepared against it than cotton shirts and white ducks. We struck only one warm day after we left the Gulf stream and on that one the waves were running so high that anyone who went on deck did so at imminent peril of getting drenched by the salt spray.

Two days off Fastnet Light, we encountered a real mid-summer blow. We were just over that deepest spot of the Atlantic, Devil's Hole, when all the elements appeared to enter in a gigantic conspiracy against our frail craft. The waves began running so high that we experienced difficulty in drawing up the feed, as the rolling motion of the ship swung the load of hay at the end of the hoisting rope about like a giant pendulum, with which we had to play a constant dodging game. The rolling was so pronounced that it was impossible to carry the buckets of water to the cattle, so they went without a drink for nearly two days.

During the worst night of the storm the ship was tossed about so that sleep was impossible, and it was with difficulty that one could retain his place in a bunk. The cupboards and lockers all came open, and the fo'c'sle floor became one cluttered mass of eating utensils, seamen's trunks, shoes, butter, jam, and other provisions. It was useless to try to keep anything in place except by securely leashing it. The sound of the rolling, clashing tinware, buckets, trunks, and bales of hay, coupled with the tramping and moaning of the cattle who were being buffeted from one side of their pen to the other, and the heavy waves which broke over the deck and against the sides with tremendous force was enough to strike fear into the heart of any landsman, and make him think he was already in the inner circles of Hades. Yet we all lived through it, and the morning dawned bright and clear with no hint of the storm except for the tremendous swells which still rolled the ship through a great arc for the greater part of the day.

On the night of the eleventh day out we sighted Fastnet, and that far-away glimmering shaft of light was one of the most welcome sights that we had ever gazed upon. It was too cold to go on deck, but we kept our eyes focused upon it through an open port until we drew abreast and passed it. That night we slept soundly. We were now only one day and a half out of Liverpool.

The next morning the Irish coast was in full view, and the day warm enough to allow us to remain on deck for a while, wrapped in our blankets, to feast our eyes on the first land we had seen in twelve days. Late in the afternoon we came in sight of the towering Welsh cliffs, which frowned upon us from out of the low-hanging, dismal mist which overspread the sea. Even a blanket did not suffice now, but a big Scotch mackinaw which one of the crew loaned us enabled us to stay above for a few moments.

We woke up on the morning of our thirteenth day at sea to find ourselves anchored in the Mersey River, not a half mile from the shore—the landing stages of the principal seaport of the British Isles, Liverpool. We could see the busses running on the streets and were within hailing distance of the passengers of the diminuitive ferries which plied between Liverpool and the town of Birk-en-head across the river. Everyone went to work with vim, thinking that we would be ashore by night.

The customs officers came aboard and inspected everything high and low. An interesting fact to us Americans was that they searched almost entirely for tobacco, on which there is nearly as great a penalty for smuggling in as on liquor over here. They passed us however, and we thought that we had only to await the coming of the immigration officer before we could land. He came on board about three o'clock, and after a conference with the captain, called in the crew to inspect their passports.

Well, the upshot of our conference with him was that we were refused permission to land on account of some minor passport irregularity. The rest of the cattlemen were refused permission to land because the market was glutted and the company to whom the cattle were consigned didn't want them landed, and the crew was told that they would have to stay aboard to tend them. The crew didn't think much of the arrangement and simply refused to work. The captain refused to feed them if they didn't work. They already had their passports O. K.'d, so they hailed a tub and went ashore in a body. This left only the regular crew, the foremen, and us Americans aboard. We helped as much as we could, and after two days in the river finally got the cattle unloaded, and went into dry dock.

The Captain vouched for our moral character and held himself responsible for our behavior while ashore, so we got a chance to land also.

We ran around and saw most of Northern England before we were finally loaded aboard the White Star liner *Celtic* and headed back to dear old New York—but that's another story. We'd gotten to England and started back, which, to tell the truth, was a great deal more than this writer ever thought, on one certain stormy night, that we were going to do. We'd had a good trip, and gotten what we started for—*Adventure*, and in full measure, and if we had the opportunity to make the trip again, I don't think that there's one of us who wouldn't grab the chance.

How to Stop Farmers From Drifting to the Cities?

For the Serious-Minded Student and the Man Out in the State, This Article, Dealing With One of the Most Pressing of North Carolina and National Problems, Will Make An Especial Appeal.

By W. E. WHITE

One of the most important problems in America today is the one concerning country life. Since the beginning of our republic, there has been a continual drift of our rural population to the towns and cities. When our first census was taken in 1790, only 3 per cent of the population of the United States lived in the towns and cities. At that time nearly all of our people, or some 97 per cent of them, were engaged in rural occupations, principally farming. But what a change indeed a century and a quarter has brought. The census of two years ago showed that the percentage of our rural population had decreased from 97 per cent to 38 per cent, while our town and city population had increased in percentage from 3 per cent to 62 per cent. This is certainly an interesting incident in the history of our American civilization. But this unusual growth of American towns and cities is still going on. As proof of this assertion, we have only to notice that according to the census figures of 1910 some 51 per cent of our American people lived in the rural districts, while the census of 1920 showed a decline in percentage to 38 per cent for these same country districts. And if the present rate of drifting into the town and cities is kept up at the expense of the rural communities during the entire portion of the present decade, the census of 1930 will show the astounding fact that 75 per cent, or three-fourths, of our country's population has became urban, and only one-fourth of our people will occupy that vast area of our domain known as the farming regions.

There have been various agencies that have contributed towards causing this state of affairs. In the first place, there is generally a more progressive spirit found in the towns and cities than usually exists in the country. Even back in the Middle Ages, we find that the Commercial Revolution, which had its origin in the towns, paved the way for the destruction of feudalism, which survived the longest in the rural sections of Europe, where the "manorial system," with its local self-sufficient units, was the social and economic basis. And the up-to-date towns of today are noted for the enterprise, progress, and coöperation of their citizens, while in the country we find, as a general rule, individuality, social aloofness, and non-coöperativeness. When we note this striking contrast between the urban and rural districts it is no surprise to us that people are leaving the farms by the thousands and flocking to the commercial and manufacturing centers.

But is it not inadvisable for too many people to leave the agricultural districts? It is true that there are yet enough farmers in the United States to raise a sufficient amount of food products for the consumption of our own people and then have some surplus to export to foreign markets, but if the next few decades continue to show the present rate of migration to the urban centers this condition may be changed within less than thirty years. If too many farmers abandon their vocations to seek better social and economic opportunities in the towns and cities, we Americans may find ourselves confronted by conditions similar to those in England when that country entered the World War. In 1914 only 5 per cent of the inhabitants of England were engaged in farming. This being true, the mighty "Mistress of the Sea" was largely dependent upon other countries for food for her people. Imperial Germany saw her opportunity to subdue the British by resorting to unrestricted submarine warfare, and would have succeeded but for the entrance of the United States into the bloody conflict at the time when all seemed lost for the Allies.

Now, let us see if some means cannot be found whereby this stream of migration flowing from the agricultural communities can be checked. The laws of nature show that there are fundamental causes for all things. Therefore, if we are interested in changing conditions of any kind, we must first remove the causes. Acting on the logic of this statement, let us examine some of the reasons why people leave the farms.

One reason that people flock to the towns and cities is because of the lack of transportation facilities in many of the rural communities. Numbers of farmers who live in the remote sections of the country are unhandy to market. When they get ready to sell their produce, it is necessary for them to haul it over many miles of bad roads before they can sell it. This is a great inconvenience. It has been reported that about 4,000,000 bushels of apples rotted in Western North Carolina one year on account of a lack of transportation facilities. Just think, if you will, of what the marketing of these apples would have meant to these Western Carolina farmers, even if sold for the small sum of 50 cents per bushel. But this is only one instance out of many where farmers lost money because of a lack of transportation facilities. Then every effort should be made by both state and national governments to provide good roads that will penetrate every nook and corner of the agricultural communities and thus assist the farmers in marketing their crops.

Another disadvantage of country life is the general inferiority of the rural schools and churches as compared with those of the towns and cities. In the urban districts are found excellent graded schools, high

schools, and even colleges. But such educational advantages do not usually exist in the country. There you seldom see a school in which the curriculum is higher than the seventh or eighth grade, and these low standard rural schools seldom have as many as three teachers and ofttimes only one. In fact, one of the large mountain counties of this state had 134 one-teacher schools in 1918. Does anyone wonder at the ignorance of our rural people when their educational opportunities have been so limited? It is unnecessary to go into detail and contrast the difference between town and country churches. Suffice it to say that town people generally hear abler discourses on the Scripture than their rural neighbors are accustomed to hearing. But these church and school disadvantages that are so characteristic of the country can be greatly improved. The remedy is consolidation. With the coming of good roads, it will be an easy matter to haul the children to and from school on trucks. This will enlarge the country schools, and make it possible to raise their curriculum and to give the rural children the benefit of graded schools modeled after those of the towns where each grade has a teacher. Also the coming of good roads and automobiles should have the effect of consolidating the country churches. This would greatly strengthen the rural churches and would enable the country people to procure abler preachers and likely give them the benefit of preaching once a week instead of once a month. When the country schools and churches are consolidated effectively, it will be a long step toward improving conditions in rural communities.

Along with other things it should be impressed upon young farmers that theirs is a very important occupation. The old idea that "any fool" can farm is a thing of the past. The successful farmer must study his soil just the same as the lawyer studies the case of his client or the physician studies the disease of his patient. To use the words of the late Governor T. W. Bickett "The farmer must mix brains with his soil." In the early days of the republic, farmers, like President Washington, filled the highest positions of honor and trust within the gift of their countrymen and why should it not be so now? When the time arrives when the farmers are educated for their particular line of business, they will again figure prominently in the councils of state and nation. But so long as they remain a disorganized, ignorant mass, taken as a whole, they will not achieve what they should either for themselves or for their country. The road for the success of future farmers is through the channels of agricultural schools, farmers' institutes and unions, and good newspapers devoted to agricultural interests. When farmers begin to prepare themselves for their life work with as much seriousness as a lawyer or doctor equips himself for his vocation, the business of farming will be more thoroughly respected. Perhaps a farmer does not need as much technical training as either the professional classes mentioned, but he certainly should be aware of the fact that scientific methods of cultivation will bring more favorable results than planting the crops on certain "times of the moon."

Again, there should be a way to keep thrifty farm tenants from becoming dissatisfied and moving to the mill districts of the towns. Some of these people are ambitious to own homes of their own and after waging a hard struggle against unfavorable circumstances become discouraged and move to town in the hope of bettering their economic conditions. These people can be helped and encouraged to stay on the farm in various ways. The Farm Loan Act and the Rural Credits System were steps in the right direction, but there is room for progress yet. Some five different ways have been suggested for helping the rural tenants who are ambitious to become landowners: (1), A progressive land tax; (2), a transfer tax; (3), a death tax; (4), state aid, and (5), building and loan associations. These measures, if enacted into law, would possibly be of much assistance toward increasing the number of rural landowners. It is a generally accepted fact that people who own their own homes are more stable citizens and more patriotic toward their state and nation than the non-home owners.

Last, but not least, more home conveniences and community coöperation and enterprise are needed in the country. The town people have their electric lights, water-works, and other conveniences, and in numerous instances are noted for their coöperation and their disposition to "boost" their town. This of course does not apply to all towns, but it usually does to the larger ones, and it frequently does to the smaller ones. But electric lights and waterworks are seldom found in country homes and rural people are not usually imbued with the spirit of coöperation that exists in the urban centers. These unfavorable rural conditions can be changed. The country people can have practically all of the conveniences that are enjoyed by their town neighbors, if they will only go about it, and by coöperation they can aid each other materially and socially. They can be of material aid to each other by the coöperative buying of fertilizers and marketing of products, and they can make their respective communities the center of social activities by means of clubs, music, recitals, entertainments, etc. When these happy conditions are realized in the country, the monotony of farm work will be relieved and the rural people will have "life more abundantly."

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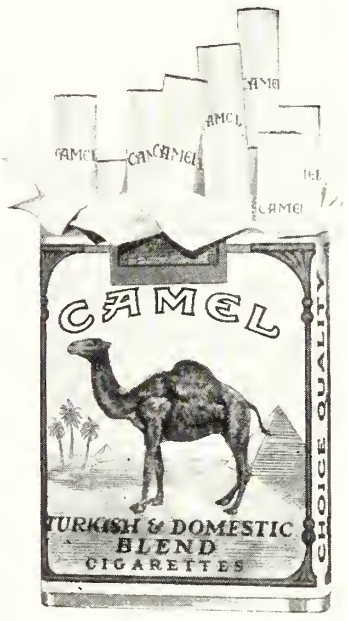

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Interesting People

By J. M. SAUNDERS

COMET THE BELL-RINGER

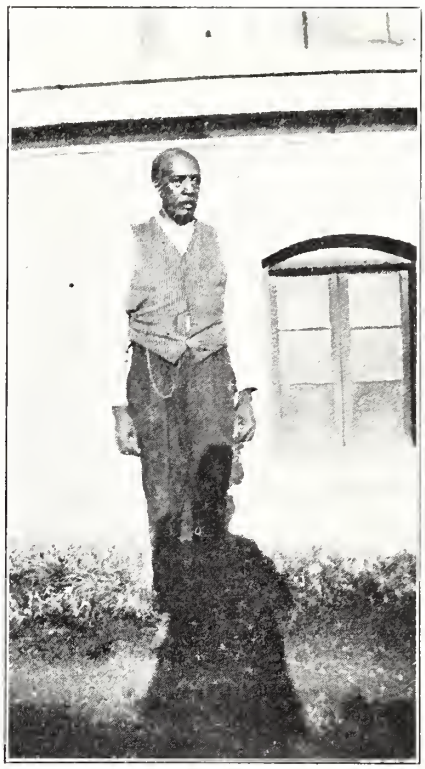
The campus lives by the peals of the Old South Bell! All of us hear the bell as it announces our meals, classes and meetings; but not many of us know who the man is that rings it. This little sketch is to introduce to you—Comet, the Bell-ringer.

Comet is the third man who has rung the bell since the University was founded. The first, Wilson Caldwell, served for a long time, and was then followed by Henry Smith. Perhaps some of the present students remember his death about five years ago. The three-twenty-five bell failed to ring. A search was made for Smith and Comet found him where he had dropped dead behind South building. The next day was Comet's first day as the third bell-ringer of the University.

Comet is a busy man. He rings all the bells, from the getting-up bell at seven o'clock to the bell announcing some special meeting at night. A job of this kind requires above all punctuality. But Comet always gets there on time. Besides ringing the bell he is janitor of the Alumni Building, so you see he must be a busy man. Nevertheless he likes his job and says "I'se gonna stay here all my days if they keeps me. An' I'se got a Comet, Jr. who I'se learning to ring dee bell."

His whole name is Comet Barbee. He was born in 1887 and has been working for the University for fifteen years. He has been married ten years and the union has been blessed with four little 'comets,' one of whom is to follow in his father's footsteps, if the big Comet has anything to do with it.

"COMET"



DEAN ANDY

"Dean Andy," janitor of the medical school belongs to a class of southern darkies that is fast dying out. Typical of the old school, the "dean" is very polite and is the personification of service. Probably due to his environment he has come to use fairly good English and in fact he has made speeches to the student body in chapel. He is very interested in "his" medical school and says that he likes his work fine.

"There are two deans in the medical school," Dean Andy said, "You see, Dean Manning is the 'dictating' dean and Dean Andy is the 'worktating' dean. When the dictating dean is on the line, the 'worktating' dean switches off; and when the 'worktating' dean is on the line, the 'dictatin' dean hurries off."

During the thirteen years he has been janitor of the medical school, he has lost one half a day's work and missed getting only two payrolls. He says, "I'm going to stay here as long as they'll keep me. As yet we ain't had no occasion to fall out. I've kept the rabbits, dogs and guinea pigs fed as well as my wife and children. The "dean" continued by saying that he likes to talk to the lady folks when his wife is not around.

Dean Andy's real name is Anthony Johnson. He was born in 1868 on the plantation of C. W. Johnson four miles north of Chapel Hill. When he first started to work at the medical school he was nicknamed "doctor," but as his years of service increased and because of the fact that he was the oldest janitor on the campus, he was christened "Dean Andy, dean of janitors." He is one of the most liked colored men on the campus. Among his own people, he is reverenced and his advice is often sought.

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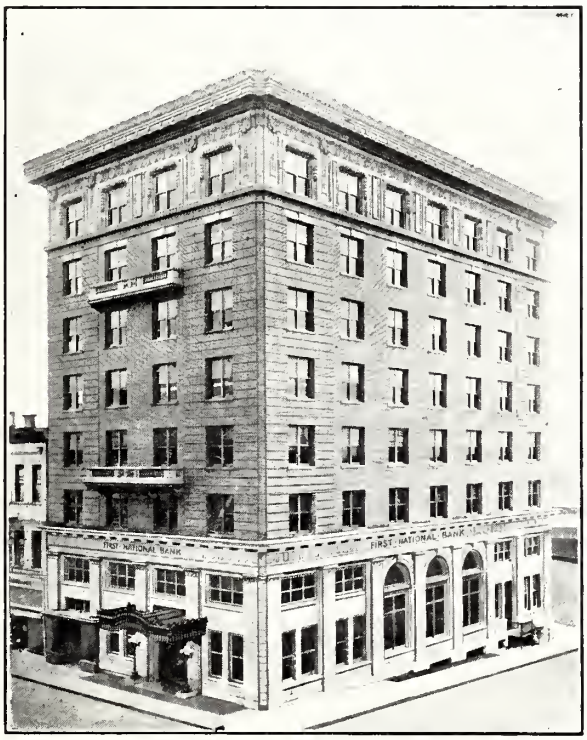

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The newspapers of the state have been practically unanimous in praising the work of the author of "The Long Night." Several of his plays have been presented on the state tours of the Carolina Playmakers, and each time, they have been well received all over the state. In addition, Mr. Greene, the author, has had several plays accepted by national magazines. With this introduction, and with the further word that his play is a good one, we turn this dramatization of horror over to you.

The Long Night

By PAUL E. GREENE

The curtain rises on a high-ceil'd, oblong room apparently of stone and darkened, save for the soft afternoon light that comes in through a tiny barred window high up in the wall at the rear. In the center of the room sits a man dressed in loose fitting hospital ward clothes, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin propped up on his hands. The features of his face are indiscernible, but from the contour of his head and shoulders outlined against the light, one would say that he is a young man, somewhat passed thirty. A dimly seen bed at the left rear completes the furniture of the bleak room. At the right front is a door that opens into the corridor. This is cell number 38 in the State Insane Asylum.

It is late afternoon in March. Through the little square window can be seen th' swelling tips of maple twigs perfectly still against the glow of the setting sun. From a hedge on the outside comes th' notes of the first thrush. Inmate 38 knows that winter is past. Other than the bird's notes, there is no sound to break the complete stillness of the passing day. This is one of those queer calms that often come near night in March; when the winds have blown all day, just before the sun goes down they let things be. One can almost feel the stillness. Night will fall soon.

The sounds of footsteps are heard coming along the corridor outside. The man raises his head quickly, listening intently. The steps pass by. He relapses into his former position. There is nothing about his actions to show that he is nervous, despairing, or beaten. Rather, as he sits staring into the shadows he might be Rodin's Thinker or a man with a mighty purpose caged by chance behind the unheeding thicknesses of stone walls. Or, too, he might be brooding on some wrong he would make right for his fellowman, when his deliverance from a life of stone should come. In the State Hospital for the Insane an inmate may perchance, though dreaming from March to March and then to spring again and repeating many times, arrive where he can sit resolutely, chin in hand listening calmly for footsteps he has waited years to hear.

The door is opened almost silently, and a young woman about twenty-six or seven, fashionably dressed, enters. The man sits bolt upright for an instant and then relapses into an easy posture, still looking straight before him. The woman stands timorously holding to the grating of the half-closed door behind her. There is light enough in the room to disclose the fact that she is exceedingly beautiful. From all appearances she is a society woman, one of the petted type. And evidently for her life is a round of dinner parties, theatre-going, and delirious balls. She might have no ambition higher than taking care of her own beautiful body and humoring its d'sires. One knows her kind. Or she might have ambition to do great things. She might have dreams. Who knows? It is so easy to be fooled in this world.

For a moment neither speaks, and then the man, without looking towards the door, says quietly and in a pleasant voice, firm and even.

THE MAN

Is that you, Marie?

MARIE

Hesitating.

Yes.

THE MAN

Stretching his arm indefinitely towards her.

I've been expecting you.

MARIE

Hiding her face.

Don't! Don't look at me. Don't, I shall run away!

The man lets his arm fall and sits silent in his seat. When he speaks, it is kindly, without bitterness.

THE MAN

I've been waiting five years.

MARIE

I received your letter only today.

THE MAN

Yes, and all the others I have written every mont' for four years you received—

MARIE

Petulantly.

No, yes—but I—

THE MAN

You found your way in all right? The watchman left the door unlocked? (*Genially.*) He's done several things for me—

MARIE

Yes, yes.

THE MAN

Close the door. There's no danger here and I shall

not look at you. And maybe you would not mind calling me by my name. (*Abruptly.*) No, it doesn't matter whether you received the letters or not. The glorious thing is that you are here. Oh, how wonderful!

Something like joy comes into his voice, but it is a joy that appears to frighten Marie, for she draws back into the doorway.

MARIE

Yes, oh, dear!—

THE MAN

Coaxingly.

Close the door and don't draw away from me! Oh, I have starved! starved!

(*She impetuously closes the door and moves a few feet away from it towards the man. The man raises his head boyishly.*)

Ah, you still use that faint far-away perfume—that wonderful *Claire de Lune*. Oh, the old times!

MARIE

Putting her hands to her face.

Don't—you hurt!

THE MAN

Eagerly.

Do I? (*He stops.*) Call me by my name, won't you?

MARIE

Yes, yes—Frank—I—oh, I don't know!——

FRANK

With a deep sigh.

Five years to wait for that.

Silence for a moment. Outside the thrush sings.

MARIE

Bursting out and moving towards the door.

Oh, I can't stand this. Oh, Lord! These walls and this darkness. No wonder people are crazy here—oh!

FRANK

Don't, don't leave me! Marie!

She turns from the door.

MARIE

Well, I'll stay a little while then, but it's growing late. Mother's waiting in the car. I told her I wouldn't be long. It's near night.

FRANK

Yes, it's near night. It's growing cold. The west must be almost a pale grey now. But the thrush still sings. He sings every year. Did you say it was near night? Yes, it's near night. (*Broodingly.*) And when the night comes it is so long.

MARIE

Yes, I know.

FRANK

Quickly.

Do you? (*Slowly.*) Yes, five years is a long night, but a lifetime is longer. Oh, let's forget it. Tell me about yourself. Tell me about your world. What you do during the long days. Tell me everything.

MARIE

I can't. Oh, I can't—There's nothing to tell.

FRANK

Tenderly.

Never mind, little girl, don't notice a blind old——

MARIE

Don't, Frank. Don't, oh, I shall——

She bursts into sobs.

FRANK

Calmly.

Forget it, dear—"Dear." How strange and sweet that word sounds. Five years! It almost makes me hope—that——

He bows his head.

MARIE

Drying her eyes. After a moment.

What?

FRANK

It almost makes me hope that I might—that I might—even touch your hand again,—Why do you cry? Did I hurt you?

MARIE

Shuddering and drawing towards the door.

No, no.

FRANK

But I couldn't ask that, I am—blind—and too horrible! (*Brightly.*) But you needn't touch my face, and my hands are smooth. (*He makes a movement as if to turn towards her. But she cries out.*)

MARIE

No! No!

He turns back in his chair.

FRANK

Pardon me, dear; but I am so thoughtless of you. There is too much light yet. But it will soon be night, and then you'll let me touch your hand, won't you?

MARIE

Oh, my God—hush; You're breaking my heart.

FRANK

Deeply moved.

Forget it! I've forgiven long ago. I've had time to think. Time a plenty! You couldn't help it—the acid—Maybe you didn't know it would blind. I was so careless to leave it open in the laboratory.

MARIE

Please—I can't stand to think of it any more. Hasn't it driven me wild in the hours when there was no one to talk to—oh!

FRANK

But we were both so happy then, just starting in life together and I wanted you to know the secrets of my work. I was to do great things. We should not have quarreled. It was all in fun, wasn't it dear. (*Accusingly.*) But then afterwards you wouldn't look at me, my face.....

MARIE

Half sobbing.

Frank——

FRANK

Poor dear, I hurt you—Oh, but I have been so lonely these years. And—you never came—

MARIE

Half wailing.

Oh, I couldn't, I couldn't, knowing that I had done it, and they thought it was you yourself who——

FRANK

Laughing softly.

Yes, an accident, and then I had to play crazy to

get rid of myself—But it isn't so bad. Maybe I oughtn't to complain. One always has a window. It's near night, isn't it?

MARIE

Yes, and Mamma—oh, you are so wonderful! How could you forgive me?

FRANK

Interrupting.

To play crazy! Crazy! And I could have done wonders. Do you know, I loved my lab next to you.

MARIE

Yes, yes.....

FRANK

Have you never married?

MARIE

After a moment.

No.

FRANK

It would have bothered you, wouldn't it? You should have, you know. You were free. I didn't want you to ruin your life because mine was ruined. Has *he* married yet?

MARIE

Who? Oh—no, Frank, don't! (*With a sob she falls to her knees beside him, covering his hand with kisses.*) Oh, you're so good and noble! Forgive me, oh forgive me! (*For a moment Frank sits motionless, and then he begins stroking her hand. Suddenly Marie springs to her feet and stands away from him shuddering.*) What is it? I'm afraid.

FRANK

Don't be frightened, you little goose. What became of that Tiffany emerald I gave you? You no longer wear it. Whose ring is that you're wearing?

MARIE

Confusedly.

I—I couldn't wear it. I couldn't after that had happened.

FRANK

Oh, I don't know what I'm saying, dear. Let's forget it. Tell me about yourself. Isn't it dark yet?

MARIE

Looking out the window and shivering.

Nearly, there's just a faint glow in the sky now.

FRANK

Are the stars out? and I guess the moon is on the river now! (*Quickly.*) But let that wait. Can't you tell me of everything, little woman? I never hear. What is Sam Boger doing now? And Toz and Jim and all the set we used to run around with?

MARIE

Haven't you known?—these years? Like most people they're married now, most of them.

FRANK

Yes, quite naturally, do they ever ask about me?

MARIE

Sometimes, but they all.....

FRANK

They, all think I'm crazy, don't they?

MARIE

Hesitating.

Yes, Oh, it's too horrible. What a mess things in this world can get into! Oh, Frank!

Beginning to sob.

FRANK

Heedlessly continuing.

Thought I went crazy and tried to kill myself. Well, that's what I made them all believe. You never told them your part in it, did you?

MARIE

Horrified.

Oh, how could I!—Frank, let me go! I—

FRANK

Wait, dear, you know I promised I should never ask you to come again. It is too terrible for you, but may I,—may I touch your hands again—your face? You must be beautiful as ever. And I can only see beauty through touch. Oh, I can remember your eyes—so deep, so true, and your neck and shoulders, your bare white arms—How they shone those evenings when we loved so. And the dances—and all—To remember it all! I remember them now as a great sea of gladness—those long ago years.

Marie starts towards him, but stops.

MARIE

Sobbing.

Oh, my God, if it had never happened!

FRANK

Sadly.

Don't cry, don't. It wasn't your fault. But I've needed you so! (*Pushing his hand through his hair.*) How can I endure it, dear! Don't be afraid. Can't you come nearer to me. (*He reaches out and touches her dress; then he catches her hand, all the while sitting with averted face. She shudders at his touch.*) Five years to wait for this night and never to have you again. But I want you to know that I forgive you, dear. That it's all forgotten!

He draws her nearer to him.

MARIE

Please don't, oh Frank I must go. It's dark!

FRANK

Calmly.

Then don't mind, if it's dark. You cannot see now, sweet. (*He fondles her hands. Then he reaches up and brushes his hand across her face. She starts away.*) Don't! please, for this night. Ah, you're beautiful still—so beautiful. And you were all mine once. Please, can't you imagine that it is back the way it used to be, before it happened. Make yourself do it and let me be happy once—once, for there will never be another time, so sweet—for me—Stay with me close a minute now and I can mock at these walls forever.

MARIE

O, why can't I? But I can't, No! No! Let me go! Frank—I'm afraid.

FRANK

Passionately.

You shan't go—you shan't! Oh, make me happy once. The years—

He holds her tightly to him. In a wave of emotion she leans towards him. Suddenly he sweeps her to him across his lap and holds her to his breast.

MARIE

Half-screaming.

Don't, don't kiss me! Oh—

FRANK

Reassuringly.

No, dear, I shan't kiss you. Don't be afraid. Rest now and I'll let you go presently, Your mother is waiting. Don't tell her you came to see me. Don't. (*Brushing back her hair.*) What might we have accomplished together! Your lips! Your eyes! Beautiful, beautiful!

Her sobbing ceases after awhile and both remain quiet. The last notes of the thrush are heard from the hedge.

MARIE

Moving restlessly.

I've done my best now. You must let me go. I'm so sorry. Why did it have to happen like this! Oh—(*In rising terror.*) Let me go! It's dark! Oh, Frank! My God!

Sobbing.

FRANK

Sadly.

Why did it have to turn out like this? But you were so quick-tempered—No, it was my fault. I shouldn't have had the acid open. Don't worry, dear, you know I forgive you.

As he speaks he reaches around her with his left arm and takes both her hands in his one.

MARIE

I must go now. (Uneasily.) What, is it Frank?

FRANK

Nothing, I'm just thinking how I shall dream all my life about this hour. One minute more, please—

MARIE

I must go. Let me go.

FRANK

Yes, yes, dear, you must go. Remember me to your mother. Oh,—don't forget me.

(*With his right hand he has reached into his coat pocket, silently unstopped a bottle, and taken it out.*)

You may go now, dear.

(*And with this he calmly pours the acid into her eyes. She utters one wild shriek, "The Acid!" and lies unconscious in his arms. He smothers her groans by holding her to him.*) Yes, it hurts. How it hurts! Like a million flames burning, burning. (*Sorrowfully.*) You are blind now, forever and ever. Your beauty is gone. You are horrible. Your face is like a dirty mop. No one can bear to look at you.

He throws her from him.

MARIE

Writhing on the floor.

Oh, my God! My God!

FRANK

Calmly.

It must be night now; the thrush has stopped singing.

CURTAIN

[*EDITORIAL*]

LOVE YE THE EDITOR?

We are not totally disappointed with the year's work, although we are quite positive we would not receive enough contributions from men on the campus to buy even the first load of sand to be used in constructing a memorial to us. But that does not matter. If we can quit with the feeling that at no time of the year have we side-stepped the performance of our duty as we saw it we can be satisfied. And that is the feeling we have. We have kicked; we will always kick when we see things that need kicking. And whether we kick at the usurpation of social privileges by one class of men, or whether we kick because a man files income tax returns and admits he clears $767, and then is given a fellowship worth $300 more—there is only one question we ask: what is the right, the truth?

We have tried to follow that; at times we have been disappointed with the results. But it is all over; if the year had to be done over, we are quite sure we would say much the same things.

For we have learned a lot this year; we have relied on our own judgment about the things we printed and said; because of that, because of the fact we relied on no one else, the experience belongs to us, and has done us, not someone else, untold good.

As we throw down the burden, another takes it up; if he does not carry it more successfully than we have, he does not merit the position of trust he has received.

POLITICKING

If we see the matter correctly, every man on the campus has an obligation of citizenship—to vote for the very best man for every office, which obligation has been grossly disregarded this spring. Too many men have achieved their office by politics, and barter politics at that.

In barter politics, political friends of one man support him for an office and get their friends to do likewise, promising to support a second man as consideration. The campus is soon intertwined in this bartered politics. It was so this spring, and as a consequence, many of the men elected do not deserve their positions.

The Cathey and Ervin rings have been largely responsible for this latter state. And because we feel there has been too damn much barter politics—we know there has got to be politics of a certain kind—we call on the campus to carry out its duty of electing the best men for every office, regardless of barter. When this is done, the already failing Ervin ring will die, and the Cathey ring will perish in childhood.

Business Aspects of the University

By GEORGE W. McCOY

To enable him who questions to read was the spark that caused Mr. McCoy to write this description of that part of the University we like least. It is because of the fact we automatically dislike the man who takes our money that we should understand the workings of the business department.

Have you ever thought about the running of the business end of a University? Usually when one thinks of a university there occurs to him a vision of students, professors, athletes, fraternities, societies, dances, etc., but rarely does one consider that a university is organized in a very intricate fashion and is run on a business-like basis. However, it is necessary that a university like any other institution or organization be run on a business basis, for upon the use of the money at its command largely depends the calibre of the institution. Money does not make a university, but it goes a long way in helping it make itself.

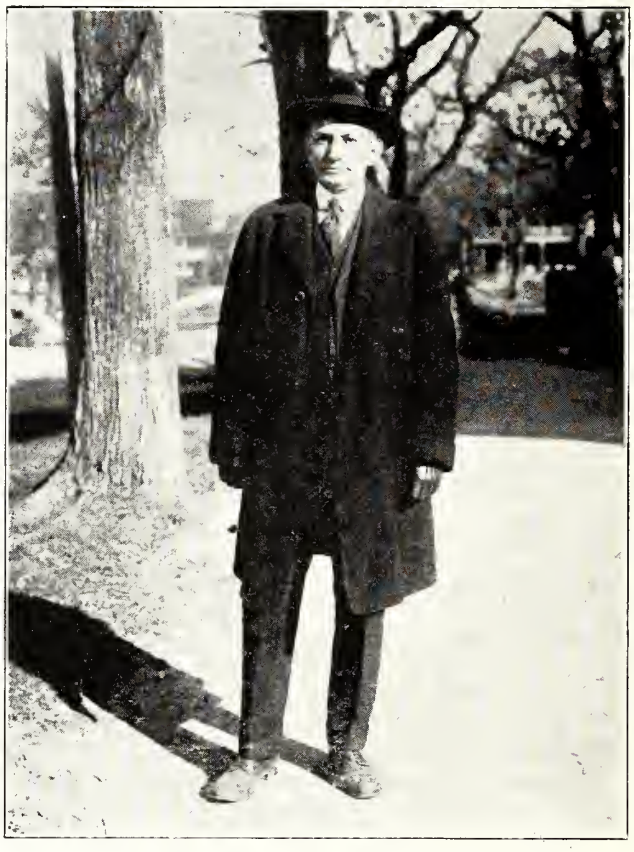
The business management of the University of North Carolina is on a well organized basis now though a few years ago it was very loosely run. For instance, before 1903 there was no general purchasing agent for the University and things were kept in a constant tangle and great loss was sustained, for anybody connected in any official capacity with the University, from the president down to the janitors of the dormitories, could go down town and purchase things and have them charged to the University. This, of course, was an impossible system to be maintained if the University hoped to advance in any material way.

In 1914 a business manager took charge of the business organization with the other officials of the business end of the University responsible to him. The upkeep and extension of a plant valued at two million or more dollars; the purchase of supplies for its various departments; the collection and disbursement of many funds; the feeding and housing of a large percent of its students and part of its faculty; the operation of a power plant and laundry, which, in addition to meeting the campus demand, extend their service to the town—these are some of the problems of the University besides the educational one. All these reasons show why the president, busy with educational problems, found it necessary to have a business manager to relieve him of all the business detail.

So in 1915 the president delegated to the business manager the general management of the University business and property including:

The purchase of all materials, supplies and equipment; the supervision of business offices; the supervision of buildings and grounds; the supervision of new construction; and the management of the power plant, dining halls and stores.

During the last five or six years the University has grown very rapidly and the addition of new departments extending into new fields made it advisable to draw up a new set of plans whereby the organization of the business administration will be more efficient.



MR. C. T. WOOLLEN

At their June meeting, in 1921, the report of the committee appointed to recommend a plan for the relief and expansion of the Business Manager's department was adopted by the Trustees. Under the plan the president of the University, as the responsible head of the institution, is responsible to the Board of Trustees for the activities of all persons in the business department as in the other departments of the University.

The Board of Trustees has four committees by which a general supervision is kept over the doings of the University. These committees are: 1. the Executive. 2. Finance. 3. Buildings and Grounds. 4. Visiting. This last committee visits and examines into the condition of the University and reports to the Trustees with recommendations at their June meeting. Under and subordinate to the president is the business manager, who makes his reports and is accountable to the president, and who has responsible control of all other persons in his department.

The sub-division of this department are six in number: 1. the auditor, who has charge of control books, cost analyses, balance sheets, and statements; 2. the

treasurer, who has charge of receipts from all sources, payments on proper authority, all collections and assignments of rooms; 3. the superintendent of buildings and grounds, who has charge of the campus foreman, janitors, mechanics, the inspector, laborers, the watchman, maintenance, and new construction; 4. the superintendent of operation, who has charge of the engineers, firemen, electricians, maintenance costs, and new business; 5. the supervisor of dining halls, who has charge of waiters, the steward, the dietitian, cooks and helpers; 6. the purchasing agent, who has charge of purchases, checking goods, storerooms and inventories.

The department under the authority of the Trustees has been working the past several months on the following changes which are expected to be made this year:

1. The expansion of its organization and equipment to coördinate the business of the administrative offices and departments of instruction to the end that system and economy may be furthered in their administration.

2. The installation of the budget system, under which requests from the various departments are presented by the department heads. These are to be examined in detail by the president and business manager and used as a basis for estimates to be presented to the Board of Trustees, and when adopted will constitute the budget for the year and become the authority for routine expenditures.

3. The installation of a comprehensive set of control books to summarize the numerous business transactions and reflect at all times the business condition of the University.

4. The maintenance of a perpetual inventory covering all lands, buildings and permanent equipment owned by the University.

5. The establishment of a general store and receiving station where goods received may be properly checked and accounted for.

6. The installation of a job cost system enabling the business department to charge to departmental allotments the actual cost of labor supplied from the general University labor force as well as materials supplied from the general store.

Thus from this brief sketch of the business side of the University one can see the many ramifications and intricate means that have to be gone through with in running an institution such as this one.

But who is the man who heads this important branch of University activity? His name is Charles Thomas Woollen and he is a native of North Carolina who was born in Guilford County, November 18, 1878. He was educated in the Winston city schools and at the Davis Military School before entering the University of North Carolina. Upon entering here in 1901 he registered for the Electrical Engineering course. While here he became a member of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity, the Gorgon's Head and the Golden Fleece. He directed the glee club, the orchestra, the band and the mandolin club during the years 1901 to 1909. In his freshman year he became registrar of the University and continued in that position until 1908. From 1902 to 1905 he was secretary to the president. In 1903 he became purchasing agent and in 1909 supervisor of the power plant and the next year supervisor of the dining hall. In 1914 he became business manager and has held that responsible position ever since. Here his interest is centered and here he finds ample room for the expression of his business abilities.

The writer in interviewing Mr. Woollen asked him several questions in regard to running the University. From his replies he gathered that the University's income for operating expense the current session will be approximately $635,000. This does not include the dining hall and book exchange, none of the receipts of these being used for University purposes, nor does it include the power plant which is operated as a separate public service business. Receipts from students for tuiton fees and room rent will be about $200,000, less than one-third the total income.

This income is allotted to the various departments of the University through a budget which is adopted by the Board of Trustees. For the preparation of the budget the head of each department is asked to make a survey of the work of his department and submit an estimate of what the department needs will be for the coming year.

The president and business manager in conference with the department heads make a careful examination of these estimates, which in their final shape are tabulated and form the tentative budget. If the total exceeds the estimated income the tentative budget must be gone over and revision made until the total is within the income.

This budget becomes the basis for each departments allowance for salaries and other departmental expense. The salary scale for the various ranks of the instruction staff is fixed by the Trustees. All purchases of laboratory supplies and other materials are made through the purchasing agent on requisition from the department head. The expense incurred for each department is kept and reported in detail to the department monthly. The cost analysis books in the business office make available for University officials valuable information as to the comparative cost of instruction in the various departments and with other institutions.

Everything about the University is kept track of, and although things seem to be running loosely sometimes, you may be sure that this is a surface view for down in the Alumni building is a staff of men who are constantly working to operate the University on as efficient a basis as possible and on as cheap a basis as possible. The man chiefly responsible for this work is the business manager, Mr. Woollen, and to him is due the praise of keeping the business end, the material end, of the University in a smoothly running condition.

Old Days at the University

By J. G. GULLICK

CHAPEL HILL may have always been small but it certainly has not always been quiet. There have been times when the students have had time to do other things than study. There have been times when a student could give expression of the joy of living in other ways than indulging in a peaceful bull-session, singing, or taking in some of the attractions down town. Not only the professors but the village constable has been worried in more than one way. On the whole, old Chapel Hill has seen her part of the excitement.

Back in the old days when the "college boys" believed in seeing life they were not hindered by an honor system, student council, or a state law against hazing, but, on the contrary, they had the advantage of having a type of faculty which they could enjoy annoying and teasing by their misconduct, a grog-shop to supply the spirits to put the spirit into the occasion; they had the further fact in their favor of living at a time when a good, free-for-all fist fight, or possibly a little shooting affair, was not an unpardonable offense.

One of the earliest disturbances occurred in 1799, not long after the opening of the University. At this time one of the professors became personally obnoxious and the students registered their sentiment by breaking out in rebellion against the laws and the faculty. They gave the professor mentioned a good beating. Another they waylaid and stoned. Another they accosted with the intention of beating him, and uttered violent threats against still another. It was finally necessary to summon the trustees for the appointment of a superintendent and restoring submission to the laws.

According to Dr. Battle, the records show that some of the students were "abundantly wild" in the early sessions of the University. Drinking, fights, and rowdyism were not at all infrequent. Firearms may have been crude in that day, but the students made good use of such as they had. Firing pistol shots through the window just above one of the professors' head, shooting inside the buildings, duels, stealing beehives, and disastrous fights were representative of the individual offences of this time. One thing that stimulated rowdyism was the existence of a grog-shop just off the campus, which, it is needless to say was patronized freely in spite of regulations against it.

One time at a dinner following a public speaking there was no small amount of excitement when enough of the booze had been imbibed by some of the students to make peace impossible. Things broke loose when two students went after each other. Daggers and pistols were drawn. A "furious fight" ensued. A peace-making student attempted to part them and was stabbed in the arm.

In 1820 a conflict occurred that threatened to involve the members of the two societies in a wholesale fight. The chief participants of the affair were two Martins, Robert and Henry, but of no relation. One night when the Phi society was in session, Henry Martin made his way into the attic room above its hall, and in leaping over the rafters fell through the ceiling. As he was a member of the rival society, this was deemed an intentional insult and was resented by Robert Martin. The quarrel resulted in a fight which came near causing a pitched battle between the members of the two societies. However after a fierce fight, the two were parted after fighting all the way from the well to the door of Gerrard hall. There is a tradition to the effect that Henry injured his Phi antagonist in such a way that he died shortly after graduation.

The following are the individual offences that a lively student from Virginia was charged with: "With lying, with slandering the faculty, with threatening physical violence to a member of the faculty, with writing scurrilous and abusive stuff on the Chapel walls about the same, and with drawing a dirk on a student."

Back in the early administration of President Swain what was called the "Fresh Treat" was inaugurated. Claiming it to be an established institution and that the new students would be considered niggardly if they refused to pay the two dollars demanded, they raised a sum large enough to provide a bountiful feast, principally alcoholic liquors. These were disposed of and then riot and disorder broke out. The windows of the tutors were shattered. Stones were thrown at the faculty. The old University bell was used to furnish noise. The laboratory and class rooms "were broken and nearly destroyed." The faculty intimidated, the students entered their stables, took their horses and rode them to their content. The results of the affair were the dismissal of four upperclassmen and the signing of pledges by several freshmen.

While these incidents are representative of the misdemeanors of the early days of the university, one must not think that such disorders were constant and frequent. On the contrary, there were lengthy intervals of peace and tranquility, and most of the students were fairly orderly. However, milder pranks seem to have been more common. An incident of this nature occurred one day in the classroom when a trick was played on a professor, which proved very dangerous, although it was intended only for amusement. The professor's chair was on a box on which a desk was fastened. Shortly before the time for recitation, two youths placed a ball filled with powder under the box and set a time-fuse to it. When all had assembled and the class-work begun, the explosion came with unexpected violence. The professor was projected into the middle of the floor, but no one was injured. One young man, a model young student, who had "smelt gunpowder" before in actual battle was deeply absorbed in his lesson, and was not expecting the accident as were most of the rest. It came to him so unexpectedly that the sudden noise seemed to have transported him to a field of battle in Virginia. As a result, he leaped to his feet and gave the appropriate order, "Steady, boys, steady!"

Introducing Another Dean

By G. Y. RAGSDALE

ARRIVING in Chapel Hill during the latter part of September, and beginning his work here a few days later, Gustave Harry Paulsen, Superintendent of the University Laundry, has initiated a new era in sanitation for the Carolina student body and the townspeople of Chapel Hill. Laundry bundles are now despatched to this sanitary plant, owned and operated by the University at a cost basis, instead of going to the squalid home of some negress to be washed, ironed, and returned at her own convenience. And they are returned promptly. At first there was a storm of disapproval on all sides: every student was compelled to make a deposit of $7.50 to cover his laundry bill for the quarter, and everyone was forced to have his work done at the new laundry, with the exception of some few students who wished to send their laundry home. Even in this case their bundles had to be sent to the plant and they were mailed from there.

G. H. PAULSEN

This man Paulsen is a striking character, and is popular all over the campus. He is familiarly known as the "Washerwoman," or else as the "Dean of the Soapsud Department." He always wears a smile and has a cheery word for everyone, is popular among his employees, is courteous and business-like in his office, and a human dynamo of activity. A striking example of the latter is shown in how he faced a problem on the opening day of the laundry. Seventeen negro women had promised to report for duty on that day, and only five showed up. They intended to strike a death blow by refusing to furnish labor, thus ruining the chances for operation, intending in the end to get the students' laundry as before. As soon as he found this out he wired to Durham, Raleigh and even to Baltimore for labor, and got it. Since then he has had no labor troubles, and he employs a total of 37 people every day, not including the dormitory collectors.

Paulsen is widely known on the campus. He likes the men and they like him in return. He frequently calls upon students rooming in the dormitories, and goes to chapel almost every day. "Man to man," he says, "I don't believe that I have ever come in contact with a finer and more courteous bunch of men in all my life than we have here." Due to this constant mingling with the men here, he has come to know their "wills and wants," as he expresses it, and he caters to them, and as a result enjoys the reputation of being able to serve them with satisfaction. He welcomes suggestions from the students, and has made several changes in the laundry as a consequence.

The "Washerwoman" is a recognized expert in his field of industry, and has operated laundries from Rhode Island to South Carolina, and in Colorado and Kansas. He is a member of the Laundry Owners National Association, and has attended conventions of the Carolina and Georgia Laundry Owners Association, although he is not a member of the latter association. He has been nicknamed the "Poet Laureate" of this latter association, for he is a poet of no mean ability.

Mr. Paulsen has two hobbies. One is sanitation, the other, machinery. As for sanitation his plant is as neat as a pin from exit to entrance, and more than that, he uses solutions in washing the clothes that kill all traces of germs, and when returned they are spotless in appearance, the buttons are sewed on, and all rips sewed up. His machinery is the best that could be bought, costing over $23,000.

This man is wide awake and has great plans for the laundry. He has made the University laundry the model for the state, and he is planning to boost his industry by establishing a laundry course here if possible. Believing that Carolina is the best equipped and that she has the best advantages of any University in the south, he says that great things can be accomplished here by the establishment of this course. The laundry industry demands men of skill, education, and thorough training in electrical, chemical, civil and steam engineering, plus a good knowledge of business organization and administration. He maintains that since all these are offered here, and since Carolina is making great strides in her progress, that this would only be one more step in making her the educational leader of the south.

"Conservation of textiles," says the Dean, "plus a clean, wholesome garment, insuring the health of the student body is paramount; the mending and sewing on of buttons like mother does at home; and being courteous and attentive to any and all complaints, I consider the foundations of our business policy."

Inquisitive Old Lady—"Now tell me about your first success.

Wearied Young Author—"Well, you see, madam, I was crossing the ocean last summer and I was a contributor to the Atlantic."—*Lampoon.*

North Carolina and Education

A Practical and Common Sense Discussion of the Educational Processes in North Carolina

By GEORGE D. GOOVER

TODAY on this campus we have more than 250 men who have no business here. With more efficient high schools these men would not be wasting the state's money, their fathers' money, and they would be saving two years out of their life. The fact they are here shows a need for some changes in our educational system.

I would suggest four ways by which, in my judgement, the educational system could be improved: first, direct state supervision, with full authority to act. second, raise the standard of the high schools; third, employ efficient teachers; fourth, require university entrance examinations.

These four suggestions are not impossible theories, but possible facts. They remain theories as long as we stand aside and do not convert them into facts. Each suggestion means a great deal in itself, and the lover of progress will surely find himself or herself occupied with something that requires thinking. I have not been able to understand why some states have completely outstripped us; and why we have been waiting so long for an improvement. A prominent educator of this University has informed the author of this article that the educational system of North Carolina must come out of the needs of the people. Here is something that I cannot comprehend. I do not mean that we should impose an educational system upon the people of this State, but I do mean that we should take time to enlighten the public on the importance and necessity of better educational methods. "Education will determine the future Carolinian just as surely as red dye determines the color of a cloth that is dipped in it."

State supervision will mean an opportunity for coöperation among the counties—coöperation which will solve the educational problem. It will facilitate the present consolidation of the one-room schools; will promote efficiency; will save a great deal of money in building and in the upkeep of schools; for the State will be in a position to contract and buy materials at wholesale prices; will encourage education and discourage illiteracy—illiteracy which is a curse to North Carolina.

Will state supervision better the situation? asks the average reader? It will improve the situation in four ways:

1. It would facilitate the consolidation of the one-room school. If, for instance, there were, let us say, three one-room schools in one county and two in the adjoining county, under state supervision they could be consolidated into one; but, as it is, such a union would be impossible, for county interests interfere.

2. It would save a great amount of money (a) in school equipment and school upkeep, (b) in building material for schools, because the state, having charge of all the schools, could contract and buy at lower prices than could the individual county.

3. It would establish school where needed. Not only that, but it would establish such schools that would measure up to the needs of the different sections.

4. State supervision would mean a watchful eye over the entire school system; it would mean more research work, more investigation, and greater responsibility on the part of the state.

State supervision would undoubtedly do much toward raising the standard of our high schools. We have been so engrossed with the almighty dollar that we have been thinking of our education in terms of dollars and cents. Vocational guidance seems to have suffocated the entire American public. Just enough education to enable the boy to earn MONEY. I am not understanding the value of vocational guidance—even if it were possible—how many high schools would be in a position to give such vocational education except those located near establishments; and how many high schools enjoy such opportunities, especially in North Carolina? Very few.

Today our high schools, or our so called high schools, are not high schools, but "jumble schools," with the exception of a few. A high school is not, at least, it should not be a place of specialization, but a place where a boy or girl could get a wholesome, honest-to-goodness, worth-while education. This, all of the high-schools of North Carolina do not give. Their curriculum is filled with subjects which, though useful in some respects, do not answer the purpose of the high-school. Typewriting, domestic science, and the like should be extra and not a part of the regular curriculum. Commercial geography, economics—subjects of vital importance are neglected in our high schools. A high school graduate, should, if he cannot afford a college education, be able to go into business and write a decent business letter. On the other hand, he is a Sophomore. He should enter the Freshman class at college ready to take up new work, and begin his specialization. Today an entirely unreasonable gulf separates the University of North Carolina and the average High School.

It seems to me, that our modern high-schools could be raised to the full value of the "gymnasium." Today the average college during its first two years teaches subjects that really belong to the high schools. Why can't we, too, adopt the "gymnasium" idea and save time and money? Are we mentally inferior to others? Are we so indifferent so as not to consider the value of years in a boy's life? I am sure we are not mentally inferior, but we have been indifferent and unwilling to see what is going on around us. We are willing to blame it all on our conservatism. But we are using the wrong word. BACKWARDNESS—That's it. The average college Freshman is eighteen years old, and to my estimation he should be able to learn in the high school what is taught in the first two years in college.

Now if a modern organization is willing to spend millions of dollars in endeavoring to improve on its

methods, do research work in order to save minutes and better its products—do you not think that it would pay the State of North Carolina to take a little time in order to save years in a boy's life, and at the same time improve his educational condition? Surely it would.

Not only a better high school is necessary for a better educational system, but efficient teachers as well. I regret to say the care taken in selecting our teachers often has been very little. College sophomores and high school graduates sometimes have held responsible teaching positions in our schools.

A school or college, should be run like a business organization. The teacher or department head should be a specialist with an A. B. degree and he or she should have an extra year's work or a Master's degree on the subject on which they expect to teach. Teaching is a science, and it must be understood as such. The reason a great many students abhor Latin as they do, is that the average teacher does not know how to teach it. In the Latin class room, there seems to be a regular war going on all the time with the teacher trying to instill into the pupil's mind all about the Ablative Absolute and Dative of Reference, for instance; while not a word is said regarding the beauty, the historical and political value, or significance of one of Cicero's orations, for example. If you do not believe it, attend some Latin Classes, and see for yourself. You will say Latin is very difficult, a foreign language, and a subject for which the children have no use. True to some extent, but how about English? Quite a number dislike English quite as much. The fault in many cases is with the teachers and not the subject. Why, of course. Our entire burdens of the High School system have been—placed on the women. How do we expect to have any great teachers when we do not take time to secure such? I believe in promotion on merit and length of service for teachers as well as for bank employees. As the mental efficiency standard of teachers should be raised, so should the financial rating. I believe in paying them well; but I also believe in demanding that they be well trained to teach and not to court. They should know the theory of teaching, and should also have had some practical experience under special supervision, while in college or normal. No business house would accept a college graduate with no experience, as manager. Corporations and big business houses have gone so far as to open schools just to teach these college graduates their particular business. How much time have we taken to consider similar steps regarding our high school principals?

My last suggestion for a better educational system in North Carolina is University Entrance Examinations. These examinations would (1) compel the schools in general to maintain high standards of scholarship; (2) they would give the student an opportunity to study and review during the summer, and enable him to begin his college subjects at once, without doing review or preparatory work there, which was covered in his fourth year high school course. No one will deny that the average Freshman comes here unprepared. Many students come here, drop Latin, take a French course over; or take French 2, when they should take French 3. While a very great number take English 1A which is nothing more than fourth year high school English. It is not Freshman English; and if it is not Freshman—what is it? It is not Sophomore. It seems to me that a well prepared high school graduate should be able to take up full college work without any interruptions. This would not only facilitate the work of the college, but it would also prevent a great deal of discouragement on the part of the student. An unprepared student cannot accomplish just as much in his work as he would if he were prepared. This very often causes possible failure in his first year—failure which sometimes results in bitter disappointment—leaving school and losing an opportunity to receive an education. (3) It would keep from our college halls those "parasites" who come to college only to have a good time and spend their fathers' money. A man who goes to college with no other object than that of having a good time does not deserve an education. Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are great institutions, and why? Because they have handled their education in a business-like way and have tried as much as possible to do away with these parasites and the unprepared. The average Freshman comes to their University so unprepared that I'm sure if honest-to-goodness examinations were given by the university authorities the result would be truly startling. In my estimation we commit a moral crime when we allow a student to enter the University unprepared.

Now then, naturally, arises this question? Can we afford such a school system as mentioned above? Yes—we can—IF (1) All the counties assume a greater responsibility towards the general welfare of North Carolina; (2) If they look upon themselves as parts of a greater whole—parts which are as much division of this state as a hand or foot is a division of the body. In my estimation, instead of having say 200 pseudo-high schools, we should have 150 junior high schools and fifty "gymnasiums," located in geographically central places, with, if necessary, automobile transportation. Furthermore, it would pay the State to appoint a committee to (1) make a general survey of all the schools of the State; (2) investigate the educational system of other states and other countries, and especially that of England; (3) It would also pay the State to conduct a campaign through the Press to enlighten the people (a) on the supreme need of an education, (b) our deficiency in educational methods, and (c) appeal to the public for coöperation.

I hope to see the day when North Carolina will head the list in education. IT CAN BE DONE.—I hope to see the day when our boys and girls, country as well as city are given a full and wholesome education; for whether or not North Carolina will progress; whether or not the State of the Long Leaf Pine will take its fitting place in the American Union, and whether or not the name "Carolina" will hold its deserved place with the forty eight other names that constitute our Republic—ALL this depends not only upon our educators, but largely upon the attitude of the people of North Carolina; for coöperation is imperative as a means to an end. Today Carolina in her forty-second place on the educational list is a liability to the nation. Now the North Carolina public must see that it becomes an asset.

A Son of Carolina and a National Figure

Augus Wilton McLean of Lumberton, Discussed as a Possible Candidate for Governor, Answers This Description.

By B. HUME BARDIN

WHEN Angus McLean, in April, 1918, was appointed Director of the War Finance Corporation it was probably one of the highest compliments President Wilson ever bestowed upon a North Carolinian. The chief purpose of this corporation, the largest in the world, which was created by an Act of Congress, was to provide credits for industries and enterprises in the United States necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war and to provide further for the national security and defense. Starting with a paid-in capital of $500,000,000 it made emergency advances to railroads, public utilities, public service corporations, banks, bankers and trust companies, and cattle men in the drouth stricken sections of the Southwest up to August 1 1919 aggregating approximately $300,000,000, in addition to furthering large financial transactions involved in stabilizing the Liberty Bond market.

At a great personal sacrifice to his business interests, Mr. McLean laid down his work and went to the nation's capital to administer the affairs of one of the largest enterprises the United States has known. That rare combination of the conservative but aggressive business man and administrative and executive ability of a high order, both of which associates claim he possesses, combined with a keen insight into the larger affairs of the day has made Angus McLean an ideal man for the active head of such an enterprise.

In spite of his duties as Managing Director of the War Finance Corporation, to which position he was subsequently appointed, he, hesitatingly, accepted the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which Secretary of the Treasury Houston urged him to take in December, 1920, and also became a member of the Railway Loan Advisory Committee to the Secretary of the Treasury. In March, 1921, Mr. McLean resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, but remained in Washington as Director of the War Finance Corporation for the purpose of assisting in carrying out the terms of the War Finance Corporation Act which was amended on August 24, 1921, by the Agricultural Credits Bill for the purpose of extending aid to the agricultural sections of the country.

Just as was predicted by Mr. McLean's close associates and by those who knew him in a business way, he more than measured up to his new responsibilities; President Wilson displayed his usual sagacity in picking big men for big war tasks when he called upon this broad-minded Scotchman from North Carolina to become Director of the War Finance Corporation. His fine performance of the duties of that office and those of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which he had subsequently assumed at the urgent request of Secretary Houston, was appreciatingly attested to by both the president of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury in personal letters to Mr. McLean accepting his resignation.

A. W. MCLEAN

President Wilson recognized his wisdom in choosing him to assist in the handling of the difficult problems connected with the greatest financial undertaking of its nature the world had ever known. In expressing his appreciation he writes the following:—"Allow me to take this occasion to express my sincere appreciation of your efficient service in this important executive position and also of your loyal and effective work as a Director, and later managing Director, of the War Finance Corporation. In a fine spirit of unselfish patriotism you accepted appointment as member of the Board of Directors of the Corporation with the single purpose of serving your country to the utmost during the war. You have performed this war duty with signal ability and devotion, and you are deserving of a large share of credit for the successful operations of the Corporation. I have known particularly from the three Secretaries of the Treasury with whom you have been associated of the great value of your contribution to the success of the war. I am grateful of your help and coöperation."

Before and after receiving his commission in Washington, Mr. McLean was actively engaged in war work

in his native state. He organized the Robeson County Chapter of the American Red Cross and was Chairman of the Robeson County Liberty Loan Committee, under whose leadership the quota of the county was over-subscribed in each campaign. He was a member of the Selective Service Advisory Committee and was also General Counsel in North Carolina for the Alien Property Custodian.

Angus W. McLean, born in the year 1870, comes of a long line of illustrious Highland-Scotch on his father's side and Scotch-Irish on his mother's side. His ancestors settled in Robeson county a short time after the revolutionary war, and there the family seat has remained to this day.

Angus McLean, at an early age, entered the Macmillan Military Academy and later the Laurinburg High School, where he received his preliminary education. Upon the completion of his preparatory school work he matriculated in the law school of the University of North Carolina, receiving his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1892. He obtained his license to practice law in September of the same year, and has practiced his chosen profession since that time in his native county of Robeson, locating at Lumberton.

During his stay at the state university Mr. McLean devoted most of his time to his law studies, and scintillated in that field of activity. Yet many stories have been told of his feats of strength, and he seemed to be as strong of body as he was of mind.

Although listed in Who's Who in America for 1920-1921 as a lawyer, litigation has not by any means filled the McLean program: his career has been extraordinarily varied. At the age of 26 he became president of the first bank in Robeson county, which he had promoted and organized, at that time being the youngest bank president in the United States. He promoted and organized cotton mills in Lumberton which are considered the most modern in America and which have an aggregate capital invested of more than $2,000,000. He is now vice-president and financial agent of these self-same mills,—the Lumberton Cotton Mills, in addition to the Dresden Cotton Mills and the Jennings Cotton Mills.

McLean, the lawyer, has carried his brilliant, analyzing mind and his deep sense of justice into his activities as McLean, the manufacturer. He believes in the happiness and prosperity of his workers, even if it does mean that the debit side of the balance sheet will fail to show a statement of exaggerated profits. The McLean mills have never experienced any labor difficulties, the mill employees lead a happy and contented existence, and the mills have become among the most prosperous in the south.

Angus McLean also promoted and built the Virginia and Carolina Southern Railroad, of which company he is now president and general manager. In addition to these activities he is now president of the National Bank of Lumberton, of the Robeson Development Company, and the McLean Trust Company.

When Mr. McLean took over the affairs of the government enterprise northern newspapers criticised the president's selection and stressed the fact that he came from a small town and therefore he had not been in touch with big affairs. Of course he easily proved the absurdity of their statements, and this was attested to by Hon. David F. Houston when he practically forced McLean to accept the post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. In fact, Mr. McLean knows a great deal about financiering, for he has had intimate personal and business relations for years with some of the largest financial institutions in New York. As the head of cotton mills and other corporations in the south it has been necessary for him in the past, before the federal reserve system was inaugurated, to call upon the powerful banks of New York for financial assistance. He has had dealings with leaders in world affairs since he left the university in 1892.

Angus Wilton McLean is an intense believer in civic consciousness. He has always aimed to help his community and his church, and as a result has come to hold the most responsible office a layman can hold in the Presbyterian church, that of Ruling Elder. On May the 17th he severed his connection with the War Finance Corporation in order to devote his energies toward establishing a joint stock land bank in this state. The initial capital of this bank, whose location has not yet been determined, will be $250,000, to be increased from time to time as business develops and conditions demand. This bank will act in close co-operation with the Columbia, South Carolina, joint stock land bank in providing ample facilities for obtaining farm loans to the farmers of the two states.

Mr. McLean has also been deeply concerned with educational matters, with the onward progress of the citizenship of the nation. Since 1912 he has been a trustee of the state university. He is now Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Flora MacDonald College and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Union Theological Seminary, at Richmond, Va.

In addition to his business and professional activities Mr. McLean finds time for writing. He is a keen student and a lover of good literature and is an author of no mean ability. Included in his writings are "The Clan MacQueen," "Some Traits of Scottish Character," "Woodrow Wilson," "International Organization And Its Relation To The Treaty of Peace," and "Our Overseas Trade And The Banker's Part In Its Development." He was formerly a member of the Executive Committee of the North Carolina Historical Society and is at present a member of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.

Mr. McLean served for many years as Chairman of the Robeson County Democratic Executive Committee and was delegate-at-large and a member of the Committee on Rules, National Democratic Convention of 1904. He became a delegate-at-large to Baltimore and a member of the Committee on Permanent Organization of the Democratic Convention of 1912. He was also Chairman of the Woodrow Wilson Campaign Committee for North Carolina in 1912 and 1916, while he has been a member of the Democratic National Committee since 1916.

Within the past several weeks Angus Wilton McLean's name has been among those prominently mentioned for the office of governor of our state in 1924. If this honor is conferred upon him by the people of this state his life-long service will be crowned by even greater success.

American Students in France

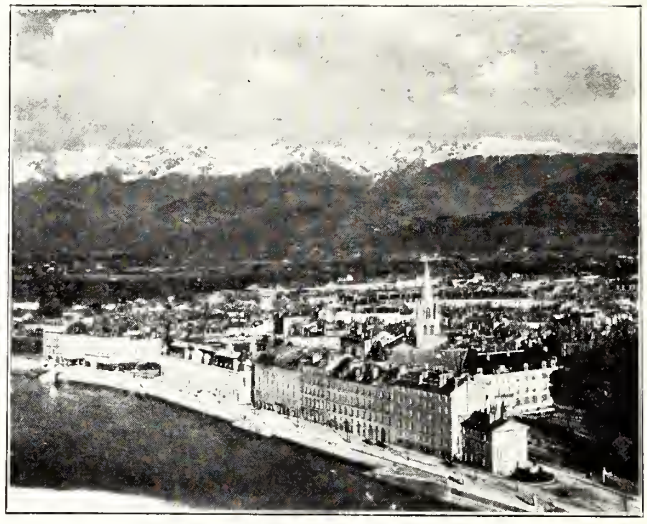
By T. L. WARREN

LOCATED in a fertile valley of the Dauphiné, which is just south of the center of the department of the Isére, stands the Alpine city of Grenoble, capitol of the French Alps, at the junction of the river Isére and Drac. On two sides of this wonderful city are towering mountain ranges whose peaks rise to a height of more than 10,000 feet toward the eternal blue. I speak of the Grande Chartreuse and the Belledonne. From the summits of these you can obtain magnificent views, including the glistening, virgin whiteness of Mont Blanc, 73 miles away.

Although surrounded by mountains Grenoble itself is not mountainous. It has an altitude of only 695 feet, a comparatively mild climate, and its level roads are adapted to all kinds of travel. Grenoble is not on the Paris-Mediterranean railway route, yet it is only 73 miles from Lyons, 100 from Geneva, 190 from Marseilles, and 60 from the Franco-Italian frontier. Nestled as it is in a bowl-shaped valley in the heart of the great Alps that are eternally capped with snow, it has grown to be one of the leading tourist-centers of France. It has a permanent population today of 125,000.

Within this great city, so rich in history and tradition, and inhabited by so kindly a people, is found the University of Grenoble as rich perhaps in its own particular history and traditions as the city which gave it its name. Space does not permit my sketching its history in detail. Suffice it to say that the University of Grenoble was founded in 1339, "the third day of the Ides of March," by the Dauphin Humbert II, but was not built until 1880. This antedates Columbus' discovery of America by more than a century and a half. At a time when men thought that the earth was square the consuls of the city of Grenoble were complaining that the founding of the university was overburdening the city exchequer. Six centuries of alternating prosperity and decadence, fostering and suppression by the State of France, constitute the rich tradition of the University of Grenoble. The dignity of such a history which ante-dates even the discovery of the New World coupled with a spirit of progress well exemplified in the manner in which the university assimilated a troop of American soldier-students, who, destitute of even the rudiments of the French language, sought admittance at her doors, cannot but command the respect and admiration of every American.

This is the environment in which we, over four hundred American students, suddenly found ourselves in the spring of 1919. We respected it as only Americans can but we saw at once that something was missing. We looked about us for the college campus but were confronted only with endless "rues". We strained our ears to hear the sound of "fresh", but our efforts were rewarded only with lectures and conversations relative to science and literature, and all the humanism of modernized humanists. The truth of the matter is, we were dealing with the progeny of an ancient civilization whose habits and customs were different from



those of our ancestry. The spirit of humanism and the power of history and tradition work mightily upon the people of France. These things tend to make French students individualists in their pursuit of learning, and thus the breezy atmosphere of the American college is totally lacking.

The four hundred and six American students, while scaling the heights of learning at Grenoble, made no attempt to do away with the Great Tradition so sacred and justly so) to the French; they merely sought to create amidst the traditional surroundings of one of Europe's most ancient and renowned seats of learning something of American college life. Accordingly, we organized an American Students' Association based upon the cabinet system of government. Its first meeting had scarcely adjourned before various sports and campus activities were under way. Each member of the Executive Council had a definite activity over which he had full sway, subject only to the Council in whole. The departments of finance, entertainment, music, tennis, journalism, baseball, track, boxing and wrestling, debating, and dramatics were organized. Schedules were arranged with other universities. Fraternities began to hold reunions, and alumni associations of the different colleges and universities represented sprang into being. "The Alpine American" was the title of the publication that became the mirror and forum of our student life. As a consequence, we transplanted on the banks of the Isére a genuine American university, and we established for the good of all the strenuous life and society common to our alma maters in America, tensely crowded with student activities and stirred with that enthusiasm or "college spirit" so cherished on the campus of every American institution of learning.

But the purpose of our Students' Association extended beyond the college life which it created on the banks of the Isére. It was not all for the gratification of selfish desires. It found itself in accord with the board international policy of the American government. As soldier-students in the University of Grenoble we were not simply serious university men but

Americans who participated in an opportunity which resulted in the development of a keener conception on our part of the wondrous character and ideals of the French, and which helped them to gain a more intimate knowledge of what we are as a nation and of what we enjoy as individuals.

We couldn't do this while the war was going on. The strenuous efforts of prosecuting it, restricted by arduous but necessary military regulations, left little time and no opportunity of getting into serious touch with the best people of France, in order to learn their finer customs and real characteristics. On our pressing marches we saw only highways of mud and we neglected to peer into the home-life of a people whose patriotism and love for their country is proverbial throughout the world. What we knew about French customs was obtained from the "poilu" in the trenches and on the battlefield where conditions were adverse to the acquisition of a profound understanding. Our knowledge of French society was that of the street. As a consequence, our minds were filled with a mass of warped and disordered ideals.

The French, themselves, were no more fortunate. They knew little of the inward heart of the real American. Their thoughts were absorbed also with the hell of war and the awful condition of things left them little chance of finding him out. But the establishment of American School Detachments at the French Universities brought American soldiers into close touch with the great traditions of France and made them intimately acquainted with the noblest traits of a great people.

At Grenoble, as elsewhere, we sought to teach our French friends by actual demonstration, as well as by personal contact with them, our traits, sports, activities, customs, and the strenuousness that composes our national life, establishes our traditions, influences our political aspirations as a world power, and which, as a vital part of us, was successfully counted upon to win for us the admiration and lasting friendship of the people of France.

Our Students' Association served a great part in bringing about this cordial friendship. Of course our government was not especially interested in our playing baseball or engaging in debate or dramatics in France. But these things must have helped the people of France to better understand our characteristics as a people. They must have helped to weld together the cords of friendship between two great nations which will not be severed in case foreign diplomacy breaks down again in the crisis of international affairs.

But, despite our efforts, the French seemed not to understand. They wondered at all our actions as they did at the baseball catcher, "avec le grand gant" and the muzzle over his nose. They thought the player with his red stockings must feel embarrassed, and they wondered why players ran so often to the "petits sacs" and why some one else was always in the way when a player would run to one of these. They constantly asked, "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca?" which demonstrated the inability to understand.

After four months of rich experience, the four hundred and six Americans took their leave from the city of Grenoble and its great university. The inhabitants followed us to the station, men and women, boys and girls, with tears in their eyes. At length the train pulled off and we left behind the sad citizens of beautiful Grenoble with their Great Tradition.

[*EDITORIAL*]

COMMENCEMENT AND PROFESSORS

As Commencement time approaches, we become more and more impressed with the utter absurdity of the fact that when the final exercise of commencement comes, there will be a goodly quota of our professors sitting on the platform in Memorial Hall in dignified and superior silence. These professors will be sitting there, without any good reason whatsoever; a majority, if they told the truth, would give as their reason that love for vanity which all professors have—a love which bids them wear their crazy and varicolored caps and gowns.

As a matter of fact, there is no reason why the professors should be on the platform. They invite people from out in the state here for the exercises, then say "ta-ta" to them, and mount the platform, far from the maddening throng—which throng is their guests. They get on the platform when no one wants to see them—the visitors want to see the seniors. The professors certainly are not handsome enough to merit this honor, for nearly every one is as ugly as home-made sin. And when Senator Carter Glass gets up to speak, we believe he had rather have as a background the solemn stillness of tablets commemorating our dead than a bunch of professors, dressed like women should be.

It is out of the question for the senior class to sit on the platform; it is out of the question not to have those of the faculty who are to participate in any way with the exercise seated there; it is not out of the question for the rest of the faculty to stay off. That is what we plead for.

[*EDITORIAL*]

IT'S A GOOD CAMPUS

It makes us feel good to know that after all, there has been nothing extraordinary about this year on the campus. For a long time, we thought that this had been a very bad year. We were blinded by present conditions; we thought we saw a lot of hell being raised, when in truth, it did not amount to that. We thought student sentiment was much more radical than ever before.

However, this belief was dissipated when we were having material prepared for an article on the subject. It turned out, after talks with old professors and recent graduates, that this year had been very like all others. It had not been marked by any antagonizing divisions; there had been no great disagreements; there had been no threats to tar and feather those whom the campus disapproved.

So student thought and sentiment has been on a plane with that of former years. It is the same old campus, the same free spirit prevails, the rights of the individual still are predominant, honor is as alive as ever.

All of which goes to prove that looking at campus life in segments of a whole year's duration, campus thought and sentiment change little. The very atmosphere of the place furnishes the stabilizing influence which directs University men as they lead their fellows or follow them. And it is the atmosphere, the spirit of the place that makes the University rank above other institutions, but that this spirit does not degrade or grow cheaper as the years pass is a source of pleasure and pride to the University men who come back from year to year in their class reunions. And it will be pleasing to the class of 1922 when it comes back for its reunion next year and finds the same University, though grown greater and better.

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